CONTACT DIARY PART 7

July 11, 2021 – April 4, 2022

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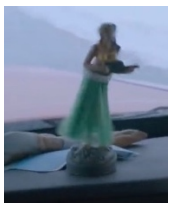
July 11, 2021, Sunday – **The Flower "Table Cloth", the Dog Car & the Swan – and the WARNING**

Inge called way early, but I didn't pick up, so she messaged that she had left a goodies-bag for me … and I picked it up, and there was cake (that my mother likes), a wonderful fresh salad, Leberkäse and - Stachelbeeren (Goose berries)! *Goose berries!* I love goose berries, have gone to the one bush near the creek almost every day to pick some, the tiny ones. The ones I got are huge! Oh!

The day greeted me – way late, J and I slept until 10.30 a.m. - with a „woman in a tunnel" in the first best trailer I watched, just to entertain myself over breakfast! Then, second best trailer, a „***hula girl***" was the lucky charm for a ***trucker***!



Yesterday, the man with who I had talked instead of meeting with my „visitor", was a retired *trucker*! He had told me about his jobs all over the world, like in Great Britain he had once lost his way, ended up in a dead end road, and British drivers had stopped and helped regulate the traffic for him to get back out … touches me to tears, such act of humanity.

„The Ice Road" attracted me because it's so hot today, again, of course, but then it's about truckers crossing a frozen lake or something … and the „hula" girl shows up twice in the trailer.

That got to count as message.

I think today, just right now, is another online meeting to „connect with the beyond“ by and with Dr. Alice … but I'm not participating. I feel repelled from her attitude (saying how it's pretty much soooo hard to communicate with the beyond and that there must be rules and order in the approach … like there is "one proper way") and ways … and from now on I'll totally listen to my gut … much more … always.

I think I have noticed signs of aging in Jacqui. Just something in his ways, generally … sleeping much more, being kind of slow in his reactions - except when we are out and about in the forest or playing, he still loves to bring the sticks I throw for him … and he likes to swim … the other day he sat down in (!) the lake Saissersee, it was so sweet …

He is between 7 and 8 years old. I hope I'm doing right by him. I really have to make a few nice trips, to the mountain pastures and to a cool reservoir lake I just discovered is not too far from lake Klopeiner See, Freibach Stausee. Funny enough, my „visitor“ G., who never came and totally disappointed me, told me about it, on the phone, yesterday morning, that the tourist info had told her that it was a good lake for swimming with dogs, cool and remote.

I'll go there. Maybe on Tuesday. Today … I'll drive to my mother later.

(Later)

Drove to see my mother … trying to keep myself from worrying.

On the way, in the *tunnels*, I said to Bob that I seem to not have a feeling right now as of how to „connect“ in housie's hallway, and the insight struck me: „Just be there“.

So I tried that, actually did not "try", just allowed a housie feeling to come, and I got impressions: *cotton candy* that could also have been a cloud, then a *flower patterned table cloth* … I said out loud: „Really, a table cloth or something with big flowers?“ Then I spotted an interesting license plate number on a car that kept driving close up behind me, and I got my phone out to photograph it, because I thought it was „JO 8020 1“ … and as I held the phone on my lap, ready to photograph, I saw the ***„flowery table cloth“***: my own **pants**!

That was quite striking. In hadn't noticed the pattern on my pants, and yet it had appeared in front of my inner eye in the hallway-tunnel. So I was sitting in awe, thinking Bob was in good spirits (HAHAHAHA, pun?!) and telling me that he was right there, in the passenger's seat.

Next I had an impression of „*cherries*“, just a handful of cherries … then *something milky,* like Bob was holding a jar with milk or some other container?

Then, I reminded myself to not try and imagine and feel the carpet in housie's hallway and the wall, but to *just be there* … and in the next tunnel, Bob was there, holding *in his right hand a small old-fashioned model sailing boat with a triangular sail.* In the next tunnel, he held, in his left hand, some kind of flag on a stick, again something triangular.

In the next tunnel, I found myself kind of moving along the hallway in housie, and I was drawn to the bathroom and grabbed the door knob that I know so well … and suddenly *Bob was there and put his hand on my hand* … it was so stunning, but the tunnel was so short … yet, I had the impression of something *light blue, like see-through curtains or some kind of cloth or fabric in the bathroom* … my bathroom. There was something similar, I think, in my vision of yesterday, lying down, when the Mexican guy showed up.

Right then, a car with „***800 BS***“ drove by …

So I visited my mother, she was sober and sweet but I could tell that she was slightly „off“ as of mind power. She looked healthy though … I brought her flowers I had picked and some

„Linzer Schnitte“ cake, and she liked it. I was almost about to leave when I asked if everything was okay, the light bulbs, the TV … she said yes, but no, the TV wasn't working – since Thursday! Oh geez, I felt so sorry for her. It hadn't occurred to her to tell me – even though I had visited her on Friday! Geez! No TV. No wonder she had been in her night gown and in bed! She couldn't watch TV – what in the world would she do home alone?! Poor girl, it was so heart breaking. I tried, the remote didn't work, and my mother said she was going to drive to the electrician tomorrow to tell them and have the TV checked. I took the batteries out of the remote and back in - and the TV worked again! Oh geez, an almost entire weekend without TV for her, and she wouldn't tell me! I got even angrier at my supposed „visitor“, because I had considered to drive to my mother yesterday, but didn't because of the „visitor“ G. who never came.

My mother immediately got glued to the TV, but for a while she kept saying that she was going to talk to the electrician tomorrow, and I had to ask her to turn to me and look at me and listen as I said that the tv was working, right?

Oh my.

On the way back, I went to lake Saissersee, where I sent nature energy to my mother, and then for a swim in lake Wörthersee. It was very choppy waters, turquoise and clear, and it reminded me so much of the Maui ocean … I kind of tuned in with Edith, who I knew had loved to swim in this lake, too, and I got an astoundingly clear impression of „being Edith swimming“. So does “Play me” as a concept work as long as you have a very clear memory image of a person that you can tune into totally, so **that “they” can then choose the version of “Play me”:** They play me, like experience through me, or I play them and project the experience into them – into the very clear memory image I have of them? Those are the two ways to reach them, I know that. (***Note****: Dec. 4, I keep flashing back to this day to the very stunningly strange event of Bob sitting down to me, slightly to my right, with me turned towards the screendoor to the lanai overlooking Maui central valley and the West Maui Mountains, with his guitar, singing that strange strange song, “… you're the sun, and I'm the moon, you're the words and I'm the tune – play me”. And I remember myself thinking “What does that mean?” The gloominess of these moments, I'll never forget them. They kind of followed me around through all those years … I know now that “Play me” was an anchor, of sorts, something that related to the project “The Bridge”, and even though I as the mortal in the obstructed phase had not known about any or our own plans in the beyond, I had felt that there was something odd and big attached to “Play me” …*

Another note here: I have noticed in the last months that during certain very emotional moments of recalling or describing things for this contact diary, I spontaneously break out in sweat and a heat flash so strong overcomes me, that I literally have to throw off the outer layer I'm wearing or I think I'll explode or have a heart attack … it's such a strong “surge” that happens from inside of me but at the same time from … I don't know where. Like right now. I ***don't*** **ever** *experience anything like this ever, no hot flashes, nothing,* ***only*** *when I'm working on certain sections of this c. d. Reminds me of working on my Hawaii documentary “Native of Owhyhee”, where I would break out in tears a thousand times, and never saw it coming, it kept happening while I was editing … The worst part about the hot-surge is, that right afterwards, I'm usually totally cold.*

Back to Edith …)

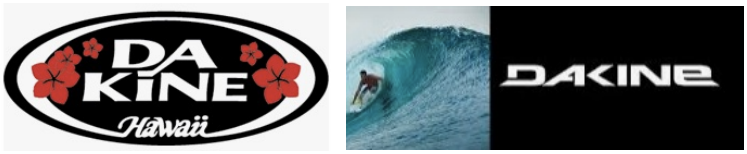
I can only hope she got the energy. I also tried to send some lake energy to my brother Peter … and then to Sigi, but got distracted by my need to send it to Bob.

I got very clear impressions of Bob in the Maui ocean … and I think I „reached“ him.

Then, driving towards Griffen (and here I must admit that it can also have been on the way there, I don't remember, which is strange), a car drove by with „MEV 222“! Geez! I was stunned. Like „MEA“ and my beloved „222“! You may call it far-fetched, but it did strike me.

Very shortly after that, „***8 ELE***“, and first I thought of the Hawaiian word „ele“ meaning „dark“ or „black“, but maybe it was elephants? (***Note****: Dec. 4, I just read it out loud, and it can be a play on a Carinthian word, “Achterle”, which is a small glass of wine.)*

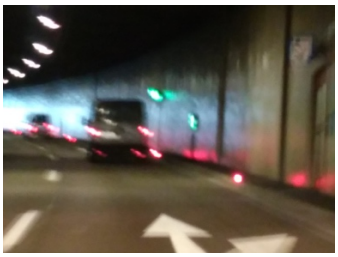
Then „***SSM 8***“, then: a car with the sticker „***DAKINE***“! That's something you see in Hawaii everywhere, and it's a Hawaiian-pidgin word and a brand name, coming from „the kind“ … in slang … wow! I have never seen this in Austria!



I felt so spoken to! (***Note****: Right now I can barely believe that Hawaii was my home for so long. I kept saying to Bob, in awe, looking down into the valley from Pukalani: "Wow, this is an island in the middle of the Pacific." And he'd just say "Yup." Or just raise his eyebrows.)*

And then it happened – something that made me be cheerful for a moment and actually laugh and say out loud „This is great, this actually makes me happy!"

I talked out loud about Marshall and how much I want that he'd sleep with Jacqui when his owners will be gone, because they'll be on a holiday soon and even acted-spoke stuff how I would plead with Andrea to let Marshall sleep with us instead alone outside in the hallway just a few steps away from us. Once he should be feeling in a real pack, warm and safe, with another dog in physical contact … so it was a very intense phase of thinking and talking … I imagined Marshall to be with Jacqui and me … AND IN THAT MOMENT a car passed by me, a white van with a writing in the back: And it was a ***dog*** and the text was „***LeinenLos***", which has a double meaning in German, but pretty much it means „***without leashes***", also it's a marine term from sailing, meaning to ***„untie the boat"*** … meaning: freedom!



So that made me rejoice out loud … and I almost drove into the side curb in the tunnel that I just drove into, as I fished for my phone at high speed knowing that I just had to try and take a pic of this car. So I sped up to catch up, and to my horror it gave a turning sign … so I raced out of the tunnel and snapped a few pics. Phew.

But it was just so outstanding. *(**Note**: Never came to pass that sleeping with Jacqui for poor Marshall.)*

The last impression I had in the last tunnel was *a white swan.* I thought „Again …" but it was clear, a white swan.

(Later)

Got home warmed up veggie stew, put on „***The Ice Road***", and there was – ***the white swan***!

That I had seen! And I hadn't even thought about watching „***The Ice Road***" yet … so well. Bob was there.

So in „The Ice Road" one of the first thing is something that's a dreadful topic in my life, too: The brother of the main character suffers from PTSD and aphasia. And he is brought into a ***psychiatric clinic for evaluation*** (which should be done to my *mother*), but when his brother came back to check on him, ***all the doctors did was give him drugs and insisted on doing it*** …

without asking anyone. That's a dreadful image. That's a warning regarding my mother. That's what my mother dreads, being given drugs and not treatment … she has told me many times … (***Note**: As I'm editing this part Q, on December 4, the worst fears in that respect have already manifested for my mother and me, and we're right now fighting the aftermath of psych-drugs that were given to my mother. Wow! The meaning of these scenes is really only clear right now … and what I see, months later, is …* ***that I should really pay more attention*** *to those "impressions" and "Messages", because they may, sometimes, be just that: ACTUAL MESSAGES AND* ***WARNINGS****!)*

How interesting that this came up in this movie.

Also another character immediately mentioned Hawaii … when it was about where he was supposed to find truckers when it's off season and *everyone is in* ***Hawaii*** *for vacation* … so, that was interesting.

And more than this … something else happened:

I felt the sudden urge to masturbate, but in an energetic sense, not for my sensual pleasure. I was kind of „urged" onto my bed and was done so fast, and in the moment of climax, without me calling it, *Bob's face showed up. So clear like he was looking right at me.* And all the energy went into him … and I broke out crying fully. Like really crying. About having lost him.

I didn't dare to cry as loud as I felt like, because the windows were open, and I was just thinking about not giving a shit and rather not suffocate on my tears, when I heard a woman cough somewhere in the neighborhood and I thought, „Oh shit, one really hears everything around here."

So there. I said to Bob „I really hope this reached you, you received that energy." And I do hope it.

His face …. so calm, so clear, right there, like someone had opened a window and it was right there! It was strange though, the urge to do an energetic "exercise" immediately. No sexual arousal on my part. Just knowing that a climax causes an energy surge in me, and that I could direct that – anywhere. (***Note**: This has happened ever again in the last month, always the same: I masturbate, but not for me, and Bob's face always shows up, even when I don't want to think about it. Once I managed to consciously direct that climax energy somewhere else. But it took some effort.*)

While driving I had thought that I want to try and give people readings. I want to put out an ad and don't want to know anything about the people and just tell them what shows up in my mind as evidential.

(Later)

Not feeling tired, decided to watch „***The Closer***", actually the first episode from 2005, couldn't remember it at all … I think that's the year when Bob started to work on „Taylor Camp" … and in the first minutes, the talk is already about „***Hawaii***" *and* „***Lu'au***" … oh my.

July 12, 2021 – **The Ultimate Tunnel-Confirmation, The Cherries & the Natural Stone Oasis Diamond & the Milk & Blue impression & the Flower Pattern**

Yesterday, late, skipping through trailers, I saw a sequence about a *woman in a tunnel, with all kinds of other people showing up in that tunnel behind her* … an uncanny reflection of my meeting with Bob the disca and maybe other disca in the hallway-tunnels!

I mean! I found that "by accident", in a *random trailer* of a movie called "***In the Heights***" that doesn't even interest me … And: The dialogue is about how a „dream" is not a „sparkling *diamond*". Which is a strange thing to say.

I mean … looking at this … ***it's the ultimate tunnel-hallway-confirmation.*** It's a kind of numb feeling looking at these images … that say: Yes, Dany. We are, in fact, meeting in those tunnels.

So … yes, Bob, master communicator … thank you for … well for reflecting back to me what I've been doing in the tunnels … "being" in there and at the same time in "housie". Even the light changes in that tunnel scene … like in the real tunnels …

I've been thinking that in some kinds of real life light conditions I have a hard time "getting" there, into housie … in others, I'm right there without even trying. And even that is reflected back to me.

It's just … so impossible to even describe how it is and what it means to have these experience. I don't know if you can "get" this bafflement and excitement.

Today, I drove to Wolfsberg. First went shopping for batteries for my mother at a new store, „Action", and since they have a big sweets section, I browsed through there and got some Reese's Peanut butter cups for my mother and a bag of pralines for me. I didn't have much time, so I didn't look too closely. Then I went next door for dog food, then went to the Lidl store, parked there and took Jacqui for a walk before going for a brief shopping at Lidl.

Back from the walk, I saw that *a car had parked next to mine* - and on it: A ***diamond***! And the text: ***„Natural Stone Oasis"*** *(Natursteinoase)****!***

I don't know if I even should write anything to emphasize how amazing this is!

Then, I got home and took the new back of pralines to taste test them … and I realized something stunning: They were round, the pralines, and the logo of the brand is – a **cherry**! And I had received „***a handful of cherries***" yesterday, in the tunnel!

I was holding a „handful of cherries" when I grabbed the round pralines!

Geez!

It's just always working! Bob knew what kind of pralines I would pick! I had no idea that I would buy pralines at all in the store where I went for the batteries for my mother. So the fact that I did ask my mother about the TV and found out that it hadn't worked for days was based on an „inner voice", because the „cherries" were in the tunnel before that. And so … things are in order, right? That's what it means? All these synchronicities … just freaking amazing.

I drove through *tunnels* too, today, and on the way back from Wolfsberg, I had a very intense imaginary experience, where ***I was „half" in the now*** in my car driving towards a tunnel and seeing the entrance getting closer, and ***„half" I was on Maui,*** in my *Honda Prelude there*, driving into the car port in front of housie, getting out, walking up the three stairs to the door, unlocking the door and entering housie … and *it was so real*, as if I was really there! In the house, it was very strange, because there seemed to be a ***big cake with candles*** on the floor, in the hallway … and as I walked on, there was some ***red-jelly*** impression to my left, where Bob's edit room was … And as I walked on, through the hallway towards the kitchen, it was as if the room (where I used to work and sleep) *was full with people who looked towards me, greeting me, all smiling* … but I saw only their heads above the kitchen counter …

And the tunnel was over.

I had the flash-thought that Bob may have missed me, really, in real life, but also that he may have not missed me for a long stretch of time because he had simply forgotten me ….

Back home, after the „***cherry***" realization, I ate two of those *extremely sweet pralines*, and I projected the experience to Bob … and I „played him" sitting in his edit room, and I felt exhausted and alone as he may have felt … but I also „gave" him the sweet taste of those pralines and the kind of decadently rewarding feeling of eating sweet chocolate … and it was „him" who enjoyed this through me. So the thought suddenly struck me that even if this was a thing of the past, the „real" Bob in his edit room, exhausted and suffering, that me, adding this experience to his life in my imagination through this energetic kind of method of projection, *that it could, perhaps,* ***change his experience?*** Make his suffering less?

I mean – what a great feat this would be if we could really do this?

We can affect our own and other people's memories, (***Note****: That was a big thing I learned from "kahuna" Paul Waters on Kauai, way before I had met Bob, sometime in the late 1990s, sitting on Hanalei Ridge, where he taught me to change my memory of a traumatic dog attack I was struggling with …*)

… no matter whether they are mortals or discarnates, as long as they „let us in" and we are in true connection. What if we can affect their pain in a healing way and give them something good „over" the memories of a time that was hard?

Of course we should be able to do that for ourselves to … but in this case, in my case, it's all about my inter-realm communication with Bob … who seems so real at times. Like today, I found myself again looking forward to being with him on Maui. And then I fell really really deep emotionally, like when I think about it right now, that there will never ever be a „Dani and Bob on Maui" again in this my mortal phase.

And that's a horrible shock, everytime I realize it.

Okay, something just came to my awareness … because I had received „the impression ***of milk“*** or something ***milky***, or ***creamy***, in a container, maybe … and today, also, an impression of ***light blue*** in housie, like a cloth or curtain …

Now, one of the „cherry“ candies is wrapped in sliver and blue and it's called ***„White Cream“***!

And also … I bought a bag at the new „***Action***“ store today, and I just now realized - that it's ***light blue and white!*** Can it be …? It can.

I'm just thinking about the „***red jelly***“ impression in housie …

I had told my „visitor to be“, G., who never came, *that I wanted to show her something* in my apartment … and it was the *chain of glass „rubies“* right above my head. That's because her teacher in Hawaii (on Kauai) was „Kahu A.“, and she mentioned him on the phone how he had always said in a commanding (!) tone: „Relax!“ And I wanted to tell her about the circumstances of me ending up sitting opposite him, that kahuna, with that weird crystal right above my head … and when I had moved into this apartment where I am right now in Griffen, I had put a whole chain of red crystals right above my head, without noticing it.

So … the „red jelly“ was maybe a hint at this?

Maybe it's a hint from the „Kahu“ himself … after all the Hawaii references yesterday?

I'm still baffled about the „woman in the tunnel“ where it's about „dreams“ and „diamonds“, and today, that car next to mine, with the „Natural Stone Oasis“ and the diamond as the logo …

So …. odds? Zero.

So … watching „*The Closer*“ … which started in 2005 when Bob's and my relationship was already really difficult … I feel very attracted to rewatching the entire series … as „Brenda“ speaks to me differently now … and there are scenes, where she digs through bodies in a morgue … and it's a beautiful way of reminding me of the „*body-machine*“ realization that I'm cultivating right now.

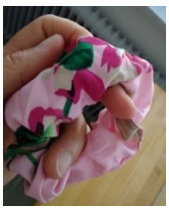
*(**Note**: Yes, I do now see the "light blue veil" kind of impression together with the dead body scenes.)*

I watched „*The Closer*“ in Bob's and my bedroom … and I vaguely remember it with my mind, but I remember it closely with my „heart“ and in my gut … I feel strongly like „being there“ … the atmosphere … the sentiment … me being there, in housie, with Bob, so worried, so hopeful, so in love with that life, the island … sad, because my family didn't give a shit …

(Later)

Oh geez, it's getting better!

At the new store, I bought a special offer *scrunchy*-bunch, consisting of three scrunchies, a silver, a black and a pink one. As I took the pink one to give it a rinse – I realized, when opening the fabric: It has a flower pattern! So I had seen a ***„flower pattern cloth"*** which I thought was a table cloth and then my own pants! And today, on a whim, I bought that scrunchy in a store where I had gone for batteries … and **it has that flower pattern**!



(Later)

I was going through the photos on my handy camera … and I found a weird one, an accidental photo … and it's a ***„curtain of blue"***, or a slur of **blue** … and impression of **blue**! ***And THAT's what I saw in my „vision" entering housie … this blue that looked like a curtain or some kind of cloth!*** Wow! And here it is! A photo I took by accident on June 26, and that I happened to see again today during my work on this contact diary!

Is this the light blue cloth veil from the tunnel?

(Later) ***Oasis***

Kept working on my pics for this c. d., and I suddenly realized something: I had those amazing moments at the oasis of quiet, where I discovered that under the bridge of stone, where I stood many times, there is only a small hole under the bridge for the water to flow through … the energy!? Okay, and today, with the diamond on the car, the writing was „***Natural Stone Oasis***".

Ha!

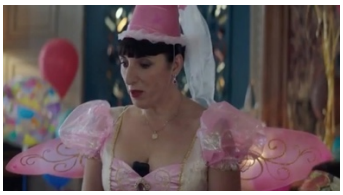
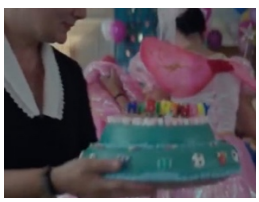
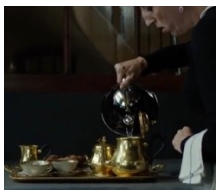
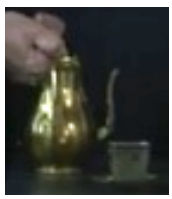
Good one Stoneman, really.

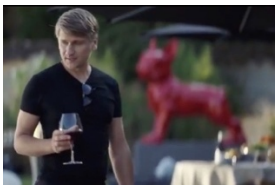
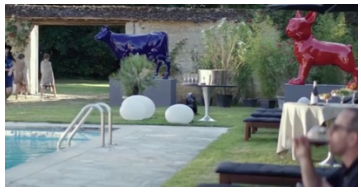
July 13, 2021 – **The Tea Pot, the White Paper & the Cake with the Candles**

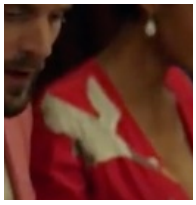
Received a greeting right away …

woke up away too late because I had watched the movie „***Madame***" until 2.30 a.m. … about a Spanish maid in the US who has an out-of-social-class relationship … and strangely, I stopped watching about five minutes before the ending, which is unusual for me. But I planned to watch it with breakfast.

In "**Madame**" I saw that ***tea pot or kettle*** that I had seen in a hallway vision a few days ago! Also, the *white bird* was there, on a woman's clothing … and the "*toy car"*, … and also there was a strange "*red blob"* that was an artwork, a dog … and it reminded me of that intensely red "blob" I had seen in a hallway vision, the jelly impression … And there was: the ***cake*** I had seen! The *tunnel cake*!



So during my way too late dog walk (10.30 am, and it's a week day!), I came by a ***young thin guy on a bicycle,*** just on the path where J and I always go, and he had ***dropped a whole bunch of white paper sheets*** …! Yes, in real life. I was baffled shitless, just seen that scenario. Of course I couldn't photograph it. But there is the *paper sheet on the floor* again, from my tunnel hallway vision a few days ago … and he clumsily picked them up, without really getting of his bike, so I thought „Well, that's clumsy" … He didn't greet me, even though I walked right by him, and I stayed silent too … normally I would have greeted out of a reflex maybe, but I thought „Hey, I'm an older woman, and he is not even 20 yet, he better greet me, … but since he doesn't, what an impolite little prick."

In walking on, I thought, well, maybe there is something wrong with him … in his head.

So I finished the round, and walking back, I met him again, standing with his bike right behind my car, still arranging his papers that he was carrying in his hands.

I sat down for breakfast and switched on the movie „***Madame***" again to watch the ending.

And it started with … ***a young man, „Steven",*** sitting at a table outside, working on his Apple-laptop, actually writing a story „The Maid"… and a storm comes, and all his ***printed out sheets of paper are blown up by the wind and all over the ground!***

<u>I had just seen that in real life with that young man on a bike!</u>

There are no odds at all, that this is coincidence. Had I finished the last five minutes last night, I would have probably gotten up at a different time and not seen the young man on the bike who lost his papers … but so I saw him, just minutes I'd see something like this, white sheets of paper blowing all over the place, in the movie „Madame".

Now, „Madame" is what my French friend Eric had called me, and I had called my vagina that (and Bob had, too) …. and of course the „circle" leads me to my amazing masturbation experience yesterday … and that I looked at Eric's Facebook account yesterday, by accident, because I was looking for „Milestone", a local band, located just two houses up the hill from where I live, with a lead singer who looks like me and is my age … as I had had the sudden impulse wanting to get to know him and tell him about my Carinthia film projects and the related MadFauna songs ….

So, yes, it's a very interesting morning.

The problem is right now that I really don't get to put all the images into this c. d., to finalize all chapters … so much is happening all the time, because that's my life now, the inter-realm relationship, that I just keep collecting and writing down … with all the other stuff I'm doing … it's like the days fly by and I get nothing done.

But then, again, when I experience something like this … this morning … I think I'm supposed to „get" or understand, that everything is in its right order. Otherwise those synchronicities would not come about.

It's so hot today, I must keep the windows and the front door open to even be able to be in this apartment … thinking of housie and how hot it was there … I was bathed in sweat the entire day and also had to keep the doors open …

July 13, 2021 – **The „Model Sailing Boat"!**

Drove to see my mother, found her in her nightgown at 3.30 p.m., seemingly tipsy, but I didn't find wine bottles. I told her that I won't accept her to be so inactive and withdrawn, and she immediately began to whisper „I hate you", „Get lost you Satan" … I told her that I had heard that and she said she didn't say anything.

When I left, I heard her hiss and sigh with disgust about me just when she closed the door.

Her demeanor was that of a demented or crazy person. I have to take measures.

On the way to Velden, in the tunnels, there were strange things I „saw" … something that looked like a round dumpling with spikes or *something fuzzy, like a fur, like a small dumpling wrecking ball* … a *sword*, golden, with gems … a *pastry roller* … again some kind of *bird like a swan* … a *bowling pin* and some *heap of white stuff, like some fabric or cloth,* about as high as up to under my armpit … in the housie hallway next to me on my right at the wall …

(**Note**: Now, working the images, I realized that the ***sword*** … I had seen before, and the ***bird*** … in the artwork of the movie ***"Die in a Gun Fight"***!)

And strangely, after all that „wood" that I saw, a car passed by me with the writing „Holzwurm" on it, meaning „Wood worm"!

„800 BS" drove by, and others that seemed to relate to Bob.

Also, I thought about how disappointed I was about not having received funding for „Alien Waltz" … and a car drove by with a strange writing on the rear window: „*Go Indie … The Way To Go*". So „Indiegogo" is a crowd funding platform that Bob had used.

On the way back, I took Jacqui for a swim in lake Saissersee, and then I stopped at my usual swimming spot at lake Wörthersee … and as soon as I was in the water and swam way out and looked up over the lake's surface – I literally gasped: There was the **wooden boat with the beige triangular sail** that I had „seen" in the tunnel a few days ago, *Bob had held it up!*

It was that boat! A very unusual looking ***sailing boat,*** like an old one, from previous eras, with just one very stiff looking stretched out triangular sail! I have never seen one like this before on the lake! And there were no other sailing boats around, because there was no wind!

I had no phone with me, it was in the car, and the boat moved away so fast, no way to photograph it! Luckily, I found one very similar one online, see here:

Wow! It manifested!

(***Note***: *Photo to the right: The ancient sailing boat would totally* ***manifest*** *soon again, for real, on September 2, right next to me … at the new place I was to move to, of which I didn't know yet at the time!)*

Driving on, a car passed by me with „**Lely**", and that's the name my paternal grandfather Franz had for me, he'd call me „Lely" or „Leli" all the time! I realized I hadn't thought of him for a while … I had been thinking about my father and that I should write to him one more time before I seriously inform authorities about his precarious situation and his dog problem … and then „Lely" …

Wow. Right then, „S 800" drove by, and then, like on the way to Velden, again, „**800 BS**"!

In the tunnels, I „saw" a colorful *pyramid*, maybe made of glass or ceramic, but six-sided … then, strangely, a *cinnamon or vanilla stick, that brown rolled up thing*, *a fuzzy dumpling* … then, a *blue string*, and Bob pulling at it and beginning to swirl and quickly *entangling* himself entirely in that blue string until he looked like a whole *roll of blue string* … later I saw another kind of string, but only a piece of it, brown, like „bast" …

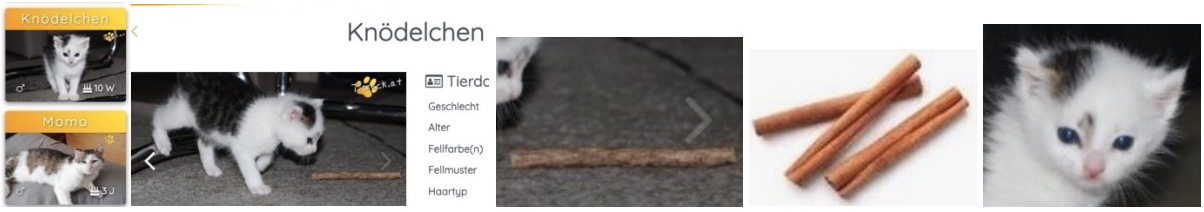
And I had the feeling of a **kiss** from Bob … I can't even describe the situation … it was my usual "I miss you so much and must know that you're right here …" and on my lips a sizzling electrical feelings occurred.

*(****Note****: I realize now, that "receiving" those images, also "on the palm of my hand" is really a training for evidential readings.)*

July 14, 2021 – **The Dumpling and the Stick!**
Oh wow, this is wonderful!
The „*fuzzy dumpling*" and the „*cinnamon stick*" showed up!

I was very tired, but took my laptop to bed to watch a few more trailers or other „The Closer" episodes. But somehow I felt „urged" to open the website for cats for adoption … and sure enough, the first one I saw, was called „***Knödelchen***", and this means „***little dumpling***", and yes, it's ***fuzzy***, and: It's looking at something that looks like a „***cinnamon stick***"!

There!



Absolutely clear! That's what Bob had given me earlier. How is that for communication?

July 14, 2021 – **The White Bunch & The Capers**

Kept watching *"The Closer"* … and lo and behold! The ***"white heap of fabric or stuff"*** that I saw in a tunnel the other day, as unlikely as it seemed – it showed up! On "The Closer", when a female police officer proved that she could hold a man down, and she used her ***white coat***! So there it was! The white heap of fabric or cloth "up to under my arms"! Just looooook:

Called my mother at noon – and she was sweet and clear and normal … she even said that she does have interest to go to the lake and get out … I was baffled. I had told her yesterday rather clearly what my concerns were. Well, next time I'll be more clear. I seem to get through to her. She was happy to tell me that she had bought some fried chicken for herself today. I went for a swim in lake Saissersee, and I sent her as much energy as I could.

(Later)

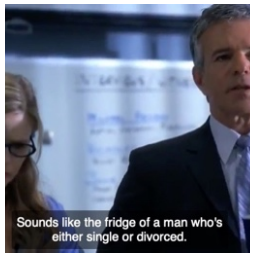
Interestingly, "*The Closer*" gave me a reflection of my own grievances that were very prominent in the last days … for example, I've been thinking of what my father did in my childhood … like when he took my beloved little cat "Simmy", that I wanted to nurse, it was very young, and I don't remember where I got it from, a small tiger cat … and took it with him on the way to work, and dumped the little animal on the highway! He'd later tell that story, pleased with himself and laughing …

Recently I've thought about this and how sick it was and how it really indicated the fucked up psyche of my father … It was like "***Simmy***" would show up in my mind to warn and remind me … I really have to do something for Sandy, Edith's dog … I think that's what it's all about. So is Edith connecting with me? I think that, because something similar showed up in "***The Closer***" … ***about a tortured cat in relation to a sick psychopath's mind*** … and mind you, I'm not watching all episodes, I only choose them randomly!

*(**Note**: I'd meet a very similar **cat** just days later!)*

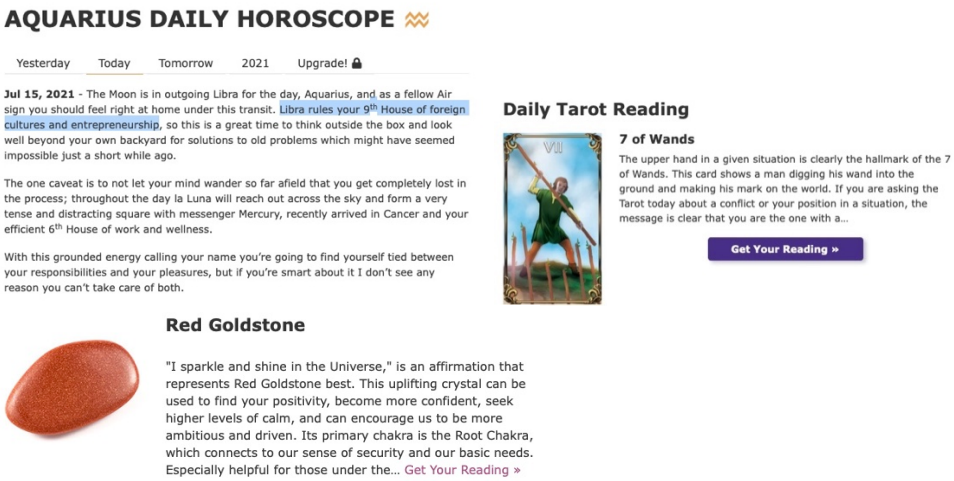
(Later)

Oh, geez. I grabbed my glass of **capers** and spooned them, knowing that it's my stomach who needs it … and I was projecting the experience on Bob … the very intense caper taste …



And there it was: In "***The Closer"! The capers showed up***! THE CAPERS! While I was watching and eating capers!

July 15, 2021



July 16, 2021 **– Village of Death, The Fish & the Woman in the Tunnel**

Took Jacqui along the creek and back next to the field before leaving Griffen. Keep thinking that one day it will be our last walk here …

Drove to see my mother, sure to talk sense into her. I tried. She was I her night-gown again … I can't go into details anymore, I just can't handle this any longer, seeing her fade mentally, while being healthy, physically, but *refusing* all my attempts to get her to be more active again which would improve her mental capacities … she just says no, and I'm desperate.

I went to lake Saissersee for a walk with Jacqui, who took a swim, and then I texted to the psychologist I had talked on the phone to in 2019, Evelin, and she texted back – telling me that due to health reasons she is not in practice this year. Fuck! She was my hope to be able to deal with my mother without having to involve some clinic or something … I felt like being really overwhelmed. Swam in ***lake Wörthersee*** and then even called my father, who didn't pick up. I saw the car again that I saw weeks ago, with the amazing license plate number "**HI 1**". And "HI" really stands for "Hawaii". I only saw it because I did something I normally didn't do: After my

swim I got J out of the car and took him on a short walk along the beach road, to give him some relief after waiting for me … and there was "HI 1", waiting for me.

On the way to Velden, on the highway, I was greeted right a way with a whole row of "speaking" license plates: "910 EC", "80883", "911 ED", "911 FS", "50 BS".

I had an intense talk with Bob, and I asked him to let me know how he is, I actually was sarcastic and said *"So how is being dead working out for ya, Stoneman?"* And <u>just then</u> (!) a car drove by with a sticker across the rear window, reading ***"Village of Death".***

I swear. Just then.

I mean – I haven't ever seen anything like this. And there it was, just when I had asked Bob how he was doing in the beyond. My spontaneous internal interpretation of this "answer" was first *"I'm not alone here",* then: *"It takes a village to raise a child"* in terms of that in the beyond, that's the same given, that all the folks there work together to help the arrivals … but then, I know that – just not as a mortal in the obstructed realm. I'm "there" a lot, too, it's my own plan what I'm experiencing and doing now, only in my mortal story I can't access the beyond consciously …

Seeing "*Village of Death*" drive by (overtaking me on the second lane to my left) and disappear in the next tunnel kind of left me sitting "shut up" with bafflement … in such moments I'm just sitting in my car kind of "dumb" and gawking … and I can only imagine Bob sitting next to me, smirking.

So in the tunnels on the way to Velden, I saw strange things as hallway visions: A *white folded towel*, just the impression of it … then, in housie's hallway, *the folded tables*, that in real life were on the left side along the wall, facing the exit, *were on the right side next to me, blocking the sliding door* to Bob's hallway storage. And on the opposite side, instead of the folding tables was some kind of a "counter" but mounted directly into the wall, like a small *ledge*, like a bar counter, dark wood, all along the length of the hallway.

(I still can't make myself go through my Maui photos to get pictures of that hallway …)

In another tunnel, Bob was there, with some kind of *bright metal bucket, like tin or gold, with a bottle* in it, so it looked like a champagne bucket … and then there was a *broom*.

And all the time I felt "distracted" and "scattered" mentally and emotionally … those impressions being so fleeting, and I said to Bob that maybe I was just making everything up …

In the last tunnels,

I was serving Bob *pastry*, tray in right hand, *a platter covered with pastry*, and his real life green cup with coffee in the left hand.

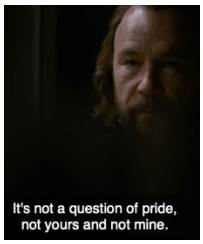
Driving back, I was so distraught because of my mother … and in the tunnels on the way back … I felt like almost wishing to be able to just teleport back to Maui …

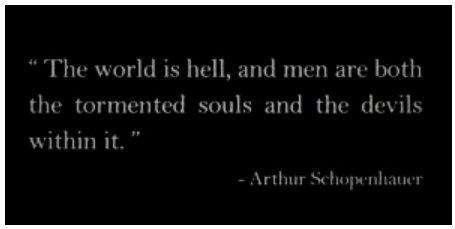
I saw … Many ***colored folders or carton with colored folders***, a ***fish shape***, kind of silver, just hovering to my right for a moment …

(Later)

Back home, I watched the episode 1 of the series ***"The North Water*** – and that **fish shape or form** showed up in a *title card*! Of course it's not a fish, but a whale, but the form is that of a fish! The fish I had just seen in a hallway-vision … while I had felt, again, that I wasn't "efficient" in the hallway-tunnel … I felt so distracted, and only very briefly did I immerse in the "being in housie" so deeply, that my eyes rolled in a way, and I felt like diving out of some very brief very deep dive, into sleep or darkness or unconsciousness …

A "fish" was even mentioned verbally, and it also means "whales", that are no fish, really!

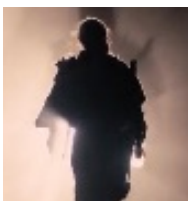
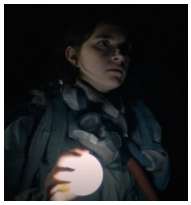




About "*The North Water*" felt completely disgusted and turned off by that series, only read up on the reviews, won't watch it, after only seeing a few minutes of it … It was just about that "fish", I think.

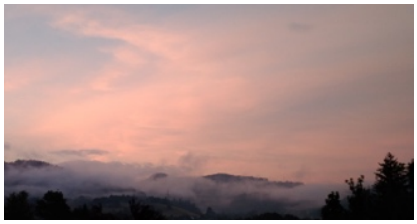
I also watched or rather skipped through "***Settlers***" … such an upsettingly dumb story, that I was surprised why I was actually watching it … until the end, when the "**tunnel scene**" happens … the way out of a "dome" (on Mars, with oxygen in it) into the Mars wilderness, *a different world or universe, where mortals can't exist …* I saw an actress in this film, though, Sofia Boutella, that I want for "Regents of Clouds".

Well, I couldn't have possibly known that there would be a scene in this film in the end where ***a woman enters a different world though a literal tunnel!***

<u>July 17, 2021</u> – **The Pastry Platter & Peter's Bent Knee**

Found huge fat ***caterpillars***! Put them off the path out of harm's way … Last night: Amazing sunset, "Ulalena", "red and yellow" in Hawaiian.



Got fascinated by the strange "military"-style life of the ***sunflowers***, and gazed at the ***grains*** that are ready to be harvested … to feed our body-machines … Kept thinking that if I died on the spot, nobody would notice or care. Except for Jacqui. I got to get this c. d. to people so that my lifetime here isn't in vain.

Funny, I went to the store, even though I only had a spare 5-Euro-bill in the car, to get bones for Jacqui, because he has some digestive troubles, I think … and there was the ***"Emoji"-car*** that I saw a little while ago! That was strange! I went to a different store first, no bones, then went to Adeg, and there was that van!

(Later)

Jesus Christ, the *pastry platter* came through! It manifested. In "*The Closer*". I woke up with a horrible headache that I already had last night, and with my late breakfast (it's Saturday today) I picked episode 13 of season 2 … ***and there is a suspect treated with a tray and pastry on it!*** I saw that *pastry platter in the tunnel* yesterday, even though I found it very unlikely … and the green cup that Bob or I kept using that I also saw in my hallway vision, may relate to the "hot black" tradition that I still keep up, and I just had shared "hot black" (my morning coffee) with Bob … Had I not been very slow today, I would have seen the pastry platter along with my hot black cup of Joe!

So it's official: I can pick up impressions … even when I'm not sure that I can "tune in" properly. The fish shape. The pastry platter – I mean! ***A pastry platter!*** And it really appeared in a random episode of *"The Closer"* that I picked! And I had "seen" the pastry in the tunnel yesterday! Served it to Bob!

I did not want to watch "The Closer", but I kind of felt urged in a weird way, because feeling so weak and headachy, I kind of had the wish to see the efficiency of that fictional character … as an idol, a role model, if you will. (I just realize that the other day I "saw" a ***pastry roller*** …)

There is only one Universe.
My headache is going away, even though I did not take Aspirin.
Feeling a bit inspired.
I had a crazy dream tonight … and last night … really wow … just that I can't recall it. Which sucks. But in the last nights there were always dreams where other people were who I had to fight or rescue.
As a mortal, I'm feeling really … I don't know, alien, maybe. Very alone and alien.

(Later)
I had just edited my entry from last night, and as I was done, and had just written out the "golden bucket" note, I turned to the piece of paper with my notes from the car that I had just place next to me on the counter, I didn't even need it, but I said out loud ***"I need a bucket list***" … okay! That's it? I was so surprised hearing myself say it, that I had to write this down just now. It came out of my mouth, but not out of my brain, I hadn't thought of it at all.

(Later) **The bent knee!**
Keep watching "*The Closer*" … and I think I got a message from my ***brother Peter*** … yesterday, I was lying in my bed, thinking of him, and I assumed the position he had always had, *lying down, one knee up at angle* … when he head died, I had spent some time with his expired body at the hospital, and I stretched out his right leg, as he had been lying with his knee bent. There is a dead young man in the episode 14 season 2, that looks like my brother Peter looked, and is ***lying dead with his right knee at an angle*** …

Now I'm curious. But I don't feel like watching it anymore … maybe that's because I saw what I was meant to see … for now.
I'm just so behind with completing this c. d.! So many pictures that still need to be put in …! Above just because I have it, a picture of the cats I've been feeding … it's just so touching how they rely on us, the giants.

July 18, 2021
Last night …
So sweet, the cats allowed me to touch them when I got over there to feed them. Those tiny bodies … I thought their bellies were a bit bloated even though they seemed so slender … so maybe worms? Gonna get some Cell Salts into their food …

This morning, Marshall's family went off for a holiday, without Marshall. My landpeople took the dog with them … hopefully onto the mountain, into the hut? *(**Note**: No, just a walk.)*
It's thunderstorm Sunday. Thought of driving to my mother, but maybe not … I slept until after 11 a.m. today, dreamed of a gazillion things, including two cats I rescued in some remote place where I had refuge at … a baby cat and an adult …

July 19, 2021 – ***Hewa, Aliens, Big Glass & Bob with Tiny Blue Bubbles & the Giant Butterfly***

Drove to Velden to see my mother … big scare, as her car wasn't home at 3 p.m., but while I was at the cemetery, I saw her drive in and watched her walk down the path … she looked stable and normal. At my visit she was clear and looked healthy, had even washed her clothes, but no way she'd go for a walk. At least she seemed fine.

On the way to Velden, I felt so nervous about the tunnels, I had such a need to communicate, but it felt like I wasn't able to even "be" in housie … and I had to consciously relax and not expect anything. And in *the* ***tunnels*** *a lot happened then …*

I saw *Bob in his editing room picking up his big looking glass* … oh, I saw and felt and smelled everything there, the big torch, the feel of the desk, his computer mouse … and he put his looking glass over a *piece of paper,* and a *word* was magnified, and it started with "HE …" Later I thought it was "*HEWA*", Hawaiian for "evil" or "bad" … but that may just be my interpretation. I was very baffled about this very clear image that, I thought, must be a very clear message. Well, I had been fretting about Marshall, driving, because if the landlady and her hubby hadn't changed their holiday plans, the dog would have been left simply alone. I can't get over the fact that those people have been neglecting the dog from the beginning, and now they want to have a nice holiday … I can't even express what I wish for them …

So in the next tunnel, I saw *myself* at the end of what seemed to be an *unnaturally long hallway* in housie, and I was *bent over something like a bucket*, as if I was washing something … I turned my face in the direction from where I saw myself, and I had something like *a* ***cat-face*** *with a lot of very sharp small teeth that I bared in a warning manner* …

In the next tunnel, some "*Alien"-like brown naked creature* showed up in the empty hallway, and it jumped against the wall … and suddenly it turned *into many small critters almost like scrawny cats, that looked just like the big original one* … This can have big meaning, and I'm sure it will come to me.

I sat in my car, driving through the tunnels, kind of holding the impression that I was in housie at the same time intending to give Bob access to my mind … *and I was just watching the aliens crawl all over the white walls of housie's hallway … like mixes of giant spiders and tiny monkeys or cats …*

Then, it was like *I was seeing everything including the aliens from Bob's perspective*, and he/I turned around towards the kitchen, and *there was I sitting!* On my usual place, from the hallway view partially hidden by the kitchen counter, and I looked up like I had popped my head up so many times to look towards Bob when he had slinked in from the editing room, kind of dragging his feet, slowly, taking off his glasses, sometimes rubbing his eyes or running his fingers through his hair … *and the "me" that I saw had a kind of yellow friendly shine around her, giving a friendly impression, relief in "Bob" as he saw me …*

And just now that I'm writing this down …

Can it be, that ***Bob told me*** how threatened and full of bad thoughts and dark imagery he had been, first the "hewa" in the edit room and then the critters in the hallway … and when he had looked at me, he had felt better, and I had, in fact, been, something a light in his difficult life? Oh I wish. But then, before, I had been bent over that bucket (probably signifying that I was totally busy doing my stuff, turned away from him), and when I looked up, I had had that dangerous cat-face … baring my teeth … ***so Bob had felt threatened by me and that's why I had to stay at a distance?***

(***Note:*** *Wow, I'm doing this interpreting actually out of my gut, a day later, it's today July 20, that I'm writing down that in detail … and it does feel right, it does. I had wished for Bob so urgently to "talk to me" and "tell me stuff", and I think he has?!)*

Then, in a tunnel, there was just a *big glass,* like a simple jam container, with something *yellow* in it, like candle wax …

And then … in the last tunnel on the way to Velden, ***Bob himself*** *was standing upright in front of me*, ***holding in front of his chest a whole bunch of loose blue sparkling bubbles*****,** up to the size of small apples … and I saw it and was even wondering why they wouldn't fall, those shiny balls, maybe from glass or plastic, … he held them so strangely like someone who had picked a lot of fruit and had to carry them cautiously. But then, he didn't move. He was very big, bigger than they height of the housie hallway, and I didn't see his head or face, his image ended at his shoulders … but he was wearing his jeans, a white T-shirt and his blue jeans shirt that he had loved so much … it felt so clear …

… but then it was only some kind of "glimpse" … a lingering glimpse.

Of course there is the Hawaiian song that Bob used to sing, "Tiny Bubbles" … but I have a feeling, it's not about this.

I do feel that all those images were meant to give me insights into Bob's being … when he was still a mortal. Or … is it?

(That's about what the bubbles or shiny balls looked like …)

I just can't remember what I saw in the tunnels on the way back to Griffen … but there were license plate numbers … I had a scorching head ache, and I hadn't eaten all day, and I felt so desolate, even though I had swum in lake Saissersee and lake Wörthersee and had taken a nice walk with Jacqui …

July 20, 2021 – **Tiny Blue Bubbles?**

Saw the "white birds" again today during an evening walk … at the house with the big tall stone and the old-fashioned table and two chairs …

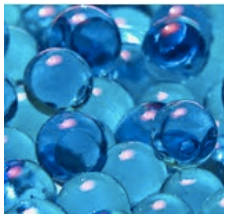
Also, I've been watching online stuff while working on putting the photos into this c. d. … and just now I realize how they always call a dead person "a body" … found a body there … body of a woman … this body, that body … and that's really true: *A dead "person" is, actually, in this realm, just a body.* A shell. The left-over of the person. Who lives on in their energetic form. Just invisible.

I had a horrible feeling of being sick this morning … spent some time last night with Inge and her husband Seppi, talking about his problem with an inflamed toe joint … that had been treated against gout … I realized that Inge and Seppi have been self-medicating for a long time, really putting all kinds of chemicals into themselves … kind of amazing that they are in such good shape. So I recommended trauma ointment – as the toe had been injured years ago – and certain cell salts. Today I learned that the toe is much better … I'm really happy.

Also … walking Jacqui in the neighborhood I've been seeing very nice black currant berries in the gardens … but I never picked any … and Inge gave me a whole big bowl full of them last night! So yummie.

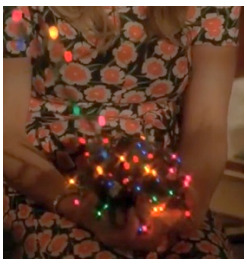
I just had the thought about the ***"tiny blue bubbles"*** Bob was holding in my tunnel hallway vision the other day … but the ***currant berries*** are black. Well, that said … those visions are me interpreting what my subconscious tells me … so who knows. We also drank ***sparkling wine*** last night … with tiny bubbles. I haven't drunk sparking wine in years … well … certainly a lot of small round bubble type things.

Well now … when I ***googled***, the very first ***image*** that came up to the right, was – ***blue***!



(Later)

Oh wow, other "***bubbles***" showed up! And "Brenda" of "The Closer" ***holds them in front of her chest*** (in episode 14 of season 3, an episode I had just switched on after skipping several) just like *Bob had held the blue sparkling bubbles in front of his chest!* Christmas decoration! What are the odds?!



Wow … hallway tunnel visions do have a lot of reflections in my mortal fucking life! I'm baffled right now, truly. Didn't see that coming at all.

July 21, 2021 – **Niko, the Caterpillar and the Butterfly, AND: The Cat and the Aliens!**

Just remembered something … Inge told me that her daughter Irene, the mother of dead little Niko, had said to her the other day, that she thinks ***Niko*** had visited – because a *huge* ***butterfly****, of the size of a child's shoe*, had shown up at her home! And I had just encountered those ***huge caterpillars***! It was the same day! And it was so strange that Inge even told me that about the huge butterfly … when I had totally wondered what kind of huge butterfly would come out of those caterpillars!

(Later)

Drove to a new lake, Gösselsdorfer See, no swimming there for dogs, only a public beach and a lot of wilderness. Drove on to *Sablatnig moor*, an actual moor, but with an enraging lack of approaching the water for the thirsty dog to drink! … took a little hike with J, sat down for a while in total nature silence. That was … sort of nice. At times.

Then we swam in lake Klopeinersee.

Back home, I sat down for dinner with fish and sauerkraut, and I put on a random movie, I think I had seen a trailer of some day, with the title „**Cherry**".

Well sure enough, there it was, what I have been thinking over and over again, especially in the past days:

„When life was beginning, I saw you. 2002."

Yes. That was it. *In 2002 I saw Bob appear like an angel in my life, and my life began.* It would end 16 and a half years later.

So did this message tell me that, after all, Bob felt the same way?

(Well it turned out impossible for me to watch the movie, that's how much I disliked it. So it really was about the message. What are the odds? How often had I said, "When I saw you for the first time in 2002, that's when my life began."

And I just read this in a movie: ***„When life was beginning, I saw you. 2002."***

(Later) **THE CAT IN THE TUNNEL!**

Oh geez, an actual **cat** is now in my life, **two cats a**re, kind of, but one of them is right next to me in a box!

Was this the "me with a cat face bent over something like a bucket and baring sharp teeth at Bob, hissing" that I saw in the tunnel the day before yesterday? Because that little cat did just that!

Inge called a bit distraught in the evening telling me that *two tiny meowing cats* had shown up in her yard, and that I should come take a look.

I did. A tiny black one and a tiny white and gray tiger-striped one. Both so hungry … that they immediately came to eat the cat food I had brought, even though they are totally shy, but I could only catch *the white one* (***Note**: Later I named it "Kiko".*)– bony hungry little critter, who bit me so badly in my right thumb, that I bled like crazy, and now my thumb is hurting like hell and getting swollen.

I noticed that the little one has a hurt mouth, like a torn down lower lip, poor kitty, and since I couldn't catch the second one, I took the white-gray one with me, to feed and check her injury.

It's strange, I have no idea what next, but it was so touching to see the cat eat so eagerly.

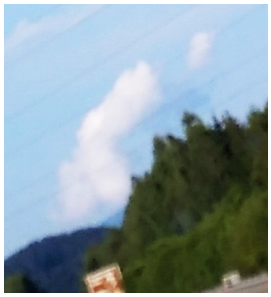
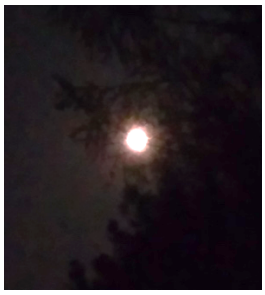
Is that the ***cat with the bared tiny sharp teeth*** I saw … that was "me" in the tunnel? Was that "Kiko" who would bite me later?

And then – the ***bony little aliens*** that ran all over the place in the tunnel and along the walls – the two kitten behaved just like that! Kiko's little sibling is scrawny and half starved and black!

Wow. Communication? I'd think so.

July 23, 2021

The ultimate "penis and balls" cloud as I was driving and conversing with Bob! And later: full moon.

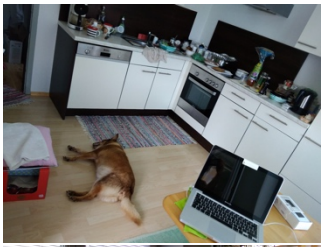
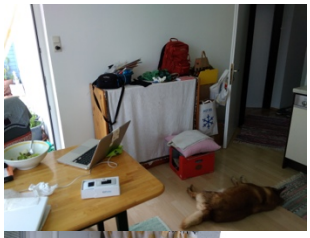
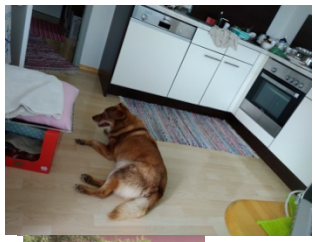



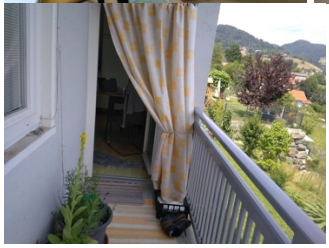
July 24, 2021

My car gave me the message of "new beginnings" today. Right before driving under a bridge.

July 25, 2021 – **The Teal Spots**

Took a few nostalgic pics of the place where I live now …



… then a walk to St. Kollmann with Jacqui … with amazing **sky-writings** … and **a single sun flower** in the vast fields … that looked over to me as if she was saying "Don't worry, Dany, I'm alone, too and one of a kind in a sea of others." Also, a graffiti under a bridge saying *"Austria …*

Norway" … like reminding me of my past - of the time immediately before I ended up on Maui where I met Bob several months later.

And the "***teal spots"*** showed up … as Bob had put into my hand "some bright teal spots" just earlier, during the walk, wen I asked him to prove to me that he was walking with me.

Right now, it's nearly impossible to describe the bafflement … when something like this happens. Having a conversation with your dead love who feels so close, then you get all sad and desperate and tell him you'd love to he sure his a live, and you put your hand out and ask him to "put something on it" to prove his presence … and weird teal or turquoise colored blobs show up, and you think you just didn't get a response. And a few minutes later … you stand facing "turquoise blobs" … it's just fascinating.

And … amazing vagina-tree today … plus a stone with a "z" and a vagina-tree-resembling back side.

July 26, 2021

Drove to see my mother … brought her supplement capsules for mental health, she agreed to take them and was very alert and nice and clear.

And the *rabbit ear plant* on my balcony … look what an amazing single-stalk flower-bulb it made!

July 27, 2021 **– *Poldi arrived.***

I got up to find the bird drawing that Eric had made for me tipped over. Strange, because last night a bird had brushed the window right next to me in full flight!

Broke my heart like every day to see that Marshall is alone all day, nobody walks him, takes him for a swim … anything.

I saw a bird, a ***„European Magpie“, „Elster“*** in German, at the fence in the sheeps' meadow, and I was worried … it *screamed* at me and at every car that drove by, I thought he wanted to chase us away?

Drove shopping and for a swim in lake Klopeinersee - just grand!

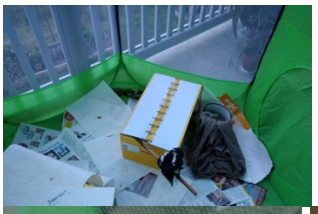
Came back … the little bird was still there! Screaming! The sheep would come soon for their evening spot under the tree and certainly trample the bird to death! Brought some ground beef and offered it to the little guy – ***and he wrapped his entire throat around my finger!*** Wow! I felt like a bird mom! I climbed the fence and took the bird, who didn't struggle at all. He was so totally hungry. I gave him a little more ground beef, then called a wild animal care organization who referred me to a nice woman, named Michaela. She said she was deadsick because of a heart problem, but we chatted like old friends! Turned out she is a big fan of the lead singer of the band „Meilenstein“, „Milestone“, the one I had intended to contact about a collaboration on my Carinthian movies … haven't even checked for a response yet.

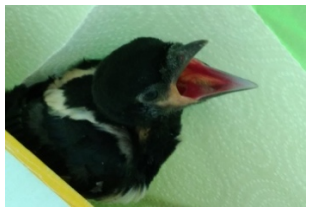
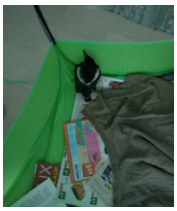
So Michaela gave me precious advice what to feed the bird, chicken hearts, scrambled eggs, berries, ground beef. The bird ate and ate and slept and slept, rolled up to a ball. *Handfeeding a bird! Me!* He can't fly yet, and parts of his body are bald. It's very amazing to have some insight into the birds' world … at 10 p.m. the latest, the bird is asleep or quiet, Michaela said … well, we'll see, I thought (totally true!).

Tried to help Inge catch little black cat – no such luck. Found a split ***stone*** today …

July 28, 2021

Magpie Poldi is prospering – yes, even day later I can tell already. Amazing experience. I can't even go into details … it's very strange to have this responsibility … but nothing else to be done. All bird care facilities are full, and the little guy who I had first named „Sigi" but now call him „Poldi", needs to fly off around here, because he is from around here. His mom is probably aware where he is … I put him in an open kids play net enclosure that I also used for Kiko on the balcony, hoping that his mom will hear him, come and feed him.



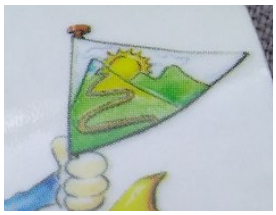
July 29, 2021 **– "aloha": the Ultimate Hawaii Greeting & The Cat and Haleakala**

Oh how have I been imagining being in Hawaii and how have I missed Hawaii in the last days!

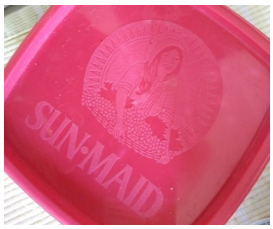
So I drove to check out apartment at the little town of Egg at lake Faak … I've seen the ads several times in the last year. Before that, I took Jacqui for a walk along river Drau, and there was a very strange cloud. *(Note: Looks like some open mouth … Poldi? Being fed?)*

Wow!

After all the cat-excitement I found a ***tiny cat-sticker*** next to my car when I took Jacqui for a short walk before looking at the apartment! ***The cat and the sun*** … a path leading towards the sun … and the cat signaling that everything is okay! Actually, the sun is behind big mountains. And we lived on Maui on *Haleakala, "the house of the sun"* … What are the odds?



Before that I noticed the „Sun Maid“ theme on a random lid I had grabbed from my storage to cover the bird food!



There, at the apartment I had gone to check out, was a very sweet young couple, Erwin, Dutch and Stefanie, German, super preggers, expecting any minute … and I knew immediately that the place wasn't for me … but I spotted a pendant on Stefanie's neck: „***aloha***“. I asked her for permission to photograph it and explained my Hawaii-connection … and they were all excited, because the are all about Hawaii, too! They will call their baby girl „Luana“! Hawaiian for … “A place for two”, is my spontaneous translation. But it also means …

Wow. I know that I had to go there not to find an apartment, but to share my Hawaii-docu „Native of Owhyhee“ with these people! That actually gives me joy!

Oh wow …

Then:

A car parked near lake Saissersee, with the license plate number „***LEI 1***“! „Lei“! There isn't a more Hawaiian word! It's the famous flower wreath that everyone wears. And it is a Carinthian word, meaning something like “only, just”, and there is a traditional saying: “Karntn is lei ans”, meaning “Carinthia is unique” (Carinthia is just one, literally). And: It's the carnival greeting: „Lei lei!“

On the highway, back to Griffen, right away then: „**808 DJ**“! I mean! Seriously.

And then two that also struck me, „807 EW“ and „807 BE“, but right after each other and after the „808 DJ“ …

Ok. Hawaii wants me to do stuff.

Strange little nothings in the tunnels … I couldn't „get into it“, at least, that's what it felt like on the way there. Driving back … I kind of „fell“ into housie a couple of times … saw *Bob playing a violin*!

Now I remember! Upon my last visit with my mother, *I “saw” a whole lot of people in a **tunnel**, just standing there, straight up, gazing at me, dressed colorful, they all were standing kind of weirdly straight … as it they were kind of colorful stripes …* I didn't write it down right away (*Note:*

added later), but when I look at the bird drawing now … the one that tipped over on the day I „met“ „Poldi“ ….

Oh Poldi! I had left his enclosure open … and all through the drive I worried that he may have tried to fly away but dropped to the garden ground, and Marshall got him or a bird … geez.

But: Little ***Poldi*** was ecstatic when J and I came home! So hungry! He ate and ate! I showed him how to climb the little twigs and the cups and cooking pans that I had brought into his enclosure, and he is now a proud perching Magpie at times! Amazing how much they shit, though. Everytime he first takes a bite, he gets all flustered and poops. Then I could swear he *sighs*.

He watches out for me all the time … and he has a very sweet soft thing „singing“ voice. Birdlady Michaela says it's the "baby song" that enthralls the mother to feed the babe. But he can also „speak serious Magpie“ already and do the typical sounds.

I saw an adult Magpie with the long tail feathers fly by very closely by the balcony in the evening! Maybe it's the mom? That would be so great! This means, they are watching him, and when he is ready, they'll fly off with him. Oh, it's so tempting to pick him up and pat him, and he'd like that so much. He wants to be touched, tried to come close all the time. But I can't turn him into a tame bird. He must grow to be a wild mag pie. So I must stay away, let him make his noises – and I have been noticing, that sometimes, other magpies answer, and then he sits turned towards them listening intently. I do let him sit on my hand at times and lift him above the railing and higher up, so that he can look around – especially when the other magpies call, and then he is "all eyes and ears". It's so sweet.

I was a bit disgusted, I got to admit, at first because of his flaky skin condition … oh, geez, now that I write about it, I realize that in all my imagining Bob I have never seen him with his psoriasis … so what the bird has, is like psoriasis, but it can also be critters! Yikes! So I rubbed coconut oil on my hands before holding the guy, to put a bit on him. Then I resorted to putting some Margosa spray against dog's flea and tick critters on a bit of cotton wool and wipe the bird's head and beak and feathers … and he likes it! He moves up towards me and does his sweet soft chirping.

Aw! I think is feathers have improved in the last two days already. Couldn't see much but I think there is some fluff growing on his neck?! I hope! Birdlady Michaela keeps giving me advice, like the encapsulations of the feathers close to the body must be cleaned off, so that they can unfold, and the bird himself must learn how to clean himself. Also, the feather must develop a waterproof impregnation, so he must bathe! I must put him a bath tub somewhere! And show him what to do. Yeah. Right. And he must eat something live. (Not on my watch.) And he must eat something with fur or feathers, so that he can create "fur balls", like owl pellets, in his stomach to throw up then. Nice. If he doesn't do that, his intestinal system won't develop

properly. And he needs berries and seeds. *(**Note**: I did all of it. Picked berries in the next weeks, gave them to Poldi instead of myself, got dried rabbit ears and broke them to small pieces and mixed them into Poldi's food, and he started to throw up not too small balls right away. Put water into a container, put him inside for a moment – and next thing I know, he bathes like a crazy bird in it, flapping his wings, cackling … to then clean himself thoroughly. Wow, I've learned so much.)*

Oh, now I remember … Plus a *harlequin*, I saw in a tunnel … don't remember when.

Landlady and hubby still not here, but on a holiday. Good. Because Poldi makes a hell of a noise!

My mother worries me a lot. She seemed apathic. Again in her night gown at 4.30 pm, and she had forgotten that I'd come. She is so stubborn though, won't walk with me, won't write stuff down …

I have to talk to the dementia expert again … I just can't let this go on. It kills me leaving her alone all the time. Plus she has another injury on her head … she can be really hurt, with a concussion, but she insists it's nothing. Still – in her nightgown in bed in the middle of the day. I think she does that all the time now. How can it have gotten worse after she improved so much? (***Note**: The answer I'd get shortly – the better and more aware she had become, the more alcohol she had bought as her brain had reminded her of her old habits, and she had continued her serious long term addiction*.) She has nothing to do, I know. But she refuses to do something when I offer, too.

I'm really … just distraught. I don't even know how I feel, really.

Little Poldi fell asleep sitting like a magpie pro on a twig, and when I picked him up in the dark, he was such a good boy (or girl?) and grabbed on to my fingers and just let me slide him into his sleeping box, onto his towel-next. No sound, I think he just kept sleeping. Magpies sleep together at night, and I feel sorry for him that he must sleep alone. But he is close to J and me, and he can hear us, and it's safe where he is, and I think he knows it. *(**Note**: Sure enough, Poldi never ever even made a noise at night. Eventually I let him stay outside on the balcony to sleep, when he chose a sleeping "nest" in the overhanging cloth that served as a sun shield, and I just put another piece of cloth over him to shield him from the view of ravens and from wind.)*

July 30, 2021

Exactly in the time that I'm tending to Poldi, the little bird, I get a passage today, in the Astro newsletter that I'm regularly editing for money, that it's important "***to look at things from a bird eye's view*** to get a better perspective of everything and be able to let go of old, stuck ways of thinking or attitudes. Wow. That's clear.

> Jupiter erweitert die Dinge, sodass wir sie mit einer neuen Klarheit und in einem neuen Licht sehen können. Er schenkt uns das Bewusstsein, die Dinge anders zu betrachten, als bisher und dementsprechend Veränderungen vorzunehmen. Wann immer wir uns festgefahren oder unsicher fühlen, ist es die Energie des Jupiters, die uns hilft, über all dem zu schweben und die Situation aus der Vogelperspektive zu betrachten. Manchmal ist es diese Klarheit, die uns helfen kann, aus einer starren, festgefahrenen Denkweise in eine offenere zu kommen.

August 1, 2021

Wrote an email to A., the landlady last night and told her my mind regarding little cat Kiko … that A. took as a reason to threaten me with throwing me out of the apartment. A day later, she claimed that they "need the apartment in winter for themselves". Gave me three months notice … Jesus Christ, what kind of people are those? Will they be held accountable, punished, something? I hope and pray.

Chatted a bit with Inge on the phone and became painfully aware, how I really can not exchange myself with anyone, truly. There is only chatter, no understanding, no depth, maybe some well meaning interest, but mostly I sense just curiosity.

Magpie Poldi has a problem with his skin I thought, but I had a long chat with Michaela Dworak (Vogelhilfe Kärnten), the bird expert, and she said give it some time, he may just have dry skin … she is great and has the same opinion about people like I do. I would like to meet her in person, she knows a lot about birds, gave me precious advice. *(**Note**: Never met her, things went downhill after a while because of her very self-destructive behavior and attitude.)*

Poldi was restless in the night in his box. But looked fine this morning, more alert. Will buy chicken liver for him today.

I had a very strange **dream** … I got to physically embrace Bob:

It was about Bob, and Bob was there. Has been a while that I „saw" him in my dreams … He was far away, and it was like I senses him more than I saw him, and there was a connection in a „remote" way, like via email or phone (at the same time). There was a problem of a technical nature, and a woman, an older one, I think heavy set with blond curly stylish hair and wearing something red, tried to help him … but there was an air of deep despair about Bob. And somehow I involved myself and ***got to reach Bob.*** I just don't remember what that entailed … it was more like a "magnetic attaching" to each other than a shoulder-patting-hello-kind-of-meeting, and … *It was like I was not expected to be able do that, to connect, to reach him, because it wasn't supposed to be possible,* and somehow I knew that he was dead or very close to being dead.

So I kind of told the woman „Let me!", and I „called" Bob … and at the same time saw him from the perspective where he actually was … and he *recognized me* ***and was so happy that I was there*** … and I offered to help him solve his problem. He said something like „If that only were so easy" …. and he was somehow lounging there, in a checkered long-sleeve shirt, and in shorts, with longer hair, just Bob the way I have known him … and then we dropped the subject of the tech-problem, ***and I managed to be with him! Physically***! There! It was so heartbreaking and wonderful at the same time, and *I knew that it „was not possible"*, but I ***embraced*** Bob … and somehow I could only reach his head and shoulders, and he bent down and I snuggled up from above, ***and he began to cry so hard … he cried in my arms, and it was crying of despair and sadness and regret.***

Makes me break out in tears right now, just writing it …

Somehow the dream was over … but other than other dreams, it stayed with me so clearly, right now, as if it was still „on" ..

I do have the feeling of Bob's presence …

And something else:

Last night, I heard a big turmoil of the magpies in the garden and on the trees, screaming. This morning, as I stepped outside, not far from where I picked up Poldi, but on the street side of the fence, lay *a dead squished young magpie – just a few feet from the spot where I had found Poldi!*

So sad. Then, as I walked, I thought that ***Bob now also has his bird to take care of?!***

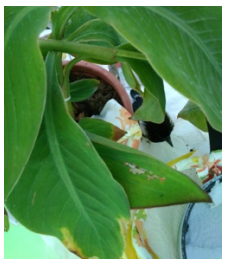
Right? I've been thinking a lot about how in the beyond, since there is everything like here, the essence of all critters is there, too. So that magpie is now with Bob.

And I do want to have a confirmation of it, please.

It's raining today, Poldi is already outside on the balcony in his little apartment, I want him to stay wild, don't cuddly with him, although it's so tempting, he is so sweet and needs so much love and attention. He looks at the glass door the whole time, lonely little sweet guy …

(Later)

Thunderstorm came, I thought that Poldi would love to be in a tree … so I grabbed one of my old „Bird of Paradise" plants and put it into Poldi's enclosure - and as soon as he saw it, he immediately crawled up into the pot (fluttered, very skillfully) and later decided to better just sit on the ground under the green leaves … and it's thundering, and there is lightning, but Poldi sleeps!



He also jumped on the pine cone and began to balance on it, rolling it while croaking excitedly.

His feathers look much better today.

I mixed some Cell salts Silicea (11) and Calcium Fluoratum (1) into his dog's food today. Yup, he loves that much-meat-dogfood, spit out a berry I brought him today. Mixed the berry in, too, he ate it.

August 1, 2021 – **Manu, the bird**

Drove to Velden … *gushing rain*, at some point the cars on the highway had to slow down to walking speed … it looked like an inferno.

Last night I had read up on how to properly raise a raven bird like a magpie, and I was sure I couldn't and didn't want to do it.

But then, this morning, when I woke up and realized it was late, and I didn't hear a sound, I was so worried that I realized that I had already bonded. Uncovered Poldi's box – and there he or she was, cleaning himself or herself eagerly. Then he saw me and tried to say something, but no sound came out of his beak except for a tiny croak! I was worried again! But then the sound came even stronger.

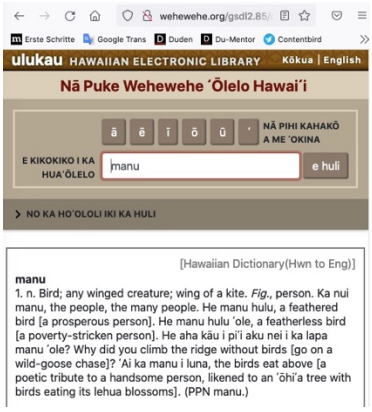
Sweet guy. I fed him and then left for Velden, even though it rained and he was in his balcony domicile. He has plenty of dry space there, though.

On the highway *I thought intensely about the bird and* ***asked Bob*** *what to do* … and in a tunnel I „saw" something like *a pouch with a crown* …

After the tunnel, a car passed by, with the license plate number „**MANU 5**"! „Manu" means „bird" in Hawaiian! The „5", maybe a „high five"?

Wow, I felt very clearly spoken to, again.

*(**Note**: Only today, that I'm editing this part of the c. d., it's December 5, I got another meaning for "**5**": In **Hawaiian, "5" is "lima"**, and "ka **lima**" is also the word for "**hand**" because of the five fingers. So the combination of the words for "bird" and "hand" seem to really point at what I actually did: I hand-raised the little magpie until he was ready to take off! It's interesting, too, that **"manually" or "manuell" in German mans "by hand"**!)*

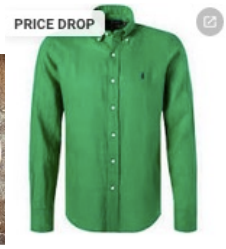


My mother was fine, just not talking, as usual, but sober and a bit aloof.

The thunderstorm with lightning and all would not subside, so I could not swim! Horrible!

On the way back, though, I had a very deep and ***intense meeting-in-the-tunnels*** with Bob.

I held my hand to the passenger's seat and asked Bob to hold my hand. So holding hands, we drove into the tunnel, and the first impression I had was „***pizza***". Then it was like Bob and me approaching housie, entering, and in the first segment of the hallway – oh, I could so clearly smell and see and feel housie, and I broke out crying big time after the tunnels – Bob was there, dressed in something ***bright green*** and embracing me, as we both were standing up. It was such an intense and sweet and strange embrace, didn't feel like a memory at all.



Then he lead me by my hand through the hallway into the kitchen and to my beloved futon. I realized that it was raining out side, that typical Maui rain that comes with a kind of white overcast, so that the light is strangely white outside … and he lied down with me on the futon, our faced turned towards the window … that's that window that was covered with heavy and totally dusty blankets when I had arrived in August 2018 … but there were only the open blinds and the glass and the mosquito screens …

So we were lying there, holding each other embraced … wow, I'm getting a hotter than hot flash just now … and Bob was somehow bigger and taller, with longer hair, and he was ***wearing something white.*** First I thought it was a shirt, but I didn't see pants, so it was some kind of *dress or caftan* …

At some point he got up – mind you: *All that I „saw" while being fully awake* ***driving*** *through the long tunnel!* – and stepped to the window, and he reached out for me to join him. And I saw, that there was no window anymore, there was a open space and the connection to the outside … And Bob made a gesture as if he wanted me to move through this space, outside, into Maui … like I was supposed to fly.

I hesitated, and in my vision I thought, „Does this mean I'm supposed to leave housie behind?" Or is Bob going to leave? It was a gesture to „set me free" … him, there, tall, perfect, in his white gown … oh! Now that I'm writing this – it's like I'm planning to do with the bird! As soon as he can fly, I'm going to make sure he finds his way to his kind …

Is that what Bob meant? I should do like the bird and find my way to my kind?

Wow! That feels really really strongly true! In the car, I had no clue. I asked Bob if that meant that he wanted to get rid of me, or that he was going to leave?

I was back in the car, after the tunnels, imagining that Bob was still holding my hand, and he pulled it up to his lips and kissed my fingers.

I asked him to put something into my hand, and it was a tiny ***„disco-ball"*** with many small mirrors in the shape and size of an egg. Well … this better manifest in real life, because I might as well have „made that up" in my subconscious.

Just to use the space next to the disco ball: I made baked zucchini for all of us today, Jacqui, Poldi and me, got the veggie from Inge. On little bird Poldi loves the mushy zucchini meat with the seeds in it! He gulps them right down when I let them hang into his wide open beak … and so he learns to swallow on his own, slowly, but surely.

So that gesture „out of the window" was something like an encouragement, a directive?

Leave! Fly! It's open! You only have to take the path!

That's what it meant?

I have to think right now about that graphic designer, Chris, who I had contacted about making me an estimate to make drawings of the „Dipper" for my CineDip-submission. And all he did was criticize my whole CineDip-concept as undoable … and he told me all the things at I of course know … and I felt kind of pissed off, because I had **not** asked him for an opinion. I had only sent him the concept to make him „get" what the „Dipper" was supposed to be for.

So the way Chris wrote was like I would drop the whole project because of his opinion (like his uncle had said) that it was *„too much cheese on the bread"*… what a narrow-minded view, I thought! **How can anyone determine what's enough or too much cheese to anyone else's liking?** It's so fucking narrow minded – and it's not my problem when he can't fathom the big picture. Geez! So I asked him again for an estimate … haven't checked emails yet!

Bob's gesture of the „open window" of my beloved room in housie, where I spent years, the window I looked outside of so many times … was a clear hint to – well, move on.

And I hope it also meant that he was going to be with me?

Sure, I want to move forward. Not moving on, ever. But forward – consciously, that is. One can only move forward, obviously. And I need money for that.

This morning I felt so so so small, though. Someone had called me, a number I don't know, and had not left a message, and when I called back, they didn't pick up. So I had the worst fears … and it felt like my whole life had shrunk into such a tiny miserable existence.

Bob's gesture and his presence, the way he looked, maybe that "perfect Bob", incredibly handsome, his lovely sideburns trimmed, his hair long, his body perfect … that was meant to inspire me to give my all for the time that remains for me in this mortal story? But then – Bob and I were on such a good path. We could have made such meaningful movies, have made such a difference …

(Note: Just now, of course, I realize, that had I kept living on Maui, even parttime, who knows what would have happened to my mother … or to Bob's onslaughts of dementia … would I have commuted between taking care of him and my mother? That would have been impossible. Well, the story of my mother was about to take off, at that date ….)

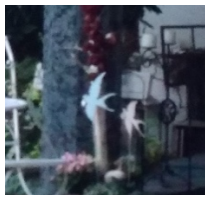
Wow. Now that I think about it … what a very very powerful intense encounter.
One thing I really want to try is to give „readings" to total strangers … to find out if I can connect via Bob with other disca too and give messages to other inca. Like it had happened with Niko, Inge's grandson. But Inge isn't up for exploring this further.

And I had been so disappointed, lately about people's narrowmindedness. Of course I'm supposed to leave this place here in Griffen. I've known that from moving in here. And I will. I've been looking for apartments for months …
Well, Bob sure inspired and motivated me today.
I should not allow myself to be so „small" and limited like the people I'm dealing with.
The way we were lying there, embraced, in the quiet of housie … like „one last time" … it felt so real. We were there. I was there. **While** driving at 100 km/h through that long tunnel.

Now I want to know what the disco-ball egg means … ***oh, I just now realize the „disca"-„disco"-***similarity! And „disco" means party for me! And it's in the shape of an egg, like from a chicken or bird, does it mean that Bob also has fun with his own magpie, the one that I found dead yesterday close to where I had found Poldi? (I know that's stretching it … but so fucking what?)

He surely looked „advanced", my Bob, I got to say. My longing for being with him knows no bounds right now.

August 2, 2021
Walk along treehouse field …. Found a stick.
Then birds at the big-stone-house and baby sheep along the beginning of Rakounig Street.



August 3, 2021 - **The Pizza!**
Oh wow!
The Pizza I had seen in the tunnel showed up!
After a very full day and an evening of dealing with photos and emailing the videos I had made of Poldi the magpie to Michaela the bird expert …
I just HAD to switch on some „Pitch Meeting", but it's already past 1 am, but I couldn't help it … and I picked „***Loki***" the tv-series … and there it was! Owen Wilson's character ***saves some heroine in a pizza car!***

I KNEW it would show up! Also, the "Pitch Meeting" guy Ryan George wore a shirt with kind of a *disco-ball pattern* … (but that's a bit of a far stretch). ***But the pizza!*** I picked a random "Pitch Meeting", and one of the first things is a piece of pizza! On a car!

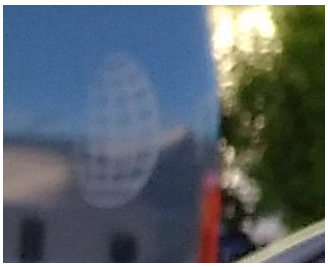
Bird Poldi did his first fluttering attempts … it's just baffling how smart that bird is … it's very touching … I hope that he is becoming a strong and safe wild bird who will live very long …

Right now can't imagine how that should work me letting him fly off … it's not like they can fly perfectly for a while … and how do I know that his mom is really out there?

Couldn't reach my mother today … I feel very guilty for not having contacted her earlier than October 2019, even though she asked me not to get in contact, I should have not believed her … so she spent years so withdrawn in her apartment that got her in today's state …

August 3, 2021 – **The Disco Ball!**

Oh wow, the *disco ball* appeared in real life! I drove for a pre-noon walk with Jacqui West out of Griffen, and there it was: a dark gray car with a „***Globecar***" logo on it! That's what I have seen!



I couldn't take a good photograph, no way to stop, but I will drive by again this afternoon, hopefully it will still be there!

That's just so amazing.

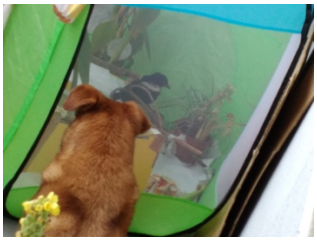
I walked in the wet *muddy forest* with Jacqui, looking for raspberries for Poldi … and I tried to talk with Bob asking him what he was doing … On the path that runs by the big stone with the elderberry tree, a tree was lying across, very much like I had been putting the branches in Poldi's enclosure for him to climb and practice balancing on them!

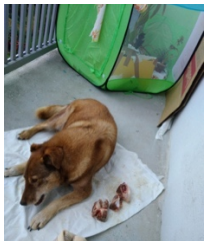
Then … I asked Bob for some impression about what he was doing these days, and what appeared was a man, maybe him, with a *dark green kind of cloak* (from the cloak and dagger movies), but can also be a rain coat in dark green, and he was wearing a dark green or brown hunter's hat … and he was swinging that cloak, in a way playfully, but then also as if he was about to cover or protect something.

This morning, the social worker (Karla O.) who was supposed to visit my mother today, called and said it was postponed until tomorrow, but she had called my mother (*which we had <u>not</u> agreed upon!*) and had told her that I was worried about her, to which my mother had replied that there was no reason at all … At least she said she was fine for the two women come to visit her tomorrow.

I have a apartment showing tomorrow, so I'll be in the area too.
No idea if I should call my mother today or not.
I feel weak in the stomach … How stupid of that young person to announce her visit!

Feeling so not welcome here, where I live … it's stressful. My heart breaks for Marshall, every day a little more.
Poldi is so sweet and seems well. I hope so. I put a new branch into his enclosure, and he likes it and looks out through the net and the balcony to the other birds. Sometimes he talks to them. He and Jacqui excel at staring each other down and then ignoring each other.





I was thinking about how many birds are killed by cars every day, and nobody cares. And I'm taking efforts to rescue one single bird … kind of odd, isn't it …?

(Later)
Oh shit! OMG! Little guy Poldi! He flew! And landed on me!
During the day, he displayed so much development and interest and intelligence, I don't even want to describe it … I still need him to be a strong and healthy wild bird …
During a big storm I took him inside, and he and Jacqui did a staring-match …
Then I drove to St. Andrä to get rabbit ears for the bird, yes, his stomach needs furry stuff or feathery, but I saw the one-day-chicks, frozen, and I almost couldn't take it …
So back home, it was already close to dark, and Poldi was rummaging in his apartment … I gave him some liver and some broken off dried rabbit ear in the liver. He is such a smart boy, he is already trying to pick things himself and swallow them himself, had been doing this during the day, we have been training.
We also did flight training again … and he fluttered a far distance onto the stick I was holding. But he didn't want to flutter anywhere else.
So in the evening, I thought that I was going to leave him outside tonight … because last evening he was very unhappy in the box and even flew against it. So I had just finished cleaning up his apartment a little more … when I noticed that he took a lot of effort to jump and flutter to be right under me to be able to look into my face. I didn't realize what he wanted – ***until he flew about half a meter directly onto my arm and immediately wandered closer to my face.*** I was so touched! He flew! He wanted to be taken out of the lonely apartment! Aw. I spontaneous patted his shiny feathers, and he did his sweet mommy-calling sounds. Aw! So I put him into his box and placed it into the tiny hallway and put the metal grill from the oven over it and the beige scarf over it … and after a very short moving around, *it was entirely quiet!* Not a sound after about a minute! Not until now, it's an hour later. He must have been exhausted and so happy and feeling so safe sleeping in there again.
It's so touching! How can I possibly let him fly away? Or trust that he'd be safe out there?

I watched him look up to the rim of the enclosure measuring if he could already fly that far. Well … it's gonna be an interesting day. I'll probably have to take him with us to Velden, because I'll be gone many hours tomorrow, and I can't get him into starving distress and get sick.
Geez … it's „just" a bird!
But he has such a big personality!
I think I love him.
Jacqui doesn't, I think. But sometimes he does wag his tail at him.
I must admit I didn't do much to make Jacqui like Poldi, why … he'll be gone soon …

But the actual real good flight upwards of this tiny critter – was to me, onto my arm! I didn't see it coming! It was incredibly sweet and touched my heart.

Also … I'm on fucker John's email-list, so I somehow ended up looking at a picture of him, the guy who pretty much fucked up Bob's life for good. Beside Bob himself, of course. Forgot to mention, drove to Wolfsberg town today, for some dog food shopping and took a hike along river Lavant … an amazing "Haleakala" view of Koralpe mountain! And dramatic skies.

August 4, 2021 – **"Who is like God?"**

Birdlady M sent me a message about her accident! Wow, she fell off a rock a few days ago while looking for mushrooms … hurt her leg, got her hand pierced by wood, was unconscious (!) for a while, along with her hiking partner! (*Note: I was to learn that M. had been getting herself severe injuries for a while, she is a chain smoker, has hearing implants and a problem heart and gets physically hurt all the time.*)

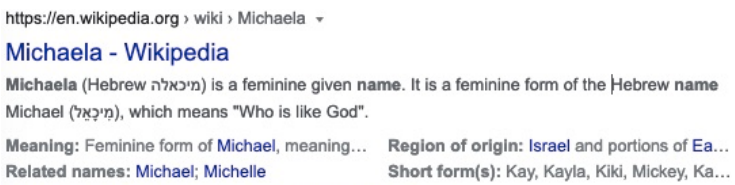
About my mother: I talked to the social worker who visited her along with the dementia expert Sabine D., who I have been consulting from day one after finding my mom half dead … and I didn't know what to do with my frustration – they said "my mother was fine". **FINE**. Because the social worker and the psychologist found her as „appearing normal" … and they only saw an older lady who wants to be alone. They had announced their visit, for fuck's sake. Every fucking idiot knows that alcoholic and demented people will pretend the shit out of everything when threatened to be found out!

Jesus Christ, I was hoping that they'd see how troubled my mother was and help me persuade her to get help. But no. She is utterly fine. They talked with her, then went. When I said "well if you had talked to her again half an hour later, she would have said verbatim the same things again!" Social worker said, well, but we can only go from what we saw. Great. And my reports, my videos, all the months that I went crazy with worries – not true, or fucking what? What system is that? I can't even go into this further …

I left Poldi, the magpie, alone and free to leave his enclosure, and driving home from Velden, where I had looked at an apartment, I felt so horrible and almost prayed that the bird be still on the balcony and unharmed … and he was! I was so happy! He knows that he can't fly yet …

Called Michaela, the bird lady …

Amazing *three hours* long chat with bird lady Michaela, whose name means „***Who is like God?***", and just as I looked it up online, the meaning, *she said that a friend had asked her „**Are you God?**"* when she helped "heal" something! Those to fit together so amazingly! I'm a bit conflicted about M., there is something off about her. She tells stories of virtually everyone doing wrong by her, and that's odd.


https://en.wikipedia.org › wiki › Michaela

Michaela - Wikipedia

Michaela (Hebrew מיכאלה) is a feminine given **name**. It is a feminine form of the Hebrew **name** Michael (מִיכָאֵל), which means "Who is like God".

Meaning: Feminine form of Michael, meaning… **Region of origin:** Israel and portions of Ea…
Related names: Michael; Michelle **Short form(s):** Kay, Kayla, Kiki, Mickey, Ka…

Spontaneously I asked M if the word or the item „violin“ meant anything to her. I had seen that strange woman near the Gottestal cemetery several times when I took Jacqui for walks to the river Drau … and the last time I had a strong impression of “violin”. And Bob had shown me himself with a violin in a tunnel recently.

I asked M that after she had told me about her now dead father and how abusive he had been … and she was baffled: She said that several weeks ago *she started thinking about* ***learning how to play the violin!***

Also, I told her about the „MANU 5“ message and she told me that she had seen „MANI 6“ when she had pondered upon calling her sister Manuela one day and took it as a sign.

It’s amazing how similar she and I are … from our amazingly full lives and horrible tragedies …

She was unconscious after falling down that rock while looking for mushrooms … the stories she told about what she had to go through in life already, she is 54 … wow … She is Libra and Horse, like Bob had been, I think she said her birthday is October 16.

She is full of knowledge and awareness … and she seems very open and very unusual. Yet, something keeps me from wanting to meet her in person anytime soon … aside from her heavy smoking habit. She says herself everything around her, even her dog, smells of smoke. And that she is aware how unhealthy that is. Yet, she bought a puppy dog last year, a Collie, and she can barely walk, and the “hyper” dog gets way too little exercise! That’s not good.

After the Velden trip I took Jacqui for a walk along treehouse field path … and a “***puka lani***”, “hole in the sky” appeared – along with “***ocean waves***” clouds. If I was new to the interrealm communication, I would be stunned about how those two fit together … as always in a phase where I connected with Bob, like walking the treehouse field. But I’ve learned that it’s not about the disca “making” the clouds, it’s more like them getting us to look in a certain direction at a certain time … *and “Pukalani” was my home, and the view of the ocean was my daily joy.* I miss it so much. And Bob knows it. I think he misses it too.

August 5, 2021

Received a letter from my father! Not as a response, but from his side, telling me that people who used to look after him don’t anymore because he had a falling out with them … and that he is so poor and all alone at over 80 years old. He even wrote he hopes I’m fine, and he told me that the grief after Bob will never subside. Well … I have read a lot about psychopath-narcissists, it’s an attempt to lure me in to get me as his new „victim“ aka slave.

I felt almost numb reading it.

Just as numb as after that „expert“ social worker told me that my mother was entirely fine … *ignoring everything I’ve told her about my mother’s condition.*

Poldi is such a smart boy, such a sunshine, greeted J and me on the balcony – had flown out of his enclosure but not flown off! Hungry! I let him explore the kitchen and showed him how to bathe … also took him outside briefly, in the grass, in the rain …

He looks at me as if he'd understand every word I say. Well. I found a ***dead bird*** at the reverse side of treehouse field path … just lying there, decomposing … and it reminded me so strongly that even Poldi, in a way, is "a machine", a shell, a functioning mechanism for his bird's "quality of consciousness", his "spirit".

I got a phone call from the dementia center with really relevant helpful info and a name of a psychologist I can share the problems with my mother with …

Meanwhile, Poldi climbed up my leg and flew somewhere from the hip … in the kitchen.

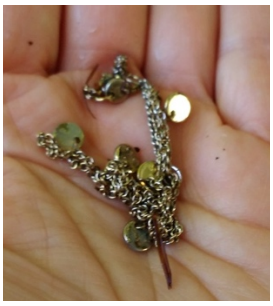
I have a new routine because of him … maybe that's what I needed.

Talked on the phone from about 9.30 pm until 00.30 am with Michaela last night. That woman has a crazy life story, not sure what to make of it …

(Later) Went for a swim at lake Klopeinersee, grand!

Found a ***golden necklace*** right where I parked my car!

With 5 small golden (maybe not real gold) platelets … very interesting. Maybe it's the „5" in „MANU 5"!



Feels like a greeting … along with the "***leaf bundle***" that I found somewhere. (***Note****: Don't remember, because I just re-discovered the picture while working with the imagery.*) It's what I saw in Hawaii so often, made of Ti-leaves, an "offering" … also the Hawaiians wrapped fish, meat or vegetables into such a leaf to steam it then … (I didn't open it. Just put it back on the ground, I think.)

I couldn't make myself call my mother … I just don't know anymore what to think or do. Will visit her tomorrow.

August 6, 2021 – **Poo, Origami, the Orange, the Harp & the Michael Clarke hotel & the Rods**

I try not to think about August 2018 … Poldi took his first real birdie baths today and is cleaning himself like crazy. Hot sunshine today after several rainy days. Made a construct for Poldi to get out up high easily and maybe fly off and come back and land again?

Bought dried rabbit ears for Poldi, M, the birdwoman said that he needs to feed on something furry or feathery so that he can create furballs and vomit them out. Only then will his digestive system work properly. So I've been breaking off small parts of the rabbit ears and mixing them into Poldi's food, like chicken liver, scrambled egg or cooked zucchini.

Drove to Velden … amazing highway clouds. At lake Saissersee too, like "*head up high!*".

(Later)
Back from Velden.

Mother out of herself, a small bottle of wine on the counter … slurring her speech, gesticulating, spitting in her hand … just heartbreaking. Her fridge doesn't work. I think she hasn't been able to wash or iron her clothes for a while.

I texted the psychologist that was recommended to me by Mavida Park Dementia center … and she texted back that she is on a holiday for three weeks from today.

There is a mobile diagnosis unit … they must help us. *(**Note**: Looking at these remarks now, months later, I can but laugh with bitter sarcasm … "help"? No fucking way ever. Nobody helped me. If something, they made things much more difficult.)*

The trip … the tunnels … the encounters … so much … so full … but I feel so exhausted, too exhausted to tell almost.

Starting off from Griffen, … after a short walk along *treehouse field* to give Jacqui the opportunity to do some sniffing and pooping … and amazing ***cloud "figures"*** attracting my attention … Really, they looked like Aliens about to descend …! And just above the path where we were walking! Not in the other areas! Nowhere!

On the way … I asked Bob if he was with me … and a car with the license plate number „***NAPE 8***" drove by. It was only meant to get my attention, I think, because I keep calling my dog Jacqui –

among other things: „schnappe nappe“, it’s just a play on „schnappen“ which means the nipping a dog does. So I said „Fine, thanks, got it.“

I thought about how bird Poldi is alone at home, in his open enclosure, and how incredibly sweet he had been today already, taking his first real big bath in a plastic container, after having tried to bathe in a tiny drinking glass, then he even took his first sips of water with his beak, and he did take a few bites with his beak and even tried to pick up stuff. He is so excited when he figures out something new … just sweet.

He has been spitting out hairballs – good birdie, so the dried rabbit ears that I put in tiny pieces into his food, work.

And as I pondered along, also how Jacqui likely feels a bit undervalued and neglected these days, a car drove by with „***POOOO 1***“. And I said spontaneously „No ***shit***!“ Because my life has been about bird’s poo(p) in the last week!

So that was a definite hello!

Then the tunnels came one after the other … but like many times before, I barely managed to „feel“ myself in „housie’s hallway“, I also only had the tiniest glimpses of … well, ***an origami bird***. I thought „well, bird, I get it, but origami“ … and as I left the tunnel, two very strange planes flew very low, they did look like origami birds, being some kind of special build small planes!

*(**Note**: Only on November 7, the first anniversary of Edith’s death, would “**Origami**” make the most sense: I had asked Edith “to put something into my hand” … and it was “Origami”! She knew that an hour later I would end up revisiting this date! And she let me know. And I picked it up!)*

I was really stunned!

It felt so immediate, like Bob was sitting next to me gazing at me to see my reaction.

Then, in the next tunnel, I saw Bob … but he was some kind of *furry (gray?) mythical creature*, first I thought somehow a lion body, but with white, black, gray patterned fur … but I didn’t see his head or face, but it was Bob.

Then I had the impression of the ***flower violet.***

Then I found myself in a *hotel on Maui, I think at Kapalua*, maybe it was the *Ritz Carlton*, where we once had a shoot related to the Maui writers’ conference, in our very early years, I remember it exactly, and I found myself saying out loud *„Michael Clarke“*. Because that was a camera man, a young guy, I had really liked, and Bob too … and who suddenly died, not long after that shoot at that hotel. Michael Clarke like me, and I liked him. I remember him well, he must have been in his late thirties, kind of hunky, always friendly, with curly wild hair and a very jovial face. Bob like him too … well, now they sure are working together again.

Why in the world would that come to my mind? But it did. So maybe Michael said hello. There was another friend of Bob’s I knew, Mike Knowles, I even did a shoot on Lanai with him once, without Bob, and he also died of a heart attach several years before Bob’s death …

So that Michael Clarke thought was very odd.

I also saw a *bottle of orange juice* … and that manifested right away on the drive back to Griffen: I drove behind a truck, and an **orange** dropped out of the vehicle and bobbed next to my car to the sidelines …

I also saw Bob holding a *long stick or rod*, like some gondoliere or some karate stick fighter or just someone moving a boat on a shallow river …

But the oddest thing happened in real life … at ***lake Saissersee:*** Jacqui and I swam and took our usual hike …

Suddenly I heard some weird kind of singing, like a Medieval song … and I saw the back of a ***young woman dressed in much violet with a hat who was sitting in the middle of the forest path next to the small bridge … and next to her was a huge – harp!***

And Bob had shown me the ***violin*** in a tunnel the other day and something similar to a ***harp***! But this time, the "harp" only came back to my memory when I saw the real life harp in the forest. I was strange, as I saw that woman I had the feeling that I was missing something, that I had forgotten about something …. It was such an unusual sight.

And the violin had manifested, when I asked Michaela about it and she said she had been thinking in the last weeks about learning how to play the violin …

and today, in the forest, a woman with a harp. It can't get odder. Also, she is wearing something ***violet***! I saw that in the tunnel, the flower violet in violet.

In the long tunnel … now I remember, I kind of *walked through housie* in the long tunnel, and I felt so homesick, that I almost broke out in tears again … but Bob showed up and *took me by the hand* … and somehow I had the impression of an *old fashioned* ***apron*** he was wearing and a ***head scarf*** like my *grandmother* … and all I could think was ***„fairy tale".*** The woman with the harp in the middle of the forest does fit that exactly. Like Red Riding Hood in the middle of the forest, alone.

On the way back, I was too upset about my mother … but there was something about the tunnel hallway vision … I was drawn very deeply into housie and my past …

I just now remember vaguely that I have been having extremely vivid dreams of flying, but not like a bird, but like me willing myself off the ground, with a lot of effort …. in various settings and stories … and I always was able to do it and very confident, to the point of throwing myself off some kind of wall or cliff, „knowing" that I would be able to „will" myself to fly … even though I was just a heavy blob of mortal …

(Later)

Oh Jesus!

I just switched on a random movie, with the title „***Old***", and it plays in Hawaii (or some Pacific island, it's not stated where it is, but the background music sounds Hawaiian or Tahitian) – and one of the first thing is … oh geez, I just saw the poster: ***„Toes in the sand"***! Fresh young toes and old toes, like Bob's, when he was dying! … and they end up in a hotel LIKE THE ONE I SAW IN THE TUNNEL WHERE MICHAEL CLARKE WAS!

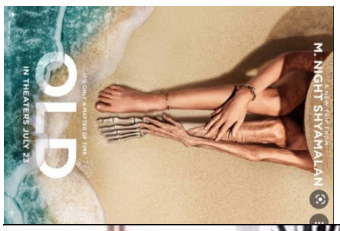
Wow, this is such an immensely strong manifestation ...! Shit! I didn't expect it. It takes me by surprise right now ... like a big huge wave inside of me, saying „See, Dani, it's not over, it's going on, you are in the middle of it and supposed to imua, move forward with it!" And „it" is „interrealm communication", my interrealm relationship with Bob!

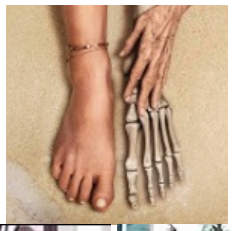
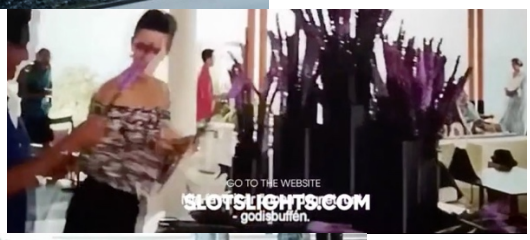
So In the middle of the hotel lobby, and the concierge welcomes them to „***Paradise***" ...

Bob's and my project "***Paradise***" is about – a ***hotel*** by that name.

Right now, writing this, thinking of my mortal private situation, I realize that even here, in this story, in this my life I'm so much bigger than my circumstances! I can't give up! So in the middle of the lobby ... is ***a huge violet artwork!***

And I just saw a very similar artwork yesterday, when I drove to and back from lake Klopeinersee, but ***in silver ... all long rods*** ... oh geez! *Bob was* ***holding*** *a long* ***rod*** when I saw him in the tunnel! And there it is again, and in violet! The color of Bob's bedding. (Which I never cared for.)



Whom to share it with who can possibly ***get*** how amazing this is! I have a total connection with the past and the present and with Bob and his folks when I drive through the tunnels and „get" myself in my mind in housie's hallway!

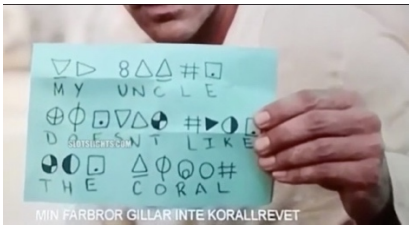
*The **hotel** where I saw Michael Clarke for the last time …. is a typical Pacific Island hotel … and that's* what I'm looking at right now in the movie „Old"! I had no idea I was going to watch this, when I clicked it on, from my list of movies, I had no idea what it's about! It's not like I tried other movies, too. Just this one. After the Michael-Clarke-hotel-impression.

So it's about a cursed beach where people age rapidly …

I'm really so baffled. I feel just … more like me again. It's magical … nah. It's not. It's normal … the disca want me to tell you. I mean … the violet clad fairy tale woman with the harp in the middle of the forest and then this?! The rod, the violet … Paradise … just perfect previews!

(Ok, just glimpsed at the Wikipedia summary, not gonna fully watch this movie … it's was about my seeing the intro … the hotel, the violet and the „toes in the sand". I'm gonna skip through it, though … I guess there is something else in it for me …)

Yes … a ***sandcastle*** … oh Bob's an my early days … when I built a sand castle for a mortgage company, whose slogan was *„Where Magic Happens".*



Oh-kay. Got it. Some *"Taylor Camp" vibes* where there, too.

Oh … and there is underwater swimming … I did have an ***underwater-kind-of-dream …***

(I didn't really watch the movie, I skipped through it and then read up on the plot. It's like many times before when certain aspects of the movie constitute the message, and it' not about watching this movie.

(Later)

I clicked on the **movie "Pig"**, only because I liked the image of the pig … and it seemed like a message, what I read up about it. Also, the image of "***man alone in a hut***" reminded me of Bob – because the only outline for *a feature movie screenplay Bob had ever written* is about a man, living in a hut at Kaupo, island of Maui, and ordering a lot (!) of books online over the years and letting them be delivered to his home, storing them safely. Then the internet breaks down worldwide, and he lives, alone, contently, reading all his books and having adventures that way.

There is a very startling sentence in an outline of this movie that really is about collaboration, loss and grief … "If I never came looking for her, in my head, she'd still be alive". If I hadn't traveled to Bob and hadn't seen him a dying man, in my head, he'd still be …? I don't know. But I do know that reading this line and the interpretation about "denial" of the death of a loved one is

a huge theme in this mortal realm. I'd be "in denial about Bob's death" *in the opinion* of many people, because "dealing with the dead" for most people means that in a sick way one is not handling the passing of a person right. <u>And that is the true problem, this attitude.</u>

'Pig' Summary, Ending & Sense Of Loss Explained

stolen Pig met a dead end.

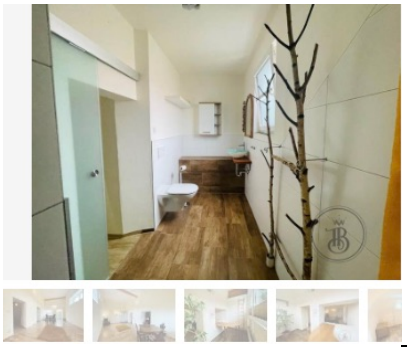
On their way back, at the diner, Rob shared his fear with Amir. "*If I never came looking for her, in my head, she'd still be alive.*" The words underlined Rob's defense mechanism against grief, who preferred to live in denial rather than face the truth. But this time, things were different. Amir had accepted the death of his mother even when she was on the ventilator. As a character, he was more in touch with reality than Rob. Hence, when Rob was looking out for another escape from his sense of loss, Amir, in very few words, compelled Rob to accept the painful reality.

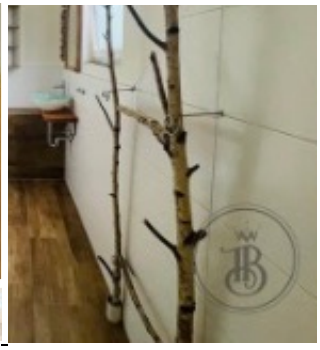
"Accepting the painful reality" means accepting that a mortal body stops functioning seemingly taking away the entire person from the realm of the living. But there is another reality in dealing with this kind of "loss": That the disappearance of the material shell is <u>not</u> at the same time the end of the life of the being in question. I'm painfully aware right now *(**<u>Note</u>**: I'm writing this last paragraph on December 10)* how far away mankind is from accepting and realizing this.

I wish for this contact diary to make a difference.

(Later)

As I went online to check for apartments, I came across one with a long wooden stick just in the hallway … Yes, there is a "B" in the corner.





*(**<u>Note</u>**: Well, looking back … all of the amazing synchronicities and manifestations of this day were probably meant to give me some sense of identity and power … for what was about to happen tomorrow.)*

<u>August 7, again</u> ***… and horrible again: Mom finally in care.***

Three years ago I saw dying Bob again after four years.

In 2001 Kimba died.

Found a ***small ring*** that looks like it's meant for a ***bird's foot!*** There is no clasp, nothing … it just lay there, on the path, near the pear tree. *For Poldi?* I meant to try and get a foot ring for the bird, and there it was!

That would be a typical „synchronicity“ find … it was supposed to be something of an omen, I know it now (writing this down two days later, filling it in), as I am realizing the connectedness between my mother and that bird …

<u>The ultimate escalation happened with my mother.</u>

Came to visit her, she was in her night gown, soiled, entirely incoherent and confused … Strangely, when I saw her, I got entirely calm and soft inside. I called psych services and told them, that I didn't know what to do and needed help. I exaggerated my state of despair for them to realize that no, I couldn't handle this on my own, and I needed witnesses and someone to help me get my mother to a hospital. I saw her big bruises from repeated falls … and she was in an alcohol stupor, but did recognize me okay. Two nice ladies came, one of whom had been with my father when Edith died, and they called the ambulance and then the police, because mom wouldn't leave her apartment. She literally clung to the doorway when she realized that we were leaving …

It was heartbreaking. I followed her to the Villach psychiatric hospital, nice young people her, asked her questions, took her blood, made first examinations, because of her falls … then got her into a bed in an alley, because no other space.

Very interestingly, on the drive to Velden, I kind of ***knew*** what was gonna happened. I talked out loud for a long time how it *now has total meaning that I found that bird chick*, because my mother had always called herself ***„just a little chick“,*** meaning, that she was helpless. When I was in my teen years I always found that distressing to hear her say that, because she was a grown woman, and I needed her as a mother. But she was often drunk, never got over the death of her boyfriend, then of her father, her brother and then her son, my brother … and kept saying "Ach, ich bin ja nur so ein kleines Küken" (baby bird or baby chicken in German), "… I'm just a little chick."

So I talked about how I had treated Poldi, the bird chick and ***how I had to do what was right for him*** and ***what he needed*** … and NOT what I would have liked to have for him. I totally realized that the same is true for me mother: I need to „give“ her what she needed and not what I thought should be. So I saw her disoriented and so lost and helpless … and I kind of realize that even the chick Poldi pooping all over the place was a foreboding.

The good thing: I was so lucky that I knew to call those psych aid ladies … whilst at first, when I called the psych emergency number, the emergency aid woman kind of tried to tell me what I could do, so I emphasized that I could **<u>not</u>** handle the situation anymore after those years … and she said they must first to go Villach, get their official car and then come. And that I had to get my mother ready for hospital meanwhile. So I picked up her stuff … and when they arrived and saw her in her condition, they called the psychiatry and explained everything. Without them, my mother would not have admitted to the hospital! But they realized that she was "not just drunk", that her condition was way beyond that.

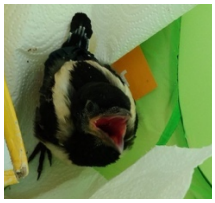
I drove back late, came back to Poldi when it was almost dark … fed him and let him fly in the kitchen – and he made several experiences that involved pain, flying against stuff, but he can actually fly. *(**<u>Note</u>**: He took off from a chair's backrest right towards me, planning to land on my shoulder or on my hand, but I spontaneously ducked, without thinking; And poor Poldi flew against the counter. Not very hard, but he was stunned. I hope he learned that you can't just plan on landing on anything living.)*

At the hospital they told me that my mother had 1.9 permilles alcohol in her blood. That's a lot. So I'm thinking … my mother is maybe not that demented, … and I'm in a short of shock because I suddenly realize that I have let her drink probably every day and drive for two years. I've left her in her odd and weak conditions on her own, because she insisted to … Jesus Christ. But what else was I supposed to do? She was always clear enough to say "no", and everyone would have accepted that.

Maybe, once she is rid of the alcohol *(**Note**: … rather rid the addiction … and I had no idea how deep that one ran back then.)* … she could be better? But of course, she has a full fledged addiction that developed over many years. Yet, I have total hope that her mind can be saved.

First, I cried, seeing her transported away with ambulance and police … Strangely, my mother also felt like the bird … so fragile, her hands so cold … so thin, but so resilient, too. Her upstairs neighbor looked down, crying when she saw my mother being escorted away. The other neighbor said that it was for the best … and it was.

So it came ***full circle***, what she had always said, even in my childhood, that she was „just a little chick" … because she was so fragile, today and really had to be treated like a little baby bird.


(Poldi.)

(Looking of the picture of Poldi on his first day, opening his beak for me to feed him … or even the moment I saw him first, when he made a hell of a noise looking up to me, his beak wide open, screaming for food … it was all or nothing for him: He had to trust that I was a creature to help and not kill him. So he did the only thing he could do: Ask me to help him survive. The chances were 50:50, but there was no point in being afraid for him, because he wouldn't be able to escape anyway. If I had been a predator or a foe of another kind, he'd be dead. A very interesting aspect of this little creature's existence. Once he was with me and had gotten food from me, it was clear for him that I could be trusted. That easy? Well, again: I'm a giant and could smash him in an instant, so all he could do was live in utter optimism.)

It's not a coincidence that I picked up the little chick Poldi a few days before things with my mother came to the escalation. I learned from him that even though I was the "superior" one in terms of strength, as his caretaker, I had to totally learn what he needed, and give that to him, no matter what I thought.

I only regret not having taken measures for my mother earlier … because she is in such bad shape, and seeing that she barely has any clothes, the fridge is broken, no toothpaste … made me so sad. She didn't want me to look around in her apartment, and I always respected that. But she reduced her household to the total minimum, because, I think, her mind couldn't handle more. If I had not intervened in October 2019, I suddenly realized today that she probably wouldn't be alive anymore today.

She must have been very lonely for a long time, but somehow manage to ignore or deny it to herself, to admit it. I'm not surprised, given what she has been through.

… but truth be told, since the day I saw her so malnourished and demented in 2019 today I have the first time a feeling of relief. She is taken care of. She is safe for now. (***Note****: Yeah, right. I'd be surprised a while later.*) I hope for the best.
I will go buy new rugs for her apartment on Monday.
Tomorrow I'll call the hospital, they'll tell me what they'll do.
Yes, August 7.
It's a day of fate for me.
And:
The horoscope knew it.

In the tunnels … very interesting views, I did see stuff, too strange that I can't recall it right now.
Oh yes, Bob with a ***hatchet***, weirdly, hacking onto something, but in a good way.
Bob with a long ***wide light shirt,*** delicately light blue checkered, with me, in housie's kitchen, kind of putting his arm around my shoulder.
Something else … can't recall.
Also … wow, the **clouds**! Like telling me what I was about to encounter, that the shit was about to hit the fan! As if they were *mimicking the highway* or me driving on the highway …

Also, I realized something: It's my „fault" that it came to the showdown today.
The wild diarrhea my mother had today, is because of the elixir I brought her yesterday, it's what I've been sipping, and I loved it, so energizing, and brought the almost full bottle to my mother yesterday. Today I found it almost empty. So that much vitamin B2 and B6 and Magnesium will do that … if she hadn't pooped all over the apartment and herself, being drunk and helpless, the women wouldn't have seen her desperate condition. In fact, at first, they said, well she isn't in such bad shape, she is ***just*** disoriented and drunk … „just" … it made me break out crying and I told them about the last years and months …
But hadn't I brought her the elixir and hadn't she drunk it almost all in a day … it wouldn't have gone down like it did.

She really was just like a little chick. But just like Poldi is growing and can fly – my mother will be able to fly again, I'm sure of it. It was so touching to be with her, be there for her, to make decisions for her …

Poldi flew around like crazy in the kitchen, but then I put him in the box, cloth on, and there was not one peep. He must be so exhausted, having been alone today for so long, and now he feels safe and cared for. Just like my mother. I hope.

The horror is over. It can only get better. (***Note****: Looking back now, …* ***hahahahaha****! Good one.)*
And yes, August 7 it is.

Just remembered … this morning, washing dishes, I got all into my hatred for the fuckers I'm renting from … and how stressed out I'm about Poldi knowing that they'll be back soon … when my beloved coffee pot from the coffee machine dropped … I had tilted the device to clean under

it, and of course the pot slid off … it was strange ***how the moment lingered*** … *while the pot was between the counter and the floor, and then the thin glass splintered into a million parts with such an amazing sharp sound* … it was fascinating. And caused me to fucking vacuum clean … for the splinters.

Well my floors are super clean now. *(Not original pics, illustration only.)*

I thought of how in the evening of August 7, 2018 I stood facing dying Bob in the doorway of housie, gazing at me, so happy to see me after four years.

And I thought of how in the evening of August 7, 2001, I held my dead dog Kimba's body right after he had been hit by the car. That was the day when my Maui-adventure actually began. Today I realized how over it is.

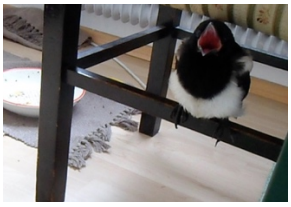
August 8, 2021 **– Five Months Happiness & the Hatchet**

Dr. Steiner called, my mother insists to go home by car and is not cooperating yet very confused and disoriented, so they'll transfer her to the Klagenfurt closed psychiatric unit.

Poor mom. I tried to spare her that … but it's inevitable. Dr. Steiner also said, thankfully, that maybe once she is sobered up and detoxed, her dementia will prove to be not as bad, and she'll be able to live on her own again, for a little while?

Oh I don't know what to think. I'm kind of numb. But I'm very relieved that she is taken care of right now.

Magpie ***Poldi*** is getting more courageous every day … growing so fast, learning … He leaves his bird's apartment on his own, walks about the balcony, even climbs up on the railing on a carpet I put up there and looks down, then goes back inside his enclosure. I so hope he'll get to be a wonderful smart magpie. I have to not allow him to fly on me anymore, because he might try that with other people, too, and they may not appreciate it. He bathed again, intensely, today … and he put a hard piece of bread into his water glass! Maybe by accident? He tries to pull off and untangle everything he sees … and I gave him a soft apple, and he learned to hack into it and peck edible stuff out.



He is so hungry.

I know that birds must eat a lot … wow … I can imagine now how hard that must be, that bird life and how important bird feeders are in winter.

Found a broken ***key*** today … a rusty one, like belonging to my grandmother's home "Kolonistenheim", where my mother grew up … does this tell me something about how everything has to do with the past, that's happening to my mother … because she can't come to term with her trauma? I know it's like this. And I will find the key to helping her? I hope and pray.

Didn't drive today at all … just walked with Jacqui. Also came across beautiful *violet "hau", hibiscus* at the garden where the dog "Bobby" is, and the sunflower in front of my window is prospering too.

The owners of the house are back … I hate the atmosphere when they are here, self-righteous assholes. The good thing is, that I have free internet when they are here. And I'll watch movies, I long for it.

The „***hatchet***" showed up! That Bob showed me in the tunnel yesterday! A movie thumbnail, „*The Green Knight*"! It's not like there are so many hatched images anywhere … I had written the movie's title on my „to watch" list, and as I entered into Google, the hatchet-image showed up!
And I wanted to reject it!

Also, the license plate numbers yesterday … „**911 BU**", „be you" … I should really work on putting the gazillion of free floating pictures and screenshots into this contact diary … I need to get the chapters including P done to be able to send them to people on usb …
I wrote a nice „How are you" text last night to Michaela, haven't heard a beep from her. I also realized that the four hours we talked it was really all about her. Do I need that? No. I'm disappointed that she didn't even thank me for the message of the photos of Poldi. I really should expect stuff from people.

Also I just called the psych ward Klagenfurt, was told my mom had just arrived, but they don't know anything yet. Also a very lovely nurse with a foreign accent, maybe he is Hungarian.
Okay, I know it had to be like this.
It's fine. She'll be fine – if it's meant to be. I did the right thing. It all happened in a ***puzzle-kind-of-way*** … Not sure how to find an apartment, though. And then I must respond to my father. I owe him that much.
*(**Note**: Funny, that back then I expressed it as "puzzle", because now, that I'm editing this part, it's December 10, and I'm trying to get my mom to put together the puzzle I got her to train her mind.)*

(Later)

Yup … watched a movie about an unusual woman named "Linda". The **hatchet** showed up again! And one of the characters said what I've been pondering upon … ***how short Bob's and my happy times actually were,*** but: They did exist. In the beyond there is no "time" as we know it in the obstructed realm. So the happy times are eternal, in a way, even they didn't last that long in the Earth reality.

Yes it did "feel like Christmas", everytime, coming back to Maui.

August 9, 2021 **– The Stick!**

The „stick" that Bob was holding and was making „brooming" motions with showed up right where I always walk Jacqui … **a broom**, leaning at a lantern. How … cool.

It was actually Bob with a stick that I saw.

I'm glad I did note the image, as the "stick" theme has been intense. How odd to see it lean there, today, on my regular daily path. So alone. That one broom.

*(**Note**: Just now, as I'm editing this, I "**heard**" it spoken out loud in my mind "**schtick**", but not by me, it was a "blending in" of that word "schtick" with my "normal" own thoughts … and this, of course means something entirely different.)*

August 11, 2021 **– *The Tripple Dwarf Appearance begins!*** *(**Note**: Only realized the "string of events" in November!)*

Wow …

so much stuff. So many problems … with people.

Okay, my mom may be safe right now … but is she? The doc (Kaufmann) called me this morning, and he is all about giving her antidepressants and talking about putting her into an assisted living situation! Even though I thought of him that he was okay just days ago! He does

not listen. Whatever I say, he keeps coming back that it's something like "the usual procedure" to give her meds, even when I insisted that my mom does not want meds and never takes them, and that she only needs to be sober and without any meds so that we could see if she is really demented or what else is going on … no, he kept talking about how she seems to be needing permanent care! I can't believe this.

*(**Note**: Four months later, my mother is sober and clearer than in decades, but only because she and I refused to follow any doctor's orders as soon as she was out of the med system again, and we still are fighting with the consequences of this way too young "doctor's" ideas about what psych-"patients" need!)*

Visited my mother yesterday … she liked being there in the close psychiatry she said! She was entirely high! Recognized me, was happy to see me – embraced and kissed me! She never even touched me before! Shit she was high. She loves walking up and down a short corridor. Geez. Well, better than stumbling around at home alone, drunk, I guess.

But she doesn't remember stuff …

I'm just so worried that due to the anti-depressants her memory won't recover really …

Got phone numbers of care facilities, talked with Frau Dietrich, who visited my mother just last week - and now it's a blessing, that the two women said back then that she was fine! They are witnesses now.

I can only hope for the best.

But talking with that young male doctor, who does ***not*** seem to even consider that my mother could be in her own home again, pissed me off and shocked me. For fuck's sake – she had a breakdown. She will recover. How can he make assumptions of what she'll be like in a month?

Can't even write much.

I found a ***flip flop*** today on the parking lot of Schlossberg path … where I normally don't park. Just next to my car as I opened the door. As if it was saying "Slide right in, Dany"! Oh Maui days! Bob's and my flip flops at the entrance of housie … the distinct sound of the door opening, the feeling of the floor when entering, the smell … I'm right there … nearly whenever I want to. But it's not god for my spirit really. I have long understood that the fact that I experienced everything so intensely there has meaning today … for "traveling" there.

Tomorrow I'll meet some professional who'll deal with the mold at my mother's apartment. Busy day tomorrow.

Magpie Poldi is the sweetest young adult … just watch him eat a tomato on his own, holding it with his foot, tearing it apart. So no more feeding now! It's full teenage bird mode now.

Will text Michaela and take Jacqui to St. Kollmann for a walk. Maybe I'll find more berries for Poldi.

(Later)

I was so worried what Poldi would do when J and I were gone on our walk … where we were caught by a big downpour and took shelter under a tree. Also … I found a sticker of "**dwarfs and eggs**". And an apple. What a happy feeling, finding Poldi on the balcony … and he totally knew that we were behind that glass door! Of course I got berries for him! And lots of other food.

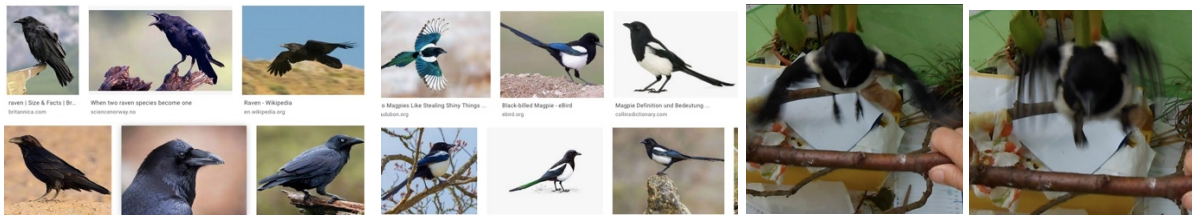
(Later)
Corona self-testing again. Fine with me. At least I know I'm fine.

*(**Note**: Only in November would I actually "see" what I had found with that dwarf sticker! Hang in there! It's baffling! Just a closer look for now:)*

August 13, 2021 **– Rabe 1!**
Poldi flew off this morning under the helluvanoise by other magpies. Then landlady came to inspect my apartment … I played nice. Heard Poldi, didn't see him. Missed him so much … but I hope he'll have a great live.
(***Note***, *Dec. 6: The above was the short note about that very emotional event … Poldi had slept outside, and I remember saying good night to him, as he lay snuggled into the cloth roof of his apartment, and I put a shawl as another roof over his little bed. In the morning, I woke up because the magpies outside were raging. I was tempted to get up, as I heard Poldi distinctly. But I held myself back and stayed in bed … until the noise escalated, and suddenly – it was quiet. When I got up, I already knew that I would not find Poldi there anymore. I was close to tears, no, I think I cried a little. But then I thought, "Geez, where the hell did he go?" Because I heard him! I had grown so accustomed to his voice, that I heard him calling out – for whoever – from a nearby tree. I knew that this was the furthest he had managed to fly. And now? I was worried sick … and that for days. I heard him several times … and I could only hope that the other magpies were now taking care of him. I also hoped that he would not try to fly away before he was ready and then land on the grass and be trampled underfoot by the sheep or gotten by the cats or even Marshall. Those were horrible days. And then, one day … I heard him from a different tree. And another day I saw him, and on another day, he flew right about my head and the balcony and the house, like a last good-bye before I moved away from there.*
Amazing, how I see birds so differently now. As unique characters with complex life stories each. And I hope I'll see Poldi again one day.)

Drove to Velden to mold-treat my mother's apartment.
Lots of license plate numbers that blew my mind … And then:
WHILE I was talking to Bob about Poldi and how I worry, a car with the license plate number „**RABE 1**" drove by, meaning – wait for it: „***RAVEN 1***". And of course, a magpie is very similar to a raven! Magpies are members of the Corvidae or Crow family of birds. In German, a

"Rabe" or "raven" is also called a "crow", although that's not strictly proper. And in any event – I read "RABE 1", "saw" a black bird and knew that Bob was all into the Poldi-story.



Saw images and *Bob* in the tunnels … at some point he carried a very strand kind of *square looking big slob of <u>stone</u>*! The size or a medium suitcase! But I'm so exhausted mentally, can't remember more details.

(As I'm writing this intense cigarette smoke smell in my apartment, but nobody around … my brother Peter?)

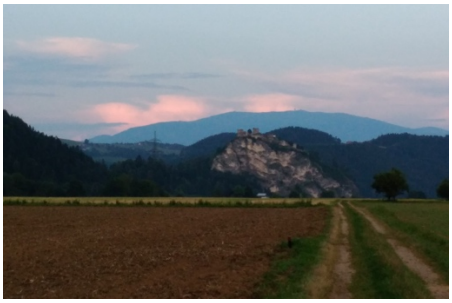
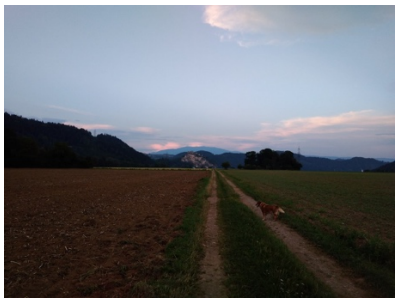
Frozen strawberries, yes I saw "frozen strawberries", too. But of course those were Bob's favorites to put in his drinking water in the final months and weeks of his mortal existence …

On the way, took a walk in Völkermarkt, next to the cemetery up to the nice chapel … and there were *balloons*, reading ***"Nice that you are here"***. Well thanks. Not sure about the emphasis on "DASS" which means "that" … meaning something like "It wasn't planned, but now it's nice that …" *(**<u>Note</u>**: Took me only a few months, but now I got it: OK-KAY! Baby! Wasn't planned probably … it was a christening happening there.)*

<u>August 14, 2021</u> **– The Angel Cloud**

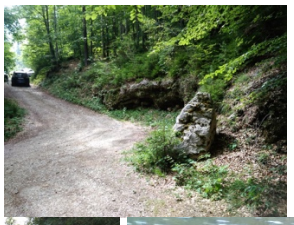
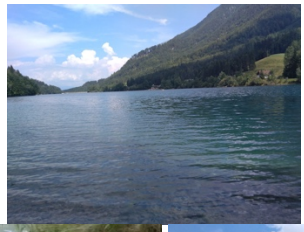
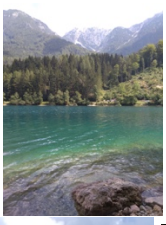
A distinct *angel cloud* appeared today … and at the castle view on "big stone field" there was a distinct "ulalena" reference … the rosy glow in the sky … I'm just so worried about my mother who is at the psychiatric hospital … and I just know that they don't treat her right, they just give her meds … but then, at least she is in some "care" right now and gets off the alcohol that she must have been on regularly for many many years. I can't believe myself … that I didn't intervene … earlier … that I was so blind … but so was my uncle, who said that he regrets believing her every time she said she was sober and fine … she never was.

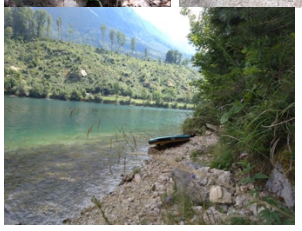
Is the **angel cloud** saying to me – *I'm right here? But then – so? How does that help?*

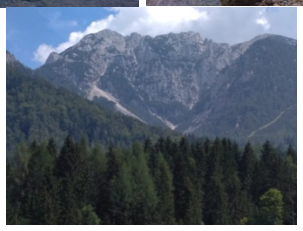



August 15, 2021

Drove to ***Freibacher Stausee***, an artificial mountain lake below Hochobir mountain, and it was glorious. I meant to drive there for a while. We hiked around the south shore and into the wilderness and found a lovely cove … when a woman came paddling with "***Kaui***" on her paddle board. Of course, a Hawaiian name …I also saw the seedpods of a plant that took me back to my Africa days in my early twenties, when I bought such a *seedpod* as a pendant somewhere in Namibia, I think. And lots of raspberries to eat from the bushes … Jacqui also enjoyed a swim in the crystal clear water. Unfortunately I left too early. *(**Note**: I thought I'd be coming back, but the summer was over so fast, didn't make it.)*





Drove on to Velden through the Rosental valley, and there I also discovered a lovely lake … and I was really appalled by all the prohibition signs there! So it's a natural lake, but only on one side people are allowed to enter the water? Why the fuck? No swimming, no approaching, no dogs, no fishing … what a fucked up world. And then – ***the hugest storm I have probably ever seen in Carinthia!*** All hell broke lose as I drove on, and I had to stop several times … one of the biggest rainstorms ever experienced …

Later I visited my ***brother Peter's grave*** … wow, a wilderness. He likes it, I'm sure. I always picture him somewhere close by when I'm at the cemetery, kind of with sarcasm, nudging me meaning "You know better, sister, than mourning me here …" And I always am sort of detached from the site, I don't really "mourn" my brother there, I'm aware his remains are in that urn somewhere down there, I can go away there and don't even feel like praying, and I don't get sad.

Back in Griffen … I got greeted by the sunflower plant … I had expected one bloom to appear, like with usual sunflowers, but this one is trying to outdo it's species, and it has created several heads! Just check out the pics from August 8 in comparison! Oh I miss Poldi. I still hear him in the neighborhood, but I have stopped looking for him. I just trust that the magpie community is keeping him safe and that they feed him in case he is stuck somewhere in a tree.

August 16, 2021 **– Maui Greeting & Bob's Name**

Frozen strawberry appeared in a refreshing water commercial … saw frozen strawberries in a tunnel yesterday.

Saw my mother yesterday, a bit confused but very close to normal.

My uncle Hansi called, wants to talk and get involved … is at lake Turnersee wants to meet … I don't think so. *He did not help ever*, ***now*** he is yapping around and wanting to see me?

I can't. I won't. I'm exhausted. Don't want to ever meet.

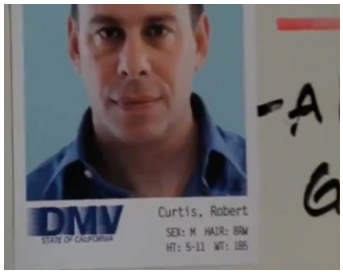
(Later)

Watched „The Closer", starting with season 7, just to calm my nerves … immediately, „***Maui***" came up, where suspects had spent a holiday stay.

Took a walk in the later afternoon … amazing pink clouds …

Kept watching „The Closer", skipped episodes, put on episode 8, and one of the people of interest's name is „***Robert Curtis***", and that was Bob's full first name. The story really isn't interesting … will stop watching. But the name … (***Note****: Editing this for pic size etc. on December 14, I suddenly felt compelled to goof around, so I said out loud "R. C. Stone … okay, are-cee, or ars-ie … so your name was "Arsie", meaning "little ars"? Fits in an abstract kind of way, as your actual arse really was quite substantial." Seriously, why did I never think of that in Bob's lifetime? R. C. – Arsie.*

So I now asked Bob to put something into my hand to prove that he is present at the "Arsie"-enlightenment, and something like a beige or vaguely yellow maybe wooden ***cube*** *came as an impression. We'll see. The thing is … with me now not having any way to watch movies, I can't receive messages through them. Well. As seen from the "collection of precious things" from today, Dec. 14, there are other ways to communicate, though, in terms of things that are useable for synchronicity.)*



I'm very desperate about dog Marshall, because the owners are on a holiday again, and he is nowhere to be seen. Could he be is locked up in the basement …?

August 18, 2021

Culmination of horror today … after horribly frustrating conversations with „Dr." Kaufmann … they now don't see anything wrong with my mother … I visited her, *she is totally not herself,*

entirely on antidepressants and other meds … and she got so angry at me, didn't want to talk to me anymore, gave me so much shit … I only got to talk to the nurses, no doctor, no social worker or psychologist around – they insist my mother take the meds from now on. When I said she won't and she never has taken meds, there is only shoulder-shrugging and "well, then she needs to be admitted to a care facility". ***What the fuck?***

And the personnel in there … she said to me and then to a nurse in my presence that she didn't want to take meds, never wanted to, but was simply given them … even though I had told the doctor that my mother used to be an addict … they pumped her full with anti-depressants! And now?

So I left … so desperate … breaks my heart to see how my mother looks forward to being home again … but she is so confused, even though she talks normally. Nobody bothers to talk to me! Why not ask for the backstory? Are they nuts, just „treating" her with antidepressants, and that was it? Let an old woman go home … *not bothering if she even has keys?*

She doesn't.

Leaving the building, I saw two women, who had also been visiting someone, and I asked them about their experiences with the station … and they said they knew it could be horribly frustrating … then they advised me to connect with Ch. L., – actually the psychologist and dementia specialist that I had meant to contact, right before my mother's escalation occurred!

So I sat down in front of the wall of the cemetery – as it's on the way to the highway, and there is a free parking lot – in the shade and called her. She called me back! It was a blessing! She listened, and she said a few things, and it was so helpful. She wants me to get the MRT-record and show it to her and advised me to talk to the doctor who runs that station … why didn't he talk to me in the first place! All I was told by Dr. Kaufmann was all the time that „no reason to keep her, as she'll be prescribed her meds" and „there is a psych-evaluation" … my mother told me today that she had not seen a doctor at all, and that there was no therapy or evaluation, except for filling out some stuff! Jesus Christ! That's how they find out whether or not a person has dementia or other problems, by having them fill out stuff? My mother sounds normal, of course, but the problem is not that she can't speak. It's *what* she says. And since they don't talk with me, they don't know what to make of what their patient (!) says except to take it at face value!

What a fucked up situation. This is incredible, unbelievable.

If Ch. L. can't help us … I don't know what to do. *(**Note**: She couldn't help. That phone call was about it. Psychologists much go on holidays, too, I learned. Several times. The problem is that they don't name a substitute for that time.)*

I'm totally lost. I can't just let my mother be alone. She can't drive anymore. She doesn't realize this. But if she doesn't drive … how will she get around? I don't live close by?! And frankly, I'm so tired. So exhausted of it all. I was so hoping that she'd get to be in some therapy or rehab facility. But the doctor doesn't think that there is any indication. And nothing can be done „against her will". So the demented and mentally impaired person's will counts above everything?

Jesus fucking Christ!

By the way! I saw the strange ***slob of stone that Bob „carried" in the tunnel!*** It's at the exit from the highway on the way to the hospital! Seriously! I got to take a picture next time!

Okay, Bob. Great. So you are with me. Wonderful. And?

(***Note**: December 10, still haven't gotten that photo from that slob along Josef-Sablatnig-Straße. Will have to drive there just for it.*)

Oh the license plate numbers! And the birds wings at the highway station …

„BOB CAN"?

August 21, 2021– **The Noodle & the Question about the Beyond**

Oh so much happened.

Mother back home yesterday, still hyped and weird on meds, insisted to be left alone.

Visited her again today – she was not just fine, but great … even though she was picking up her typical speech patterns, but she seemed „there" and „herself" … accepted the food I brought. She still is on meds … said „The crow has left", explaining that she had been having the feeling that a crow was sitting on top of her head, and some kind of numb pain had been spreading to the base of her nose … and that's when she got „weird" … I do remember this from my teenagehood, she said that back then, too …

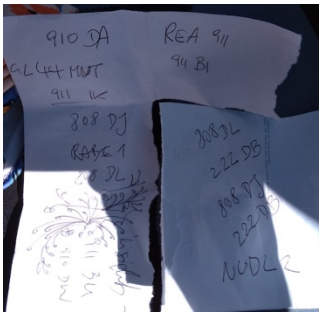
Yesterday, I visited my father on a whim, he was surprised, and I shared the mother situation without even thinking, and he listened, and when I was done, he started his usual lamenting about Edith and being so poor and how they killed her … and it was by the word the same like months ago. Him him him, no question about my mother or me … just him him, and that he wants to be alone and is fine alone, and that Picej is helping so great and that he doesn't need me.

I got offered an apartment by the Velden gov yesterday, the same like months ago, where the former renter wanted 1500 for the kitchen and stuff, now it's entirely empty. I asked my father if he would look at it for the electrical stuff … oh geez, I had the feeling that was already too much … sometime, maybe. I had thought he'd like being asked as an expert. Oh well, fine. He said if he'd need me he'd tell me.

So that's it for now.

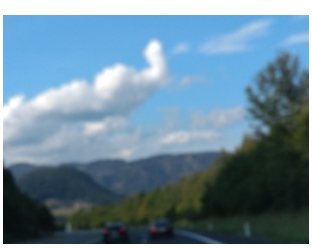
Leaving, on the highway, I said to dead ***Edith*** that she'd please put something into my hand to prove that she is present, and a ***„noodle roller"*** appeared (Nudelwalker) … pastry roller, rolling pin, I think, it's called in English. *This appeared some other time, too, long ago.*

Today: Driving back from Velden, a car came towards me while I still was in Velden, with the license plate number „***Nudl 2***", which means „***noodle***" (2), and I had received that „noodle roller" yesterday in my hand! There are no odds, are there?



Driving on the highway TO Velden, I had seen *amazing license plate numbers* … I felt so spoken to.

Then there was that ***dog shape*** in the clouds, and I thought with much pain about little Marshall, about who I have the greatest concerns, because he has disappeared last Friday, when his fucker owners left for another holiday …

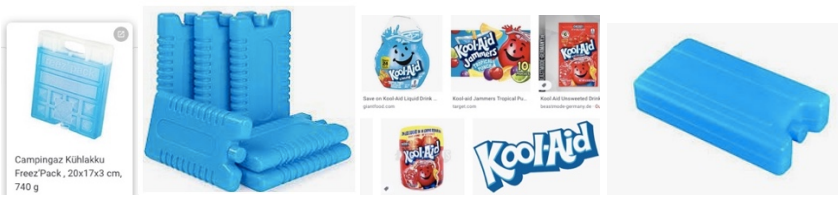


I suspect they put him in the basement, because I heard the landlady on the phone on Sunday morning „So I'll go check and give some water in the morning" … before she'd leave. Then they all were gone for days, no Marshall anywhere. I swear if it turns out that the dog was in the basement, and got sick or so desperate that he hurt himself or died, I will hurt his owners. I saw J. come late at night in the middle of the week, and just when I stepped on the balcony I saw him come into the garden uttering a roar of distress … so I thought that he had found Marshall sick or dead? I hope this is only me fantasizing …

The fuckers have been home for two days now, but not outside until today … today they crawled around in the garden, briefly, talking loudly as if they wanted us neighbors to see that the are „home" … *something is totally not right there …*

I hurried to feed the little cats at the place where Momi was last year … the owners don't care that the mothercat is pregnant again … and they don't realize that cats have parasites and can be sick … two of them have running eyes and noses …. But I am in contact with the animal service that took Kiko and Ivana, I'll get them to them.

I'm a little fuzzy from all the horror of the past weeks, but at some point, I think during a drive, but not in a tunnel, I stretched out my hand and asked Bob to put something into it to prove that he is with me, and I opened the hand slowly, and kind of „revealed" a **blue thing**, and the first thing that came to my mind was „*kool aid*" … and it was a mixture of something transparent with something really blue in it or some blue container with stuff in it that's for coolers, for picknicks. (***Note**: But when I googled later, it can also be a **drink**.*) That was strange, but it was totally clear. (I looked it up, it's the cooling element of a cooler box, or an akku …)



A car drove by with ***„good bye"*** mirror-written in its back window … and I know it mean something. Maybe about Marshall? Maybe I must let go of my Hawaii longing? I felt Bob so close just earlier, in the car, I couldn't help but sing a few notes of a Hawaiian song, „Ku'u Home o Kahalu'u", Bob's favorite song, and I totally fell dropped plunged in my Hawaii „me" … and I said out loud that that was me my life … now it's kind of service … it's so hard.

I think I know what my mother needs … rehab. But to get her into the proper kind of rehab … I'm exhausted. But I was happy to see her so well today. I savored the talking with her with her actually understanding me and responding normally.

Only when I asked her to recall what a doctor looked like, she suddenly got angry, and also when I described something, the self-testing for Corona, her face got dark … like she has a hard time imagining something pictural?

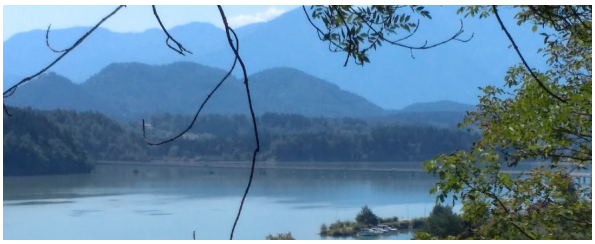
I saw stuff in the tunnels, too, ***Bob with a white sheet***, holding it like at a bull fight … Then, on the way back, kind of a ***naked or smooth pineapple shape, or an egg with a crown, in gold*** … later Bob holding some kind of ***golden bowl, like the size of his hand*** …

I felt like I was in housie … it was so intense, made me realize that it's all gone so much more intensely.

I don't know what to go for. That old worn-out apartment, maybe? I'd be in Velden and nobody would ever throw me out …

Maybe.

I went for a walk in Völkermarkt with Jacqui, somehow that view of the long bridge over the river Drau calms me down.



Oh, and I tried to watch movies, but didn't find anything interesting, so I read up on a Hugh Jackman Sci-Fi-movie, only to read about a theme that I've been dealing with for a while: ***Can you, in the beyond, relive your favorite times of mortal life?*** And there it was reflected right back to me … I guess I'll have to watch that movie, at some point. And there was a slogan from one of Bob's and my commercial productions, the only one where my voice is in: "… Something for everyone."

Hugh Jackman's Nick Bannister happens to be the murmurer of the aforesaid line about the past's haunting powers. He delivers it through a morose voiceover (one of the many grating overindulgences of "Reminiscence"), introducing his unconventional profession to the viewer in the film's opening moments. Nick is a private eye who gets to investigate the depths of his clients' memories—sometimes, to answer a simple question, but often times, to allow them to relive their favorite moments from the past. He and his fellow ex-military business partner Watts (Thandiwe Newton, more emotionally

thing going in a world where the future offers no hope and past is the only avenue that comes with jolts of optimism buried within. While the duo give freebees to repeat customers often, they still manage to make a living with their memory machine—a cocoon bed and a wired headpiece that plays and projects any memory the client chooses from stashes of discs, as a 3D hologram. Romantic, empowering, peaceful … there's something for everyone.

August 22, 2021, Sunday – **The Cool Aid!**

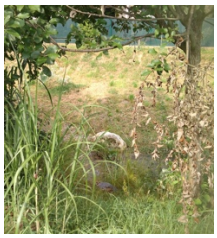
Too tired to drive, only called my mom … she was fine, a little off, I must rest today.

So Jacqui and I took an early morning Sinnex-round walk, then hung out at home until about 3 p.m., then I took him on a route that I used to do in the beginning of us living here at Griffen, and there it was:

On the path the very ***blue color*** that I had been „given" by Bob, and it was a **„cooling drink"**! I immediately thought back to „cool aid" that had flashed in my mind when I had „received" that **„cooling element"** that could also have been a transparent container with blue liquid in it!

So there it was!

And a little later, at the oasis of quiet, I found another ***blue thing***, but half buried in the ground, and I think it's some *plastic*, but a balloon of sorts … so that's total manifestation. Plus a very egg-shaped stone.



It was so clear and direct, that I had to smile and said to Bob „*Good one. You're totally here*." Yesterday I had felt the irresistible urge to masturbate, the first time in a long time, and I couldn't help but send the orgasmic energy right to Bob. Then I felt kind of exhausted and asked him if he had „made" me do that …

Today, during the walk, I asked Bob for something „in my hand", and it was an „**egg**". (***Note****: Oh, geez, only now, in October, that I'm putting the photos into the text, do I realize that it manifested right next day! I did find an "egg"!*)

Later I did see something that looked like an egg in the creek …

It's thunderstormy atmosphere.

The landlady and her partner are back, the neighbors are back – and there is no sign of Marshall.

I fear the worst. I'm not sure if I'd be able to constrain myself if I find out that Marshall is injured or sick or dead.

*(**Note**: I did see him a day later, weak and stumbling and so shy that he didn't dare to come to the fence to greet Jacqui. They must have locked him in the basement. I wrote to animal services. Not sure, what she did about it.)*

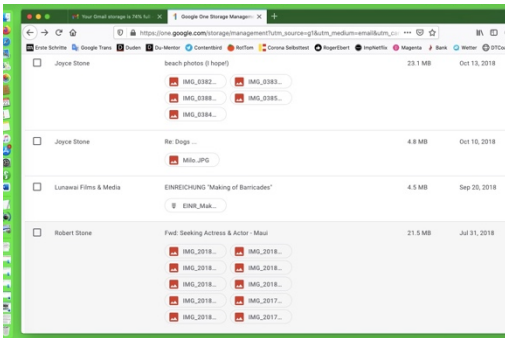
(Later)

Watching the movie *„Free Guy"* and ***oh the biggest rabbit*** showed up … *white and pink and odd!* In the video game that the film is about. The huge white rabbit that's Bob's „Avatar" from the „rabbit challenge"!

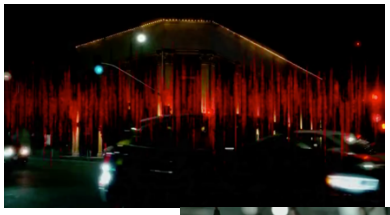
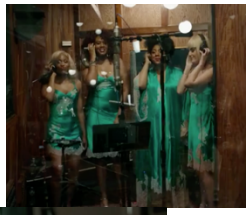
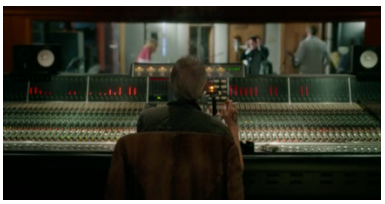
Wow, I have the feeling, we are „on" again … (***Note****: And I had no idea how that white and pink rabbit was going to reappear really soon!*) I had an intense talk with Bob yesterday, telling him – because I felt so intensely his presence but also felt like „being on Maui" so clearly, that it made me numb and kind of helpless and enormously sad …

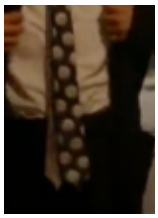
And then the „cool aid", before that the „noodle" and now the rabbit …

Also, I'm not sure what I was doing, but suddenly I was facing email communication with Bob and Joyce …



Sometimes I take screenshots, but when I wait too long, I can't remember why I took them when I work them into the text months later … like with the movie "***Annette***", more a dark musical, and pretty unbearable to watch for me, so I only skipped through … yes, the studio atmosphere, the sound checks, the guitar … all that had to do with Bob's and my life. I also captured a guy with a dotted tie … Will figure it out when I read through this entire C. D. chapter again … but here they are, just to be complete:



August 24, 2021 – **The Dwarf Egg Stone, the Song & the Rabbit, the Elephant & the Violin**

I'm trying not to think of August three years ago ... already three years, unbelievable.

Had an amazing exchange with Bob today – so clear, so immediate, just "magical"!

First, I took Jacqui to Schlossberg mountain for a walk – and on the water source, there was an **egg shaped stone with some kind of face, can also be some genital with hairs and a stylized tumor!** Can also be a dwarf head.

*(**Note**: Only now in November, putting in the photos I realize that I received an egg from Bob yesterday! In my hand! And now I got it! In the "form" of a **"old entry" about an egg** that I'm dealing with today!)*

What are the odds to find something like this right on my path? Yes, the fact that ***painted stones*** are all over the place out in nature is an internet game that started a few years ago (about 2018!) where people paint stones and put them places, then photograph them and register their find online, and take the stone somewhere else and place it there for others to find. How odd … the world deals with stones like this! The backside of egg-balls-dick-tumor-stone read "Mursteine (Mur is a river in Styria) find rejoice post".

*(**Note**: Now, November 7 working on putting pics into this contact diary, I just came across the* **"dwarfs and the eggs" sticker** *again that I found on August 11. I mean: **It IS THIS STONE** … the color of the dwarfs' hats, their noses?! And there will be another occasion, just before I'll leave Griffen, on September 16 … I just also noted the year date, "**1920**" …. That's the era of Betty and Stewart White!)*

Sometime during the day I saw among animal ads, the dogs ***"Marshall" and "Bob"*** next to each other! What are the odds? I was almost in shock, because in a way, I thought that maybe Marshall has died? Or that Bob is aware of the situation … and hopefully he is with ***Kimba***, my beloved partner of back in the day whose death was the reason why I met Bob …?

Drove early to my mother (left Jacqui at home, which was strange!), to get her to the doctor. Worked fine, he gave us a referral for a rehab-stay at Waiern hospital, specialized in remobilization of old people.

Then we went shopping, she is fading, exhausted, mentally … coming down from her meds, of course! I can see it, but she refuses further therapy. She was on heavy meds in her "therapy", how could she possible be well! I feel so helpless sometimes, will never forget the fruitless conversation with the head doctor! I can't even repeat it, it makes me want to pull out my hairs … that ignorance. All about "getting people to be calm", expecting that they'll stay on the heavy psych-meds all their lives? Fuck them all.

The doc seemed to be sort of on my side, wants to sent her to the rehab hospital Waiern, because I think that would be great for her, to receive physiotherapy and other treatments, but she isn't having it ... not yet, we'll see. He did write a referral.

So already driving away from Griffen ... I felt Bob so close, and I started seeing those amazing license plate numbers right away. *(Plus in the evening I found that my horoscope for this day was also kinda wild.)*

I mean ... talk about a gazillion of "**808**" in all versions on license plates, and, right away: "**910 DJ**". THE number with my initials. Bob's license plate number that was magical to me from the moment I first saw it, together with "MEA", meaning "the matter". Yes "MEA 910", was "the matter of September 10, 2018", the last day I spent with Bob the mortal, as I left the next day and never returned to see Bob the mortal. That got my attention.

*(**Note**, Dec. 14: I've been seeing "910 DJ" many times since summer, with various area letters!)*

AQUARIUS DAILY HOROSCOPE

Yesterday | Today | Tomorrow | 2021 | Upgrade!

Jul 24, 2021 -
You could harness some major power today, Aquarius, so if it feels as though someone has placed the Universal reins in your hand, well, don't be too surprised.

The Moon is moving through your sign and your 1st House of self-expression and action for the day and while she's here she will be turning her attention to YOU and making sure you have everything you need to progress smoothly. This is always a wonderful time for doubling down on what it is you really want, but there will be no room for questions today as la Luna will conjunct hardworking Saturn in this same sector of your chart.

These heavenly heavy-hitters aren't here to mess around, so roll up your sleeves and get to work because whatever you focus on today could have lasting repercussions as well as lasting rewards.

So in a tunnel, I was so intensely in housie's hallway ... and there was Bob and he had some kind of "*bow*" on his neck, like a tie! And I said out loud ***"A bow",*** and *in that very moment*, a car overtook and its license plate had the two letters "**BO**" after the number. So I read "**BO**" and I said "***BOW***" at the same time! *Like Bob had shown me what I was about to see.* I asked him to put something into my hand to prove to me that this had been on purpose, and an "*elephant*" showed up, right away. Of course, I always say it out loud.

"So an elephant, huh", I said, "that's hard to make one appear around here."

Right then I overtook a truck - and there was *a bear-shaped animal painted on the very side of the truck, it's head lifted* ***like an elephant!***

"Does that count?" I asked, "it sure looked like an elephant!" I thought it didn't count, really, though. But it was strange that a painted animal had appeared right away.

So I felt spoken to so intensely, that I switched on the radio - which I NEVER EVER DO. But I HAD TO. Because right then, someone was singing:

"I love you Baby, I love you now" ... and immediately I was stunned shitless and breathless, because that was definitely Bob talking to me, …

Right after that, I broke out in tears and couldn't bear hearing more music. I never listen to music. Can't. It was again about the *message*, the lyrics. I got it.

(Later)

I googled "***Moby***" for the song "Beautiful" and LOOK what's there?! The ***rabbit***! *The same rabbit like in the movie, white and pink!* And in this song, that I "heard" Bob sing to me today!

Moby 'Beautiful' - Official video - Y...
youtube.com

Moby Beautiful - YouTube
youtube.com

Come on baby
Come on girl
I love you baby
I love you now ... (That speaks to me especially, the "now" …)

Look at us, we're beautiful
All the people push and pull
But let's just go out and ride
Talk about the things we try
Look at us, we're beautiful
All the people push and pull but
They'll never get inside
We've got too much to hide

Right after the song, in another tunnel, I saw Bob with a ***black paint brush*** ... with a very distinct tip ... and right then, a truck appeared on the highway with a *stylized flower pattern in black* – that looked like the tip of a paint brush!
Wow!

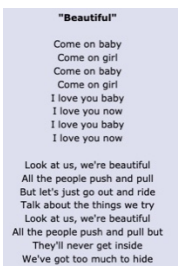
So then ... drove to my mother. Right there, next to her car, *two **cats*** that just looked like Kiko and Ivana were fighting! Look for yourself!

Then ... doctor with my mother.
We sat for a while, it took long to wait, but I placed my mother in the way that she had to look outside at the forest. At some point, I took a random magazine, with the title "WOMAN", and I opened it on a random page - and there were ***ELEPHANTS.***
Need I say more?

On the way back, a car passed by with "**KL JO 1**"! JO 1! That's me! It was like a total pat on the shoulder, *a thumbs up*. That felt great!

Forgot to mention ... yesterday I noticed that I was close to the kilometer count of "***808***", but it happened just when I drove into Griffen! So I only made it to photograph a few meters further because there were cars behind me *when the counter changed to **"808", to BOB.***

(Later)
Also saw that "***Beautiful***" is from Moby's 2005-album "***Hotel***", ... yup, a reference to the "***Paradise***"-project about a hotel that Bob and I were so passionate about ... with the songs as follow:



It's like exactly Bob and me ... those song titles, I can relate to every single one of them, our life in "housie" ... the loss ... the continuation of the relationship ... I feel so close to Bob and yet so so so so far away from him and from "me". And yet ... the rabbit challenge is still on.

(Later)

Had a chat with bird expert Michaela ... she had done the flower deco for a wedding, and when she sat down on a bench in the very old church, she noticed that the sitting spots had ***old name tags*** ... and she was sitting on a spot named "***Geiger***", which means "***violin player***"! Remember - *Bob showing me the violin*, and I had asked Michaela if she had anything to do with violins, and she said she had been thinking about learning how to play the violin for the past few weeks ... ***and now she sat on a bench with the name "Geiger", "violin player"!*** She was aware enough, bless her heart, to notice it and tell me!

Also ... during my evening walk I remembered the **dream** I had last night, about (the crazy evil) Christian K., who had a child care business, and who was lying around naked, for some reason. I was on the road, literally, with another woman, someone with glasses I think, my feeling of her is of helplessness and awkwardness, and there was something about an ocean shore, but vague. And she and I walked along that road that turned into a path ... and in the dream I thought to myself that I had been in that place in another dream before, and it was Christian K.'s place, but from the South side, while in the other dream it had been seen from the North, and there had been a horse stable, and it had been about those horses in there, and maybe I was supposed to save them? This dream really happened, a longer time ago, and I think I did already have some kind of follow up dream on that one, way back, too ...

But it was so weird, that in the dream as the dream persona I remembered that other dream and was pondering why Christian K. was still there ... and he spotted us and came to us, and he was kind of naked, and I felt attracted to him sexually ... about which I thought in the dream that it was entirely out of place and gross ... I was looking for the horses, and there was one, I think, and the other girl also saw it. She was kind of by my side, on my right, but I don't know why ... maybe we were on the way to somewhere and just happened to stumble upon Ch. K. ... there was something going on, yes ... I have the feeling of competition, but I can't remember.

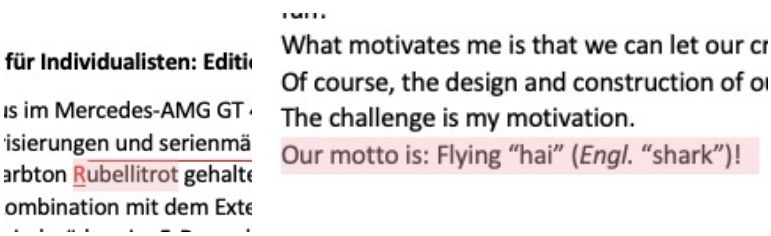
I woke up and was wondering why in the fucking world I'd dream of that fuckhead Christian K. who had been violent to me and a crazy person.

August 25, 2021 **– The Literal Sky Shark**

Oh shit, I just realized that I've been editing texts about a ***flying machine*** competition by Red Bull, and the winning team of the agency's client "P." is a ***"flying shark***", which is – ***a sky shark!***

Bob and my flying word! We'd watch sky sharks all the time. And in the last weeks I've been thinking how far away that time is ... how far away I am. I've been having the feeling that I'm losing myself. *And now a sky shark came literally into my life!*

In another job-text I came across the word "***Rubellitrot***", the Red of the Ruby … and "*Rubellite Kawena Johnson*" was the name of one of the speakers of my Hawaii documentary film "*Native of Owhyhee*" … she refused to participate for years, then her daughter contacted me, and I did get to interview her. I don't know if she is still alive. But the term "*Rubellite*" threw me right back to the day when Bob and I filmed her interview in Kula on Maui, and she talked about her mother named her that … (I've been feeling like I must share my documentary with many more people …)

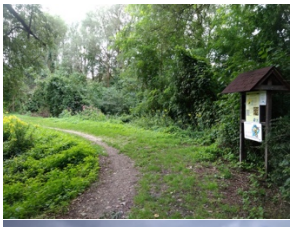


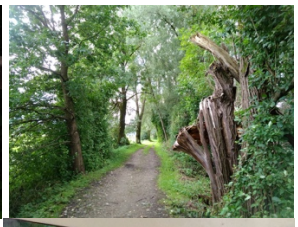
Went for a swim in ***lake Klopeinersee*** today, even though I knew there'd be a lot of work ... I just had to get into the water. I'm so exhausted, emotionally. Maybe it's the last time I swam there?

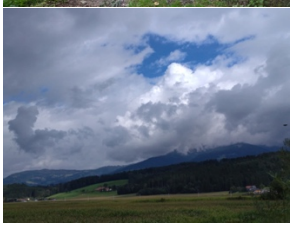
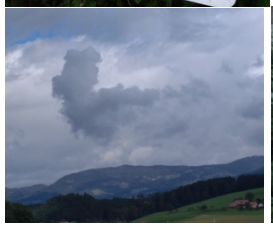
*So they are constructing a **sky shark*** ... I'm really curious now.

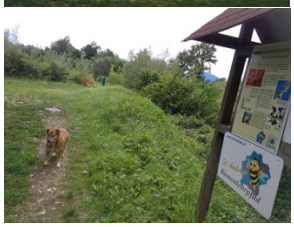
August 27, 2021 – **The Onion Pot Roast and the Chicken**

Amazing experience ... felt drawn to St. Andrae lake, but then took Jacqui in the other direction than usual, along a "bee path" ... and there was exactly the atmosphere of the *walk* I had done three years ago *on Maui, from Hali'imaile to Paia* ... the ***jungly*** *dark atmosphere, the wetness, the smells* ...







... and then also the *water ... the bridges ... the stones!* Including a ***Bob-Lookalike*** and a ***penis cloud!***

I asked Bob to put something into my hand to let me know that he was with me and aware of it all, too. And immediately, a ***"chicken"*** kind of ***bird*** appeared in my hand! I thought *"Well, a chicken, huh" ...* so I walked on. Not long – there was a **big stone** that attracted my attention, and there was a sign that read **"stay off, birds breeding"**! Next to the stone! The "chicken" in my hand!

Wow!

But then it got better:

I was about to turn around when I saw some kind of field path ahead and decided to check out what was around the next corner.

So I began to *smell the scent of a certain dish*, with a sauce, a typical dish that my mother had made in my childhood a lot ... *Zwiebelrostbraten*. And I thought, strange, because ***Inge had given me a ready-made "Zwiebelrindsbraten"***, ***beef pot roast with onions,*** and the onions are the main defining ingredients ... and I had been thinking of eating it last night, but then *postponed until today*, and in the morning I had thought about that onion pot roast and that I'd eat it today. ***And there was the smell of that dish!*** In the countryside! Out in the open! No restaurant, pub or anything anywhere.

So I walked towards that turn in the path, and there was a huge wide field.

And as I walked closer - I realized, it was an ***onion field!***

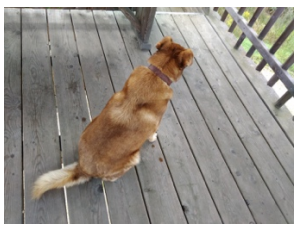
AN ONION field? I have never in my life seen an onion field! And that's where the *smell* came from ... some of the onion must have gotten hot, and that made that typical hot onion smell that was all around, the smell of the dish I had been looking forward to eat today!

I was really really bummed.

That's communication. It really is.

We walked much further than we thought, as we had to reach a bridge across the river, and there was only one ... so that's very significant, too.

It was a wondrous hike, that Jacqui and me did, including getting up a ***watch tower***, too ... with amazing views on two separate arms of the river Lavant, and big stones and views into the landscape. Funny enough: I keep calling Jacqui "***Schnappi***", which means "little one who nips" in terms of a dog trying to take a bite of an adversary … and there was exactly that word on the wooden structure …



Plus … we came by a railway track in the process of being built … and there was a "***heiau***" … truly, a stone "heap" or gathering really reminiscent of the ancient Hawaiian temples … Plus a van with "***WO VID 1***" as a license plate number, whatever that means … "Wo" in German means "where", and I "saw" "video" … but who knows.

Wow. Also, I saw amazing single *sunflowers* in a field today … like very unique beings in a mass of others.

On the way back on the highway: A car with "**GT 911**" as a license plate number.
There was a very significant one on the way there, too, but I can't recall.

Talked to my mother on the phone ... she sounded entirely normal and in good spirits! HAPPY ME! I think it may be the ***Bach flower*** *drops of "Rock Rose"* that I had smuggled into her mineral water bottle yesterday. Will do that again! It's for a lifting of the spirit and getting rid of the dark and cloudy ... I think it works for my mother. If I'd give the Bach flower drops to her and ask her to take them, I know she won't. So I decided to do it for her.
It can only be good.
Will show her all the pictures I took today tomorrow when I'll visit her again.
Already Friday again ... it's always Friday.

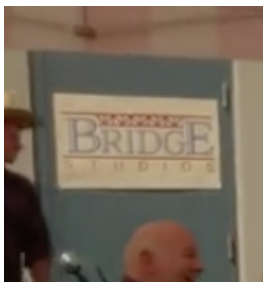
On a different note. Yesterday, I took Jacqui a bit up Schlossberg hill where the memorial of that ***dead mountaineer*** is ... and I asked him to put something into my hand if he was there. And a ***hammer*** appeared. Just that I've noted it.
And: "The Bridge" appeared in a movie I checked out, my note says "A Little Daytime Drama" …

NACHRUF

Trauer um beliebten Bergretter aus Griffen

Hubert Kuchernig (56), HTL-Lehrer und Bergretter, wird am Samstag in Griffen beerdigt.

Hubert Kuchernig



Today the landlady A. appeared and gave me shit about me having to confirm that I'll move out so that she can subtract my rent from the deposit ... at the same time she told me that from Monday they'll renovate the house, the apartment above me, and that there will be dirt and

noise. Great. No way I'll confirm now, because we're talking nuisance and reduced rent anyway ... so.

I'm so tired of her dumb and arrogant face.

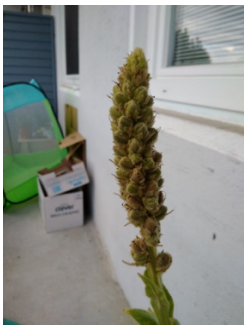
She didn't say a word about Marshall and that they'd had troubles because animal protection services had contacted them about the dog having been locked in the basement while they were on holiday ... not a word. And that means, that it's true because they are laying low.

Marshall's owners are gone again, since yesterday. Big ass thunderstorm last night, rain and thunder and lightning ... poor dog all alone, waiting and waiting ... but at least outside.

I won't abandon him. I won't.

August 28, 2021 **– Shoe! Seeing Bob Speak!**

I'm so grateful for the *rabbit ear plant* to show me what it's capable of: We always only see the furry leaves on the ground, but on my balcony, such a plant grew a long huge stem – and it's making seeds now!



Day to visit my mother. First – short walk on treehouse field … the vines in the corn field attracted my attention. So is that to say that there are creatures taking advantage of other creatures' features … but how can the other creatures have a say … like the corn plants warding off the vines? But then, if they were supposed to ward them off, wouldn't they have the means? But then, also, we, the mortals, are supposed to ward of evil doers … but often we don't see them coming, or they are too strong or smart … so how is that fair? What is it telling me? Just the fact that I am pondering upon this?

And there were the gourds … a bit theme back in my Hawaii days, the *"ipu", the gourds,* carved, decorated and made into drums …

Saw "K 910 FR" … that number 910. Always startles me.

Plus …

Bob's face! I saw it! Not "something in my hand", not something Bob held and that I "saw", this time, was kind of forced ***"to look at him"*** in a tunnel on the way back from visiting my mother and doing shopping with her ... there was a distinct impression of me looking up to him … more about this later. I swam in *lake Saissersee* too, in the "***Ua***", the light rain that comes with sunshine, the blessing from heaven ...

In the tunnels, I opened myself up for communication, asking him what he thought about my plan to do that research project offering my services as an evidential medium to strangers online and document what happens ...

So on the way to Velden, all I got in the tunnels as impression, was a handful of "***plums***", yes, plums, I had them before.

On the way back though, something outstanding and new happened! First, I received images like a "***wooden laundry pin***" and "***Bob with blue veils, like dancing***" and "***Bob with a conductor's stick***" ... and a "***rooster***" as well as some kind of "***pitcher***" type of *carafe*, but with edges and colorful.

Then, I "got" very intensely into "housie's hallway" in one tunnel, and suddenly there was *Bob,* ***coming at me****, like he had been, so tall and heavy, walking towards me, wearing his white T-shirt.* So I was in the hallway, standing there, and I felt the urge to ***"look up", like to see Bob's face.*** I think I really looked up in the tunnel ... and I kind of tried to not "hold on" to that imagination, but it wasn't really an imagination, the impression of Bob very closely in front of me in his white T-shirt and me looking up to his face kept staying there, lingering, lightly, not forced by my imagination.

So I said "I'm supposed to look at you ... aren't I? Okay, so I'm looking ..."

And somehow, in my mind, I managed to "raise" my view "up" to "Bob's face", and I saw his mouth making a very certain "*pouting*" motion, like he was saying a special word that required his mouth to be formed like that, like the mixture of a "***chhhh***", like when you eat something hot, and a "***u***" and an "***o***" ... so I said "You want me to recognize a word you're saying?"!

It was exciting, because that's utterly new ... and I was kind of thrilled.

So I said all kinds of words like, "sure" in the manner Bob had said it jokingly, "s're", then "usher" and "shore" and "hush" ... but it didn't feel right. I also kept saying *"Am I making this up myself, Stoneman?"*

In the next tunnel, I suddenly "saw" ***Bud, the birdman***, Bob's old friend, and I said it out loud, "birdman" ... and suddenly I said "birdwoman" … and I realized that I had gotten to know a birdwoman, Michaela, with who I have chatted again the day before yesterday for hours! The one who helped me with the bird Poldi! I hadn't ever made the connection ...! So I said out loud the word "Oh her" and then "She" ... and I wanted to believe that that was Bob's mouth motion. But it was not.

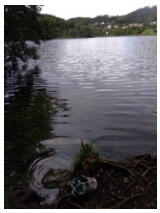
But still ... the thrill of realizing that I had now a birdwoman as friend when Bob's friend was the birdman ... I must tell this Michaela.

But then it happened!

It was raining hard on the highway by that time, and I was driving behind a truck, not interesting in speeding ... when I saw a ***soaking wet black shoe*** lying on the side of the highway ... and the finding of shoes was a big theme back in the day, in the first years on Maui: Bob always got a kick out of it, how a single shoe would show up on the highway, but never when he drove alone. Only when I was with him in the car.

So I said out loud ***"Shoe!"*** Like I had done on Maui all the time.

AND THAT WAS IT! It hit me right away – and a wave of emotion flushed through me, and I kind of "saw" Bob slap his thighs and rejoice, that was the word he had literally "said" in my vision of him just minutes earlier, *that was what his mouth had formed:* "***SHOE***!"



Oh wow!

I gave him, the invisible, the disca, *high-five* … it was just amazing! Also, I had just photographed my own ***bare wet feet at lake Saissersee on a rock*** that I thought was like a "*stepping stone*" …

It was a first.

The beginning of a new era. He didn't show me a foot or a shoe, but *he showed me his own mouth forming a word and had me try figure out what it was by making that same mouth motion and form*, but only when I drove by that the shoe and said "Shoe!" I "saw" myself doing it and Bob at the same time!

Wow!

He is the greatest. We're great.

It feels like some kind of relief to have experienced this.

It does. We're on, Stoneman, we are.

What this also teaches me is that it's ***very important to talk out loud*** when communicating to the disca … I didn't say "with" … because the actual communication value only reveals itself later, mostly. Already Betty White said to Stewart through the medium Joan that she likes hearing feedback be spoken out loud, because it's a different energetic process for them to simply listen or to read our thoughts.

Duly noted!

License plate number on the way there "**422 AD**", with "**422 DA**" being my own license plate number! Which was interesting ... also, because I read the *"AD" as "ade", which is old German for "good bye",* meaning, when I move away from here, hopefully soon, I'll no longer have that license plate number that was, back in the day, a message in it self.

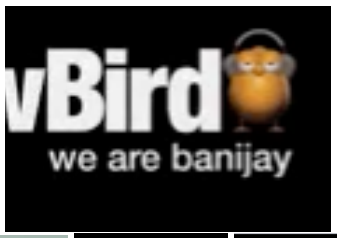
With my mother on the parking lot of a restaurant where she got cake, a car parked with "**RDS 1**", like Robert and Daniela Stone ... well, just my imagination. There was, later "**910 CJ**" and others, speaking loudly to me ...

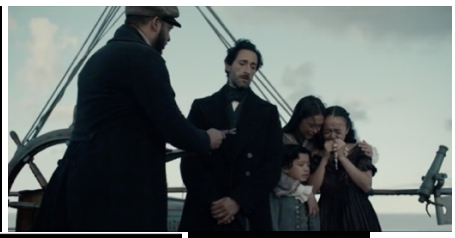
Also, I've been reading now and then passages from Sherwin B. Nuland's *"How We Die"* … it somehow comforts me to be reminded of the mortality of … well, everything and everyone material.

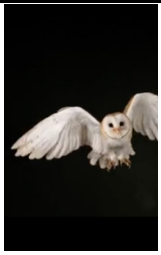
the founder of their somber specialty, the Paduan anatomist Giovanni Battista Morgagni: *Ubi est morbus?* "Where is the disease?" Together, pathologist and newly deceased patient undertake the obligation promised by the time-honored avowal that stares down on them from plaques on the walls of hundreds of autopsy rooms all over the world: *Hic est locus ubi mors gaudet succurso vitae*—"This is the place where death rejoices to come to the aid of life."

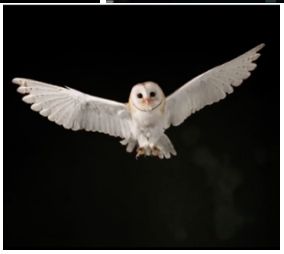
The autopsy room is Walker Smith's domain, just as the operating room is mine. When I told him I

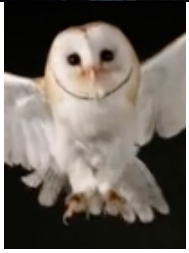
And … I had a flash back into my Maui days when I watched a few minutes of the series "**Chapelwaite**" … wow, the ***missionaries*** … I used to be so immersed in the missionary history of Hawaii along with the Hawaiian history … I could have been such an expert, a speaker. But Bob never acknowledged that, he turned away from this great project and even hindered me so many times to the point of me almost giving it up … instead of supporting me. He was the fucking American producer. He could have done it all.









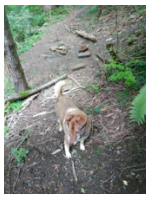


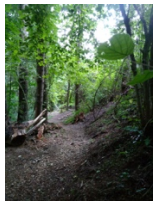
August 29, 2021

Walking in nature really keeps me … well, grounded in a way, as I keep seeing fascinating versions of plants I think I "know" …

August 30, 2021 **– The Forest Home**

I've been thinking several times of how it would be to just disappear and live somewhere, in the woods … funny that I came across some kids' playground featuring a "*home in the woods*" in the "Bürgerlust" hiking trail in Völkermarkt …





Also interesting … on the way back I took a short walk along that path that leads by the "stone man" … and it was kind of strange to see some wood lie over an electric fence. This fence has pissed me off ever since I first saw it in June, it's just so unnecessary to put electricity out there into the country side and cut whole areas of nature off and not allow people or animals to cross. Who are those people who put an electric fence next to a creek?

It was like a "bridge" that nature had built, almost like an answer to me.

August 31, 2021 – *Wolf the Mouse &* ***Ali'i Colored Star***

This morning, doing the reverse *treehouse field* walk, or at least, intending it, I walked by a dead tiny *mouse*, with some of her inners outside. Another one was lying right next to her, and when I gently touched it with a stick – *the little guy squirmed and moved!*

Oh shit! I saw that his leg was bloody, but he seemed not much hurt otherwise, and of course I thought of internal injuries ... but still, I couldn't help it, I grabbed him, put him in a paper tissue and breathed hot air on him. And he kept moving. I put him on the passenger's seat in the sun, then drove to lake Klopeinersee for a wondrous swim.

Back home, I gave him a few drops of cat milk to suck from a cut-off cotton pad stick, and I think he drank it. Then I put oat meal flakes and steamed apple next to him, and he seemed to dig right into it. A little later, I checked – and he was *lying rolled up on (!) the food!* I realized that because I had heated up the oat meal with some cat milk, it must be the warmth he must still be feeling. So I filled a thermophore with hot water and put it under his little box home. He fell asleep! Then, whenever he was awake, he got more and more lively, and began to scratch and clean himself and lick his hurt foot. Amazing! I put a rag and some cotton pads in there for him to be able to hide. I kept changing the hot water so that he'd be warm all the time.

At night ... just covered him up and hoped for the best.

Walked up *Schlossberg mountain* … photographed Griffen from all sides … and I was stunned to see the "ali'i colored star" (the colors of the Hawaiian royals the ali'i were red and yellow) at the entrance of the village, like a code of arms or a coin.

September 1, 2021 – **The Clothes Pin**

Drove to mom to get her to the hairdresser's, and today I realized that she is in a way very "far gone". I don't think she'll ever drive her car again. Something changed in the last days ... without alcohol and meds she is herself ... and she is extremely forgetful now, and sometimes seems not able to follow when I say something. At the pharmacy where she usually does her Corona-testing before the hairdresser's appointment "knows her", and one of the (very nice) employees said to me that my mother had been difficult to deal with in terms of cognitive problems, so that they simply tested her without appointment because she wouldn't get it when they explained to her that she must make a reservation.

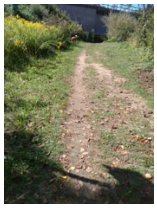
Oh my poor mom. But then ... she has no clue. She doesn't realize this ... not that I can tell.

I found that she doesn't eat her food except for sweets. So we bought fried chicken today and ate together, and she was so hungry. I got her nutrition drinks and a mental elixir again, and she admitted that her leg is hurting. So I'm so glad she'll be in rehab from September 6.

On the highway there ... three times "**911**", and once again "**910 DJ**", so that's me … and two of the worst days of my life. And then already yesterday "250" and today too, "**250 DY**". What does that mean?

While waiting for my mother to return from the hairdressers I took Jacqui to the Drau river shore and did some editing jobs near the village of "Gottestal", "God's Valley" ... and I was stunned shitless when I saw, right there, on the path: ***a clothes pin!***

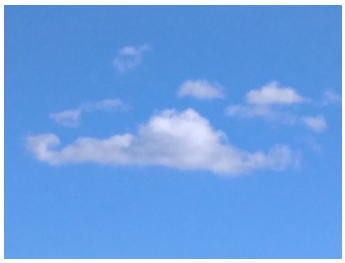
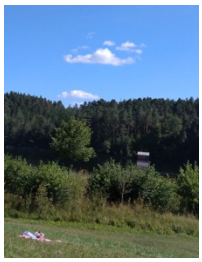
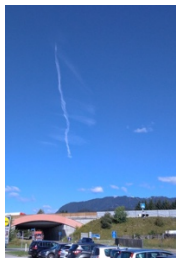
I had seen one, ***in a tunnel, shown to me by Bob – on August 28*** (I called it "laundry pin" then).



And today in the tunnel I was very distracted, only got a glimpse of Bob wearing something like a *children's swimming aid in the shape of a ring with a fowl-neck and -head,* but it had read white feathers. Also: *Something* ***black and white checkered,*** like a ***cloth*** that Bob held or an *apron*.

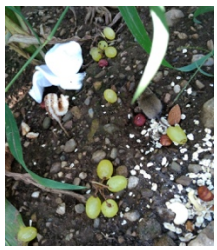
In my hand, I received *"something yellow", like a little box,* but also it seemed to have something like a pour-out ... no idea.

Later, after dropping off my mother, I went to *lake Saissersee* … fun cloud scenario, including "moustache" and "dog". And a very strange straight line at a parking lot earlier.

Oh, and ***Wolf the mouse!***

I took the extra time this morning and went back there to the reverse treehouse field path about to the spot where I had picked up "Wolf the mouse" and put him back there. He looked fine, he was perky, and immediately sniffed at oat flakes and other stuff that I had poured out around him, hoping that this will attract the other mice and his clan will come to pick him up.



In the night, I changed the water in the thermophore twice to keep him warm, and in the morning I found his little enclosure littered with mouse shit. So he had eaten! I saw how unhappy he was in his enclosure, and that's why I decided to get him back into nature. I gave him my blessings and hope that he'll have a wonderful mouse life.

Interesting thing was, that the little critter who did look all but dead, returned to life so intensely! He spent a lot of time cleaning himself and licking his hurt foot, but today he seemed to be totally mobile. If I hadn't touched him on the path yesterday, *I would have thought that he was gone baby gone. But no, he only needed some warmth and care and food ...*

Is that a message I must take away, maybe about my mother?

I'll see what she'll be like after the rehab. I so wish for her that she has a good time.

It was so strange to see her eat her chicken but have such a hard time chewing.

She had eaten none of the lovely Mortadella cold cuts that she loves so much and the fresh rolls she had bought the day before yesterday ... I was quite shocked.

I also was thinking how sad that my father doesn't realize his chance to make up with me, instead he keeps his distance and is all alone in his big garden with two houses, miserable and resentful.

(Later)

Aw! ***Poldi came to say hi!***

I was doing stuff in the apartment, when I heard the typical sound of magpie Poldi's excited voice, a bit demanding, impatient but also alluring.

So I got outside – and there he was: In the tree in front of my apartment, making the most excited and happy noises one could imagine, and he hoped upwards branch for branch and walked all the way out to the edge of the twigs, for me to see him, and he chirped and trumpeted and crowed! And he looked at me. And I stood there, waved at him and said his name, ... ***and with one last big voice effort he took off and flew right towards where I was standing and above my head over the house.*** It felt like a showing off how grown-up he already is, and also

like some good bye of sorts. There was another magpie in the area, one with much longer tail feathers than Poldi's, whose tail is medium long and a bit rugged, as far as I could see.

It was Poldi. It was intense and clear and close and personal. This was the bird talking to me as I was standing outside, listening to him. Brought tears to my eyes. Does again, right now.

I have been putting food out there for him or his pals, but they never come to get it. They find enough out there. It's so sad that I won't be here in winter, I could feed him and make sure he'll survive okay. I'll ask Inge to put something out for the birds. Maybe they find enough in the area with all the compost piles at the farms ...

I will never forget Poldi. This was so sweet and so intensely inter-species … it touched me deeply.

And *the way* ***he flew over me*** *and over the house, right where I was standing* ... as if he was thinking of coming and landing on me like he had before ...

I must make a video of the bits of cellphone-footage of him ... it feels a bit heartbreaking right now to leave ... but then, he has a real magpie's life now. A wild bird's life.

Oh, just now something came to my mind:

I had an insight yesterday about "M. the birdwoman" ... after Bob had shown me "Bud the birdman" who was such a big part of our lives in a tunnel.

Now, *Bud the birdman* was a "friend" of sorts, but he was also a nail in Bob's coffin. Bud was utterly selfish and demanding and an asshole a lot of the time, entirely inconsiderate of Bob's needs and actual characteristics, traits, whatever one wants to call it.

I have been having strange feelings about M. and the stories she has been telling and what she has been saying. And I suddenly realized: ***Bob warned me!*** It was not to say "Aw, look, you also have a birdwoman now like I had a birdman ..." It was more like "*Beware you also have now someone similar to Bud, and you'll remember the energy sucker he was."* I'm supposed to say the right things – to express myself honestly and not hold back like Bob had done with Bud.

I did and do remember. *(Note: Good for me, as it turned out, M. is a very problematic person. And I withdrew just in time.)*

So I told M. what has been bothering me in parts: I told her that I can't handle smoke. And I find it utterly inconsiderate towards especially her friends that she chain-smokes while having a heart condition. I can't stand the slightest hint of cigarette smoke. That's a fact. I won't suffer it for anyone.

While I texted this to her (including a selfie of me and J) during a nice exchange walking through St. Kollmann area ... I had so many other thoughts flooding in right now ...

That I have to learn to say no to people who are ruining their lives and health knowingly, as they will give a hard time to people who care about them. M. has a heart condition, drinks "16 coffees" a day and chain-smokes, is a lot overweight as she told me, and she had three accidents recently falling off rocks in the woods while picking mushrooms because she has a problem with balance and her ears ... (many accidents before, I was to learn later) now, what does that mean? That she'll keep having health problems, and she'll be miserable and die. *But she adopted a puppy a year ago.* "Ally", a Collie, who has way too little exercise with a woman who can barely move! She hurt her leg during the fall, always has troubles with her back … Wtf?

Now I wonder how can she expect a new acquaintance to simply be okay with that? How can chain smokers assume that other people are okay with them chain-smoking?

I will have to tell her my total truth, I feel. I must do that for myself.

I cannot have another person in my life who is not doing well for themselves and I see it and tell it and they don't change, and then I have a Bob situation or a mother situation of sorts ... and that I can't handle anymore.

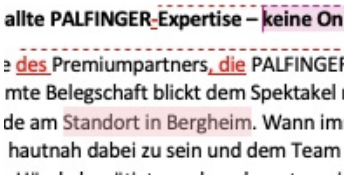
I edited the Astrology Newsletter 36 today ... it's so suiting, more than suiting again. It's about caring about oneself and one's mind and soul so that the body can be strong.
I really really have to put up a stand in the new acquaintance with M. and tell her my truth.

September 2, 2021 **– The Grenades!**
Took a walk with Jacqui in the beaver creek forest instead of driving for a swim in lake Klopeinersee, and it was peaceful ... I felt the strong presence of Bob. And I asked "What about filmmaking?" I have been thinking about how much I know and all my precious projects and scripts ... and I put my hand out for Bob to put something into it, and it was – *a grenade*! At first I said "Oh, a bomb?" Then I said "grenade". Seriously, it was one, and it was there right away.
I also had a strong impression of *Edith*, tall and dressed in red with long dark hair, singing an opera tune, like she would have love to do in real life ... and she "gave" me a "*colorful Easter egg"*, it had some kind of "*Native American Indian" pattern* ...
Then I thought about various people, like *Sigi: silver click-up lighter*; my brother *Peter*: the old fashioned big *black heavy iron key* from my maternal grandparents old house, "Kolonistenheim"; Fe Fischer: a *white big dense feather.*
Then I thought that maybe I'm just relating them to things that appeared in their mortal story ... but the "grenade", that was interesting. Brownish greenish metal with the typical spikes ...
Strange. Then I walked on, and there was first an interesting leaf and then a yuckie *red goo* on the ground ...

***Note**: Oh geez! Just now, as I'm putting pictures into the CD, it's October 26, I came across the photograph from September 1, when Inge had given me such **huge gourds**! And on the photograph in the background is a box of "Schwedenbomben". And the translation for this is "Swedish **bombs**" or – "**grenades**" in a sense!*

You see how time doesn't matter in the unobstructed realm? Bob had "known" that I'd get to the folder with the "***bombs***" picture, *and he had given me "a bomb" in my hand!*

September 3, 2021 **– The Wooden Ladybug**
Wow! ***Bergheim*** just came back to me! Editing a text for Red Bull Flugtag, where the ***"Sky shark"*** is being made for the flying devices competition, in itself an amazing case of synchronicity, I just read that the place, where it's made, is "Bergheim"! *And that's the name I gave myself in my new Email-account for my communications for the experiment as a medium, where I am "Gina Bergheim"*, but I related it to Pukalani, that's situated halfway up Haleakala mountain and was my "home on the mountain", which in German is "Bergheim"!
Wow!
Chickenskin!


allte PALFINGER-Expertise – keine On
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mte Belegschaft blickt dem Spektakel
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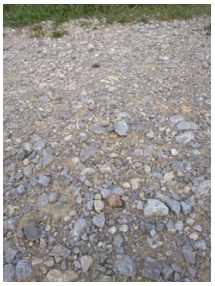
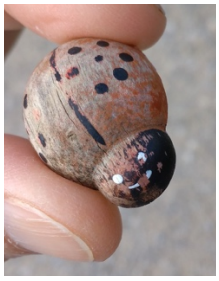
(Later)

Twice "aloha" and once "Hawaii" in just a few hours! “Aloha” on a bag in a store, and “Hawaii” on a person’s T-shirt in front of another store.

What a day!

Drove to Velden to go shopping with my mother ... took Jacqui on a short walk along the creek - and found a ***small wooden worn-out lady-bug***! It reminded me of the "painted Easter egg" that I "received" from Edith in my hand.





Amazing license plate numbers ... and driving behind a truck, I read "BMB", which to was "bomb", and that after I had seen a "grenade" in my hand.

Also, there was "***SU.NY 911***" that I saw when shopping with my mom, and I remember the 11th of the 9th month of three years ago, when I left Bob to never see him again. It felt like some kind of joke seeing that license plate – twice, actually. On the parking of Hofer store and later on the parking of Eurospar, too, like it had followed us around.

While I was at a resting station doing some editing work, my father called, but I didn't pick up.

I visited him after shopping with my mother, and he has a torn-apart ankle ligament! That fucking sucks. I feel so sorry for him. He is very unstable, should walk on crutches, has one crutch. I want to help him. He was kind of glad that I was there. But I can't bear his constant self-pitying and his yapping about how life means nothing and he doesn't care about anything. He even said that should he die, he wouldn't want his dog to live because he thinks Sandy would suffer so much that she would never have a life without him. That was such an incredibly dumb selfish sentiment ... it was very off-putting. He urgently needs care and interest by people. But he had his accident in the garden already one week ago! And he only tells me now. He wants to be pitied. I really don't know what to think of his behavior.

I'm realizing, though, that now that I thought I'd have some peace when my mother will be in rehab from Monday on ... that won't be happening. My father needs me now. Oh man, I'm so tired of it all.

(Plus:)

A lot of "***aloha***" on my path … I'm writing this down two weeks after the fact, and I can't remember all details anymore, but as I went shopping with my mother, at the first store, the DM, Drogerie Markt, there was an article, a bag, I think, with „***aloha!***" printed on it. I was very baffled, but didn't want to take a picture in the store. Then, outside, a car was parked with the license plate number „Su.ny 911". Seriously. No, on „my" 911 it was not sunny. It rained all day and also when I left Bob and house to never see them again. I can't allow myself to think about it right now.

Then, a man came towards us, my mother and me, with „***Aloha Bay Point Break***" written on his t-shirt. How telling. I just miss my Hawaii-time so much.

I've been aware lately, that even though I've not thought about filmmaking much recently and no submission worked out at all, I will have to imua with „Regents of Clouds", „Paradise" and all.

Once I'm in my other apartment and have more time, I will start out newly. I must make the most of my remaining mortal life time, that much I know. „The Bridge" got to advance. I must get people to pay attention to me, one way or the other. And I will.

September 4 **– The Baby Hat, the "Painted Easter Egg Elephant Stone" & the "Checkered Fabric" & the Star Coin**

Oh wow, what a magical manifestation!

Had more of those weird dreams of lately ... can't remember right now.

Last night I **dreamed** of some woman in some kind of house-boat-kind-of-dwelling, but I only observed, I was kind of on the run from someone or something, and I looked at that kind of shaky structure, as if it was on the ocean surface, with a pointed roof, but then, it also had some kind of see-through roof, and underneath was a narrow space with hammocks where two people could sleep ... it was very strange. The whole setting was at the ocean, many in a city, and there was a doomsday feeling, some kind of catastrophe coming ... like a tidal wave. Kind of fit to my feelings later when I found out about my father's injury.

Also, the behavior of my mother kind of made me think that it would be a miracle if she'd ever be aware and clear enough to drive. Right now ... can't see that. She is really suddenly a very old woman, not looking where she walks, not listening sometimes, very forgetful with a hurting leg ...

I also had a weirdly erotic dream last night ... about that real life actor from Vienna, M. F., who I had long strange conversations nearly two years ago ... I remember, on Schlossberg hill, about a production, and his demands and attitude were so off-putting and arrogant, that I wrote him that and told him that I'd never work with someone like him. He was there, very thin, and it was an erotic situation. I introduced him to a female friend, I think, but don't know who that was, and he demonstrated, kind of, his acting skills by putting his flat hand around my neck in the front, like "choking" me, and it was so gentle, it was erotic. The dream was over right then ... but when I woke up, I had a warm and erotic feeling.

I keep thinking the strange thought, too, that I don't want the last man who I had sex with, Eric the French guy, to be the actual last man I'll ever have sex with in this mortal story! It keeps following me around, that thought.

Okay, just flashed back to tonight's **dream** ... a very thin and unappealing man with a hairy chest was there ... the love interest of a female friend of mind. I was in a foreign country, but I think it was London, and there was an event, a concert, I think, but when I got there ... dressed in a very certain baggy dress with large green, gray, white and dark red or brown stripe-like sections, there was no event, and I asked the barkeeper, a pudgy young woman, and she said that ***"Cat",*** the performer/singer, had forgotten the date.

(Note, Dec. 14: It may not have anything to do with this, but just now, as I read "Cat" I flashed back to my conversation with Inge the day before yesterday when I taught her over the phone how to email Whatsapp-chats, and she kept saying "Cat" instead of "chat" …)

I somehow kept roaming that city, that also reminds me now of Jerusalem, the way I experienced it many years ago, with its brown clay narrow alleys ... and I met that young man again, who meanwhile had a baby with that female friend of mine.

For some reason I was suddenly on a slope kind of setting, but it was not snow there, but sand, and I "skied" down there just with me shoes or boots, and that friend of mine tried to catch up, and there was always the situation of the baby that she had with that man ... and it was clear, that the man was really in love with me and I with him, and that she wanted to be free of the baby and of him and would love for him and me to get together. There was an element of me showing off my sand-skiing skills and she admiring them.

And then the young thin tall man and me, maybe dressed in something green, came together in that foreign place, and we cuddled and schmoozed, and it was clear that we'd be together ... and also, somehow, that I'd take care of the baby.

So strange ... that dress that I had to wear for the performance, I was kind of disappointed that nobody else wore an outfit like that ... and I tried to get rid of it again.

It was all kind of dark and mysterious and gloomy ... but it had a very erotic tinge when it came to the relationship of me and that man.

I woke up ... wanting to dream on, but couldn't. My father-mother-situation kind of overwhelmed me waking up. I remember before falling asleep that I had a big time stomach ache, which is unusual for me.

The apartment I might not get before October 1. That's fucking long.

Being at my father's ... looking over to the small bungalow where I grew up ... I imagined my father not being alive anymore and me living there ... well, I don't think I could.

When he began to reminisce about his life with Edith and called my mother names and said that he wasted that time of his life that he was with her ... I felt so much disgust for him. He was such an asshole, I remember well. He was always in full-blown narcissist-psychopath-mode, and my mother and my brother and me just suffered his behavior and attitude, and I know Edith did too. The way he glorifies himself all the time ... is so off-putting, I have a hard time bearing it. But then I look at him, his body is failing and failing, he looks like a hunched down dwarfish very old man ... and yet he said that someone had told him that he is still so good-looking. Well, I didn't expect that kind of sentiment from him. I don't understand how he can think that this kind of behavior towards me does any good. He doesn't think anything, maybe.

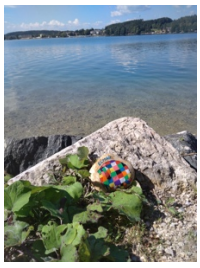
No way that he'd ever EVER ask me about how I am or say something nice to or about me ... it's always him him him. I understand his need ... but still, I must remember that I'm not his "daughter" in his mind, I'm just someone he wants around when he wants, and who is supposed to pity him.

I must really take care of myself.

The Magic Begins ...

I drove, *on a whim*, after doing some shopping, to *lake Klopeinersee* for a glorious swim. It's just so beautiful there.

And just at the beginning of the path – there was a ***painted stone***. But how painted! It was painted in a ***checkered pattern*** – and it looked like a ***painted easter egg***!



And I had "been given" *by Edith that "Easter egg kind of thing with a **geometrical colorful pattern**"* when I had asked Edith to let me know that she hears me! And right around that, *Bob had shown me a **black and white checkered kind of flag or cloth or fabric** in a tunnel!* This was the combination of the two! What are the odds! And then … he had also shown me the ***elephant*** the other day!

Also, I had seen Bob with a "*children's swimming aid in the shape of a ring with a duck-neck and -head",* and that may simply relate to the setting of the find, the lake, where people and ducks swim along that shore all the time! And ...

A little later, driving back to Griffen from Völkermarkt after having taken another peaceful stroll by the cemetery up to the little church, like we mostly do, Jacqui and I, when we are in Völkermarkt ... as I was about to turn onto the main road, *two young women walked by from the left, and one of them had a **black and white** checkered top!* But the same size black and white spots like on the stone and like I had seen in the tunnel!

Wow! And I said out loud ***"And this on top of it!"*** And then I had to smile, because strangely, only the top of the young woman's ***top***, the "bra"-section was black and white checkered, the remainder of her shirt was very colorful, but not checkered!

Wow! I can't even express how impressed I am!

Oh, and it's an ***elephant!*** *Like I received on August 24 from Bob! Who wore a neck-tie!*

Also! Before driving off, I took a walk with Jacqui around the first loop of treehouse field path. And there was a ***pink baby hat***! And I had *dreamed* about a baby!

Also, the *tag read "**Sterntaler**"*, which is the name of a fairy tale figure, it means something like ***"Star Coin"***! And look what I photographed on the last day of August, looking down from Schlossberg mountain taking pictures of the amazing scenery that was home for me for two years: An ***ali'i colored*** (red and yellow) star that looks like a "coin"!

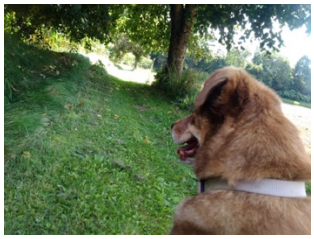
And my father called, crying, all desperate, and he confessed that he has been having troubles with his old hernia that has been coming out. Oh geez. And his back is hurting, and he can barely move. He kept talking about not wanting to live anymore but at the same time about getting surgery but only from an expert ... so I got info for him about Hernia experts.

I'll drive to my mother and to him tomorrow, even though I'll have to drive again very early on Monday to bring my mother to rehab ... to bring her the lovely toilette baggies I got for her today and to get the info about the hernia-experts to my father. Of course he said he'll not let anything be done ... he doesn't car, bla, bla. Well, I'll have to tell him that it's up to him. If he decides on something, I'll help him.

The swim was wonderful. The water so lovely.

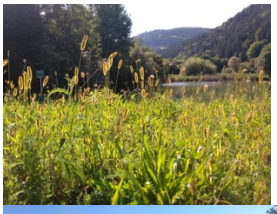
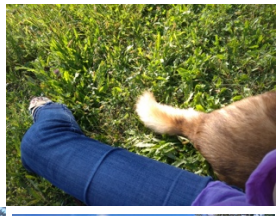
Jacqui was a bit weird, because I was on the phone with my father, stressed out a bit, and when two dangerous white dogs came who gnarled and could barely be held by their owners (which really pissed me off) I was distracted and only dragged him behind the bench I was sitting on. I was sorry about that later, truly.

Jacqui is just such a sweet and patient soul ... I wouldn't exist without him.



September 5, 2021

Just a quiet day … walk to the oasis of quiet, very nice atmosphere with the beautiful seeding grass … and a few *stones on a bench* where I was sitting. I start to get a bit nostalgic … seeing all the paths where I went so often in the past two years … and where J and I went with Marshall. Breaks my heart, thinking that only because of the cruelty of that guy the poor young dog was damned to a life of barely any activity. I wish for his owners to experience being imprisoned in every possible way. In this life. Oh yes. In the full mortal awareness.

September 6, 2021

Brought mom to Waiern hospital for rehab. She was so nervous and scared, and so was I. Really really I hope that she'll be fine up there. She was clear on the way and getting there … still affected from the meds and from her abuse of alcohol the years before, but really aware and normal and talking … just withdrawn to some extent and a bit gloomy.

My father ... a different story. Totally a mess, self-pitying himself, saying now that he won't forgive Edith for leaving him, and that's about as truthful as he'll get. I called to offer my help – hernia and a torn ligament, in need of hearing aid and underwear – and he complains that he has nobody who cares and who helps. I really had to discipline myself ...

But on the way to Velden (I started at 7.30 am!), I saw "***808 EC***", which I read as "ici", which means "here" in French, and "808" is "BOB". Then, on the way to Waiern with my mother, the ultimate "**808 AO**"! And "Ao" in Hawaii is the here and now, the day world as opposing to "Po" the sleep world or beyond! **"Bob in the real day world"** it meant, " Bob for real". (***Note****: I was about to get the meaning, in the following night!*) Then: **"250 IC**". Really? Bob's phone number, and "I see"?

And as I took a late walk with poor Jacqui, who had to bear my bad mood this morning and had to wait in the car so long, to go and feed the kitten, there was "**808 DF**" right around the corner from where I live. "BOB" ... deaf? "Dany Friend?" "Dany Forever"? It's just stunning ... those many "808", and there were two others on the highway, whose endings I can't remember.

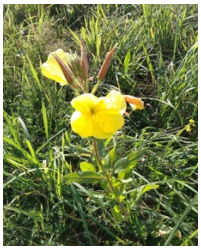
Also, there was a "MU" ...

and very interesting "911" and "910" again.

I feel spoken to.

I was thinking today when I drove around ***lake Ossiacher See***, that in 2016 when I had seen my mother after a long time and she was already so frail and confused, I should have intervened. But because she was as hateful towards me as she had always been, I withdrew, hurt and selfish. And it took so long until I could make myself visit her again ... Bob had died in between.

Saw a strange wooden *structure* on the way … Also, sometime during the day, I encountered the very ***yellow plant*** that kept growing up between the planks of our "lanai" (veranda) … and a strange array of plant containers with hands printed on them.



I really am wondering how much I've been fucking up things because of my free will being ruled by my petty feelings of pain ... but then, same thing with Bob ... how much rejection and abuse or ignorance is a person supposed to handle, even if the abuser isn't doing it on purpose and can't help it in a way?

(Note: Another case of amazing time-bending synchronicity – this is the spot where I pick up editing today, December 18. And just today I happened to come across the images of the hole that the heavy beta-tape made back in 2008 when Bob threw it with full power at my head. The entry of today shows it.)

So here we are.

Bob is ... well, maybe "ici", but I can't see, hear or touch him. And my mother ... oh I wish for her so much to be well again. My uncle had contact with her all those years and knew in what bad shape he was, but he did not intervene! He never even visited her. But on the phone he told me that he was always aware that she must be demented as she only spoke a few words and kept repeating them. And still he left her on her own? For years? And I had thought she was fine because she had written to me that she wanted to live her life her way and for me to stay away. Today I know that she simply kept me from disturbing her addiction.

And my father ... of course he is suffering, but if he wants to die, well ... it's impossible to talk about anything with him. And he takes anything available besides anything I say to be mean to me ... for example he told me how nice the neighbor and the doctor's wife are to him. And I said, yes, once she greeted my nicely over the fence. And he blew up on me how come that she'd greet me and not I her! She, the doctor's wife and older than me, and I'm nobody, so I must greet her. What an asshole my father is. Plus, then woman is in her early forties or late thirties! I'm freakin' 57.

(Note: Today, December 18, as I'm picking up editing this part of the c. d., I realized during the morning walk with Jacqui that there are people born evil or with a dark and hateful nature. My father is likely one of them, or he has had a serious mental condition from youth on, maybe because of the electric shock he suffered when he was an electrician's apprentice. Because looking back,

there were so many cruel things he did, literal torture to my brother and me, psychological torture to my mother and later to Edith, and the way he acts out on me now … he is a bad person. I must not have compassion with him. I have, though, but I must always remember, that my father would never admit to what he did to other people. He is a toxic psychopath narcissist, and that's a fact. I've been thinking about how any person would be even able to do what he did with the tiny kitten Simmy that I had adopted: He took it in the morning with him when he drove to work and he dropped it out of the car on the highway and drove on. And later he'd tell about this and laugh and say "Oh, you should have seen how the little guy looked after me." I'm tearing up right now, imagining that. He did say, I think once, that he saw that a car stopped right behind him to pick up the kitten. I hope it was like that. One day I'll know. Maybe I should write all of this to him? Confront him. Maybe that is my plight? Also about what he did to my brother? About the torture punishment? About Edith?)

I don't know how much of that kind of abusive behavior I can take. Or want to take. I'm close to taking his dog Sandy with me next time. He has to go to a hospital, that's for sure. With a hernia ... on the other side from where he had an operation "in January" he said ... this January? I have to ask him.

And his torn ligament in his foot, he can barely walk. I understand why people don't want to visit him anymore, he is a bitter and arrogant and crazy old man, and he had given shit to Edith for so long and now he is only talking how nice they were with each other. He keeps talking about expensive stuff they did, like plastic surgery on Edith, like remodeling the rooms again and again ... but ***never*** once in my life had he shown any interest in me or done anything for me or given me a gift. Yes, he and Edith made their "castle", their "museum", but they had separate rooms for a long time where they even watched TV separately and never used the living room in years. And when I saw Edith for the last time, in January 2020, she looked horrible, worn out, she had the air and looks of an alcoholic, her skin, her posture, demeanor ... nothing like what she was and probably is now. She looked so very old and worn and entirely lost and in so much pain ... she was dying back then, in a way. Her foot was sore, she was about to got for another operation to the hospital, her stomach was always painful, she could barely move, her hair was thin and her body bloated … She was spending her time away from my father in the bungalow, the house where I had grown up, unable to walk or cook for him, just reading her novels, accompanied by her dog Sandy, who she couldn't walk … pretty much since she had her.

Poor beagle Sandy looks at me so deeply everytime, wanting to be taken on a big walk so badly, but *my father wouldn't allow it.* And he can't go with her anymore, I don't think, he has a humpback of sorts and is very frail. So she is most of the time in the kitchen or in the garden when he is out there, too.

This is no situation for long. I won't have it. I rule now. (Yeah right.)

<u>September 7, 2021</u> **– Touching Bob & "Aloha oe" in the Neighborhood ,"222 BB plus a Lei" & The Lemons**

Intense **dream** of Bob! We watched some *sports event,* I think, maybe looked down on the water or a river, where a video crew was filming something. I was to Bob's right, and he was wearing his blue jeans shirt that he loved so much. And in my dream, I knew that he was dead but that his presence was kind of some farewell, some last action of what he loved to do, filming stuff. So he was encouraged, but I'm not sure how, just there were many people watching, the event and also Bob, and many knew him ... to look down, and when the event (competition?) down there, again, like in a river bed or on a shore, started, he lifted his hand and *did his signature gesture of moving his index finger from "attention"-up to "go"-down and called out "Action"!* And it was loud, and I was surprised by something, maybe the American English accent, but there was something else happening, maybe the crowd made a noise or an engine started, but his "Action!" was kind of drowned out by that other sound. And I was sad about this disruption. Bob also knew that this was a unique moment ... *and he was aware that this was something he used to do when he was alive.* And I almost heard his voice! I heard a little of it, and hadn't that engine noise drowned it out, it would have been perfect.

*(**Note**: In hindsight, it's not really possible for disca to make us, the inca, hear their voice, so of course it couldn't happen, it would have been just my memory, maybe, had I heard it clearly. And it was disturbed by a **frequency** ... and it's all about the difference of frequencies between their realm and ours ...!)*

I put my hand on his back and let it rest there, and this was so special because while dreaming I consciously enjoyed the moment ***knowing*** that *this was unique and that I wasn't supposed to be able to touch him at all.*

Just ***yesterday I had complained so bitterly that I couldn't see, hear or touch him*** ... and this dream felt really like the answer to this. I did touch Bob! I'm sure of it. Not as a wishful thinking manifestation, but as an ***experience with his beta-body!*** I know I *touched him for real,* just in the beyond realm ... after the "**808 AO**" yesterday, which means **"Bob in the real day world"** ... I'm newly aware that he is around.

And then I took the morning walk with Jacqui – and somehow the extension of the dream happened: A ***little boy*** who lives in the neighborhood was *on his little three-wheeler* roaming the driveway where I was just walking by, and as we walked by, he crowed out **"Aloha oe"** in his little-boy-version! *Several times!* It was just baffling. He must have heard it somewhere ... I was dumbstruck, hearing this!

Aloha oe! *Just meters from where I live!* After having touched Bob in my dream. It's a farewell-song, that one, sung by a small boy, who can't possible be aware what he was singing ... and he must have heard it from the adults around him. So in my neighborhood, there are people interested in Hawaii!?

And in my dream ... Bob had been just the way he was in his best days, so handsome, strong ... in a good mood, sweet. And his gesture ... and I was so close to him ... it was so sweet, and right now I just want to cry about having lost him.

Yet, how strange ... It all ... right here, on this earth ... feels so difficult and empty.

So then I started working on an editing job – about the "flying shark" theme, a vehicle that was built for the Red Bull Flying Day by the team of the Palfinger company team, so one of the "sky sharks" Bob and I were always watching is being made, and I'm editing the texts about it all the time! And in this text, one of the ***technicians*** who are building the "flying shark" says that if he could fly, ***he'd fly to Hawaii, which to him is "paradise on Earth".***

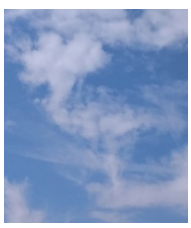
No kidding.

But then ... it's paradise lost for me.

I feel immensely deep sadness today.

(Later)

Realization on Schlossberg: All three wishes were fulfilled in the dream – touching, seeing and hearing Bob! Then, I sat ***under a small tree,*** a scenario that seemed *reflected in the sky right away!*



And then, I felt so close to Bob and asked him to *"put something into my hand"* to prove it ... as I was walking down a steep path. ***Something bright red***, more *in the magenta tone*, appeared, like a dense bunch of ***frills or laces*** ... it was so strange, some bright dark red fabric or tulle or

just delicate material ... and a few minutes later, as we walked back down the hill, I looked to my side: And there it was!

It was a ***heap of bright dark red flowers*** that looked like *what I had received in my hand, frills, laces!* Bob was with me. It was such an immediate answer, such a clear manifestation ... and I had chosen that path out of my gut ...

On the way up, already, I had asked to be given something ... and it was something like a "*three part white foam" or dumpling* kind of stuff ... But the dark red "lacey" fabric ... it was right there. And there is no doubt that this was communication. And it was the answer to my question if my dream was an answer and a manifestation of my longing ... and yes, it was. It wasn't really a dream. It was an *encounter*.

(Later)

Went to *Völkermarkt* to check out to cooking stoves, bought one for a too high price from a nice young couple. No receipt nothing, the stove remains with them until I'll have it picked up and transported to my new apartment. I just trust them.

On the way, then, to take Jacqui for a walk, a car came toward me and passed by me, with a **Hawaiian flower "lei"** in plastic dangling from the front mirror, and the license plate number was "**222 BB**"! Wow! And later, driving, I saw other striking license plate numbers, but can't remember right now ...

I've got a huge headache. (And a whole big lot of editing jobs.)

Then I took J on a walk to a place with view to the **Drau river reservoir** ... and I really had a flashback to my childhood in Kolonistenheim, the wet moldy smell between some trees ... catapulted me right back. I had to think of my maternal grandmother Maria intensely, never thought of getting in contact with her. I realized how lonely she must have been, in the big old house, all alone, until she fell and broke her thigh and ended up in an old people's care facility, very close to where I bought the stove, where she died in 2002. I was already with Bob then. I remember my mother calling to tell me on Maui about my grandmother's death, but she didn't tell Bob on the phone right away, and I said I'd call her back later, I was watching an episode of "Bones" and didn't want to be interrupted ...

I also kept thinking, today, why it is that in younger years one just doesn't have the realizations about the stages of life and the sufferings of others until in older age ... and I thought that maybe because my grandmother had mistreated me so gravely, in one situation particularly, that I then didn't really "get it" how alone she was. My shock about having been rejected in a situation when I desperately came to her for help, in my twenties, and she simply brushed me off and literally sent me away after I drove on my mofa for hours, crying, to be with her … may have affected a lot of my free will decisions lateron. I realized that day that she was not the woman I had thought she was. Or rather that all the negative I had always sensed was actually factual. Later in life she was incredibly mean and cruel to my mother who tried to care for her. Maybe that's what my mother is now reflection over to me. But that's natural, I think. That's probably part of the game. One doesn't become a mature human mortal without having a lot of defining experiences and hopefully learning from them.

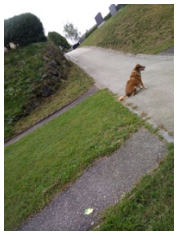
I've learned. I'm learning so much more right now.

So I asked my ***grandmother*** to put something into my hand ... and it was "something round like eggs", but I doubted it and asked again, and it was "*something* ***bright yellow***", like a very *lemon-yellow* kind of muffin.

I thought of my brother ***Peter***, and received *"a piece of Lego"*, white at first, but it turned blue and yellow.

I walked by a strange kind of “fish bag” …

So I walked on ... and on the ***cemetery***, through which I always walk with J, I found a *wrapping paper ... with lemons! ... and three round thingies!* It really reminded me of ***what my grandmother*** *who I had called "Omi Veit"* ***had just put into my hand! Something round and yellow!*** And there it was.



Can it be? I'll need those confirmations to keep coming.

Very strange "poipu" weather, overcast and stuffy ...

September 8, 2021

One of the wildest **dreams** ever ... of Sigi. He and I in the desert, on some kind of research or development project, and it was about visiting some tribe and eating some furry little animals. There were older women in some kind of hut ... and somehow, they were treating me. I was sick or injured. I knew **Sigi** was out there, coming, with his dark leather jacket and that I had to get to that clan and the dinner and would have to eat those long furry animals ... they had weird names like a child would call their pet like "kicki" or "swirly" or something like that.

And then ... I found myself in a room, like a hut, but with painted walls, a bedroom, in a bed, and I was exhausted and perhaps sick. I heard Sigi talk with that woman outside, and then I heard that Sigi came into the room and was about to get into his bed, that was at an angle to mine but connected. I pretended to be still asleep, and I kind of changed perspective and "experienced" my dream now from "me in the bed" whilst before I had observed the scenario from an outside point of view, mostly. So I was lying under the covers, knowing that Sigi was crawling into his bed, and he was babbling something ... including how sweet I was sleeping like that. I couldn't open my eyes, the lids were so heavy ... and he kept talking, and somehow his bed shifted so that he was lying next to me suddenly, awake, on his back. This resembles very much a real life memory. So somehow our bodies, touched, and I ended up being able to look up at him, at his right side, his long dark hair, his handsome features, and I don't know if he knew that I was awake, but he kept talking about the stuff that he had talked about with that woman, but I couldn't understand it.

Our legs began to touch (but that's actually *a real life memory about* ***Bob****)*, and I felt a tinge of erotic arousal, and in my dream I found that weird, but I noticed that Sigi also was inclined to come closer, and there was a very intense closeness and erotic heat to be felt ... and I knew that we were having sex. But I woke up then ... and I thought about some scenarios of Sigi and me having sex in real life ... wow, it's long ago. There was always or mostly an element of my sleeping or pretending to be asleep and Sigi kind of sneaking up on me. He was always very gentle. And I don't know if it was part of the dream or if I remembered it, I had the feeling of my panties being pulled down, and I felt so naked and vulnerable in an exciting way. Then I woke up.

Strange to realize that Sigi is dead, has been since 2016. No way to make up with him to ever talk again to kind of clarify things ... he is in the fucking beyond, like so many people with who I have open business.

There must be a reason for this.

Before that dream, actually, I had a **dream** I think with Bob, and we had to escape from grave danger (people? Men?) through a hotel-like building, and we were running through corridors and along balconies, then we had to jump into some kind of water-pool-room which really was the opening to the ocean ... it can be that we had to escape from Sigi? I'm not sure, it's garbled. And we had to jump – and yet, it was also snow, not water, but then again water, a towering wall of water that came over us, kind of in slow motion, and we had time to look up and say "Oh shit, we didn't consider this, so we must dive into it". And we did dive upwards into this white wall of something ... and nothing grave happened, I think we simply were tumbled around a bit ... but then, somehow, we were again in that building with those many wooden balustrades and balconies, but this time it feels like we were chasing somebody ... it was a feeling of urgency and of having to get out of there and away ...

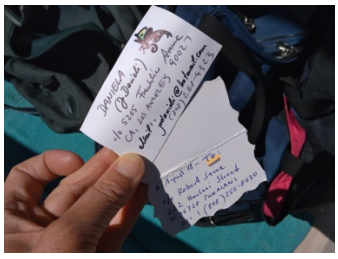
This dream was about ***accomplishing*** *something together* ... but also about a ***shared challenge or danger*** that we had to overcome. I have a Bob-feeling about the man who was there, but maybe it was not only Bob. There was also "*Werner*", a man I was infatuated with, in Velden, he was a student of psychology and a motor-boat driver on the lake, and all women were in love with him.

*(**Note, Dec. 4:** Wow, just a few days ago I met Werner after decades in real life on the street close to where I live now!)* I ended up in bed with him once, and there was not one spark of excitement, it was a disheartening experience. I think I had thought about him last night, half asleep, for some reason I can't fathom, and about that woman he then was with, a real true exceptional beauty, tall, slender with long blond hair, Hanna. Why I thought about them ... no idea. They did break up after a while ... I remembered last night the atmosphere of me swimming in the lake and climbing onto the water-ski rafts, with the music of the pubs around the lake shore and the typical sunshine-feeling of the lake Wörther See, and how I was watching out for the one teal-colored (wow, just realizing the teal that also appeared in Bob's and my life) where I could catch glimpses of Werner. I spent hours wrecking my eyes to see him, and then I often saw Hanna with him, her long blond hair waving, and I was so jealous and love-sick, it was a horrible time. Werner actually once sent me a postcard with a woman holding to pigeons to her chest. And I will never forget what he wrote ... like that my soft breasts make him dream, but my belly stays hard.

He was, after all, not a nice young man, he was very judgmental and full of himself, and he ended up in a leading position at a famous weapon factory in Carinthia, Glock.

So strange that thoughts of him appeared in my dream and awake thoughts, actually.

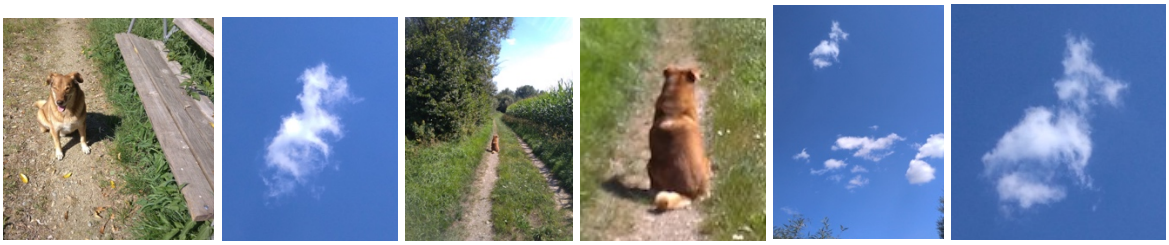
I woke up after the Sigi-dream with the memory of how much I used to love Sigi actually. The feeling of him was so real and clear ... that was my feeling and experience of being with him in the times when I thought that he had loved me too. We were close and kind of "us against the world". But the drugs got the better of him.



(Photo: Sigi with my beloved dog Kimba, about 1995.) I drive by where he used to live so many years with his new partner ... where he was fine and sober and normal and didn't think once of making good of what he had done to me or even asking how I was. Fucker.

During the day I also found old business cards of mine … from back in the day on Maui. I'm surprised that I can even bear looking at them. That life of mine … it's just so strange that it was all so promising, then project "Regents of Clouds", so immensely important, developed, and then it all ended.

Did a ***treehouse field walk*** today … and the clouds gave me a whole lot of material … "artwork" and a
"*dog*" in the sky mimicking my Jacqui … (*no need to say that these pictures are entirely untreated!*) And the cloud <u>was there just when</u> Jacqui was sitting like that, not before and not after! My sorrow about little Marshall's fate is very deep, and my hatred against his coldhearted ignorant owners. If I only could like I want to …



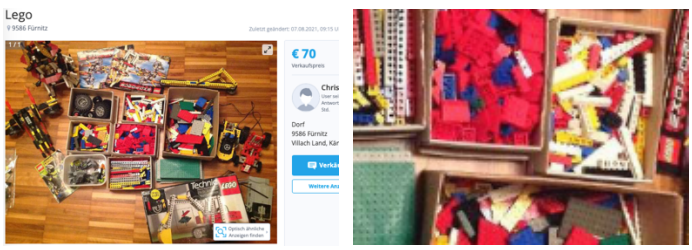
(Seriously! Is that a dog cloud or what?)

And first, there were no clouds at all … then they started to form and play and "speak"!

<u>September 9, 2021</u> **– Lego & the Key**

No, I am NOT thinking about three years ago ... I'm not. I seem to "want" to flash back, but I forbid it myself.

So Lego showed up. LEGO! That I was *"given into my hand" by my* ***brother Peter*** *during my walk two days ago!* And: A ***key*** also showed up, *a big heavy key,* with a ring ... not the black heavy iron key at my grandmother Maria's house, but a single heavy key with a ring nonetheless – a*nd my brother Peter had "given me the key into my hand"* a few more days ago, when I asked him to make his presence known!



Lego this morning – in an ad of a young man who is also selling a beautiful ***rug***, as I was looking for rugs. I only saw that ad, but then I realized that the young man has more stuff for sale and I clicked on his profile, and he is selling an assortment of Lego!

Nobody sells Lego! *And I am in no need for a rug, but I felt urged to google rugs in the area where I'm moving to ... and bingo!* ***LEGO****!* Hey, Pedro Programmo ...

And then the ***key***. I started to clean up my "home" of now and throw out stuff and go through my document folders, and suddenly there was a spare key – to my old apartment in Vienna! I had no idea I had a spare key! It's a heavy key with ... and immediately I know that it's the key from my brother.

Both images that I "received" in my hand in the same day ... *(**Note**: Plus on August 8 I had found a heavy rusty key a while ago, and that one was definitely like the one in my grandmother's house!)*

Peter is around. I can't believe it took me so long to try and connect with him and acknowledge his existence.

I took the printout of ***"The Unobstructed Universe"*** last night and read it on a ***random page*** **.**.. and it was Betty describing how they communicate "there" and how they communicate with us or how our communication attempts come across over there ... just perfect.

When I read her words, some intense peace came over me ... I felt so so so comforted. I really must work on my contact diary. I must finalize putting in the pictures, I just seem not to be able to get to do it ... I barely make it to write down my experiences.

I hope that when I'll be at my new place ... I'll be fast.

My mother is fine. She wouldn't answer my calls or call me, so I called again and asked a caretaker about how she is ... still problems with sleeping because her room colleague snores, but she likes her, and that's the most important. And she is all happy there, my mother says, and that's wonderful. And I must believe it. I would like to visit her, but she keeps saying she wants to settle in first*. (**Note**: I wish now that I'd have visited her from the start, but again, I was so fucking accommodating to her wishes.)*

I haven't been able to get a hold of my father, though, in the last two days, and that worries me. I'll drive up there tomorrow.

So today – Peterle, little Peter, my little brother, ... it's a strange feeling to think of him as "alive" because it's so long ago that he died. *He gave me the "Lego"* ***and the Lego showed up.*** I haven't had anything to do with Lego at all like … ever. Only right after I was "given" a piece of Lego as evidential into my hand, Lego showed up.

The Lego and the Key ... it can't be clearer. I have begun to include Peter in my practice of sharing food or other physical pleasures with him, projecting onto or towards him ... and there is one memory of him, where he stands in front of me in the doorway to the balcony at our old apartment, where we moved, when I was 19 and my brother 17 ... when my father had thrown us out of the house, crazy with jealousy, absolutely not giving a shit about his kids ... and were my brother turned into a desperate angry maniac and my mother into a drunk ... and I met Sigi ... oh wow. My brother smiling, I won't ever forget that, he had a vulnerable expression and always looked like he was wondering if anyone could understand him.

And my brother then moved to Salzburg and then Klagenfurt, or the other way around, and I remember him standing there and talking to me, and it was so over the top intelligent, that I could barely follow, I more followed with my gut ... and Peter had that sweet closed-mouth smile ... that's the image I can muster up to do "Play me", in whatever direction it works, to connect with my brother.

I wish I could do more of that work.

My filmmaker's heart is troubling me ... at times I feel so driven to do something. But nobody to talk about this. It was a miracle to meet Bob. To work and live with him. It all looked so promising after all, and for the first time in so many years, Bob looked forward to working with me. But it was too late.

But whatever project I might do … Bob won't be there to work with me on it. Okay ... yes, he will be, but not in this mortal story. And that makes me so sad right away and like dropping any thought of any kind of production. Plus, I've aged. My eye-sight … my patience … maybe all is lost. But why? Our projects were so clear and so close – and then Bob died. What the fucking fuck? That's all that can be said about this.

Took a walk … and the **big stone** on the path had a **face** today. And just one cloud … like it was pointing somewhere.

September 10, 2021 – **My first Shooting Star & the Hornet warning!**

Three years ago ...

Coming back from Velden, where I brought some stuff from my apartment, stored it at my mother's apartment to have it ready for moving (geez, she'd be furious if she knew) ... I swam in lake Saissersee and lake Wörthersee ...

Finally reached my father at noon by phone – and he gave me such incredible shit, that I think I'm done for good now. This person is nuts. I ask how he is and tell him that I was worried – and he gives me a maniac's rant about all the info about the hernia-treatment I gave him was shit with shit doctors … just like a dog with rabies. I'll have to do something about this. He is clearly mentally unstable. He didn't thank me for caring for him, he was furious because I did what I said I'd do – find out where to turn with the hernia. And the information I gave him is shit and dirt, literally, he said that. And I could kick my ass for not recording it. I really must do something. This is not my "father", but a foulmouthed insane idiot.

On the highway ... very interesting occurrence on the way to Velden:

A car with „***RC 1***" drove right after Griffen ahead of me, „***Robert Curtis 1***", yes, you still are „the one" for me, you are. And of course "R. C." was a theme just recently, when it showed up in "The Closer".

Then, in a tunnel, there was a car with a ***sticker of an island with a beach and palm trees*** that overtook me, and while I was pondering for a second about that strange image, as the sticker was on the other car's door … I saw the sticker on this car's back window: Just two ***eyes***, looking at me! The island and the eyes! Bob's eyes! The island has eyes? I really was struck by that!

I started to ponder about Bob and me and our inter realm relationship, when „***JUU 2***" drove by, which is a play on „you two"!

Inge had given me a bunch of tomatoes and cucumbers and bell peppers … in one of them was a baby bell pepper! And: ***Oranges***! It's a very unusual time to have oranges … anywhere. Bob and I had loved to „do the oranges" in the greatest way ever: Cut them into pieces and suck them! On this day nonetheless! I did suck oranges with Bob today, of course, right away!

Driving back from Velden, I saw "***MU 777 AD***", and it seemed to really have to do with my mother, who I call "Mu" and who is now 77 years old. *(**Note**: Me the biggest idiot on Earth didn't react to this. I took it as positive. But it wasn't, as I was to find out later.)*

In the tunnels ... I saw Bob holding up some kind of *wooden thing with black dots* on it ... like a *flat bat or full wooden long tennis racket* ... and he was swishing or hitting motions.

I wanted to dismiss it, I was so not in a space to "meet" ... but I was kind of drawn to seeing myself entering Bob's office in our beloved housie, and he waved at me to come closer. He was suddenly kind of humping the pole of his tall ventilator fan ... and also he was waving some kind of *brown leather band* that he tied around his own head like a bandana. Then he tied it around my head ... I said *"Am I now a hippie?"*

I have no idea what it means.

Very strangely, as I arrived in Griffen and Inge had texted me that she had put something on the table for me (turned out to be bananas and tomatoes and cucumbers and bell peppers), I walked down the hill, and it was already dark. I looked up for no reason – and just then, a big fat ***shooting star*** *shot from left to right down JUST in front of my very eyes!* I have never seen a meteorite, actually, like that, so "close" and clear.

(online pic)

It was a greeting from Bob, flashed through my mind, for our "anniversary", ***three years since we spent our last day together*** with Bob in his mortal ailing dying body.

Then I got into my apartment and ate tomatoes and prepared to work on some editing ... when I was holding a plate with leftover cucumber and pepper and *opened the balcony door* like I had done many times to through it out to the sheep.

And just then – a ***huge angry hornet attacked***, it must have sat on the glass door, and I flung the plate and myself back into the apartment with a shout and just barely made it to close the door, and the hornet banged at the glass several times ... so heavily and loud, it sounded like someone flinging wood at the glass!

PHEW! *(**Note**: A few days later, the hornet actually got in, and I had to flee across my apartment and do tricks to be able to get the animal out the front door … it scared the shit out of me.)*

(Photo taken another day, hornet outside on glass door)

I picked up the matoes and cleaned up the mess, and then *I realized that the strange **swinging motion** of the **wooden thing with the black dots** may have been something my subconscious got from Bob warning me of the hornets!* Or simply showing me the image to make me later realize again, that "he knows"!

It can be!

Me following him into his edit room ... I remember so closely how it was there, with him, or those many many months without him when I was editing there.

I found myself singing Hawaiian songs in the car.

And arriving in Griffen I said to myself *"This, meaning Hawaii, is still very much part of me."*

It really is. No doubt about it. When my father used his horribly toxic abusive ways against me again, today, I felt truly detached suddenly. I had really worried about him int he last days, and I felt so bad because of his pain ... but no, hearing him today attacking me like that fucking hornet for no reason ... no. He is not normal. I won't have it. I will take measures. And I'm done with "feeling" regarding him. He hates me, he is only bitter because Edith "left" him, he said it many times that he won't forgive her for leaving him ... and the way he behaves towards me, he really is out of his mind.

The *moon* was just a slither today, and it was up together with some sunset red, when I was swimming in the warm lake Wörthersee. Yes, in the dark. It was grand.

<u>September 11, 2021</u>

Woke up, saw Jacqui, it helped a bit. Me, the mortal, felt so much like an encapsulated spirit indeed. Sometimes I hear a kind of a "zinging jolt" in my head, like electricity, but an actual "bang" kind of sound … like some frequency of a guitar string amplified in my head … sounds real, like some brain function? It's only ever once. Then not again for days or even weeks. No idea what that is.

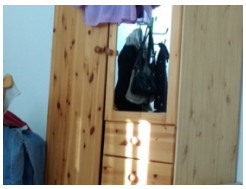
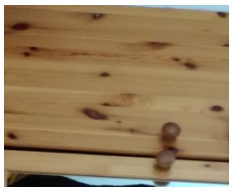
My morning view in Griffen.

Three years since I left Bob and Maui to never return. Is it ironic that just today, that I mustered up the energy to work on screenshots for this Contact Diary, I end up sorting through pictures of the movie „Old" that features a Pacific island beach … with toes in the sand … and a hotel lobby just like „Paradise". I'm flashing back to being with Bob so hard, seeing him and hearing him say that he is looking forward to making „Paradise" together with me. Once we walked by the house ruin at the very East part of Baldwin beach, and he said that it's a perfect location for „Paradise" … must have been 2013 or 2014. And now it's 2021, and I only have that Bob as a memory. I shouldn't say that, because he is alive.

*(**<u>Note</u>**: On December 14, as I'm editing this, I just ended up with "Paradise" tattooed on a singer's wrist!)*

This morning … I looked around, waking up, took pictures … the toys and things I've found in the course of communicating with Bob … Jacqui, so adapted to me that he just sleeps as long as I sleep … and also: Bob had shown me that swinging wooden ***thing with the black dots*** on it … and I had interpreted it as warding off the hornets … but this morning, I saw it: The ***swinging***

door of the wooden armoire right in sight from my bed! With the black dots on it! That's what Bob had meant!

But I also realized, just now, when I held a bit of a monologue, that I have noticed right after our first months of bliss that something was „off" about Bob. Today I know that Bob was showing early signs of some dementia form … and he himself had told me about his grandfather who had that kind of mental problem and one day didn't recognize his wife anymore. He told me that very early in our relationship. But I never allowed myself to „see" Bob that way. He was so smart and funny and capable … but also a bit „off" at times. And he'd often say "The universe is fucking with me." Distress, impatience, violent outbreaks and forgetfulness, messiness and the habit to misplace things all the time and then throw tantrums not finding them … and on the other side, that angelic demeanor, so soft-spoken and patient and quiet that people thought he was an angel … He didn't dare to interrupt people who kept yapping taking up his time, he'd only afterwards be exhausted and utterly distressed … Of course I tried to help and comfort. Later in our relationship I'd often call him to phone calls that didn't exist or insist on something urgent he needed to do to free him from people who kept him outside, standing in the carport, so eager to stop the conversation, but unable to be so "impolite" to tell the other people his mind or simply tell them that he didn't have time right then. He was so tense so often … and I kept thinking that my love and understanding would help. It didn't. The only person he didn't have to fear, he turned against, often. Me.

He had those many many strange mind-capacity-supporting supplements all over the place when I met him, and he kept being a supplements-addict … because he kept trying to heal himself.

He couldn't. I only admitted to myself that something was wrong with him all along when I saw him dying and he looked at me with those scared and still hopeful eyes, presenting his huge tumor to me and saying „What do you think this is?!" *He really didn't know.* He hadn't admitted to himself that this was a tumor, and that cancer cachexia had ravaged his formerly so strong body and only left a skeleton. I believed him when he said that of course he had seen the wart grow and worried about it, but then he seemed to have forgotten about it, and when he saw it again, it was huge and he was a wreck. I realized that Bob had in fact actually forgotten about me for long stretches of our relationship.

Literally forgotten.

I had witnessed him aging fast and becoming more forgetful, because there were those intervals between my visits, so I noticed the changes. His inability to free himself from his time-abusers and people like John fuckhead W. and Tom V. and Bud the Birdman who kept taking and taking and never giving back to him … he was unable to focus, my Bob, on his true wellbeing, in a way.

He was doomed, my Bob, already when I met him and he was unable to say to certain "friends" that he wanted to spend time with me and not come visit them anymore so often. Really unable. He didn't know how to do it, how to stand up for himself. I know this now. He felt so good with me at first, but his mental condition kept worsening and got the better of him … slowly.

But I did have those first months of absolute bliss, of happiness like never before or after in my life. And I know that it was like this for him, too.

He had to turn against me, he just was not strong enough to fight inside of him for our relationship.

And also …

The project „The Bridge“ is real. He had to be the way he was, and I had to be who I was and am now to go through all this love and pain and loneliness and suffering … the both of us. So that now … I can sit here and write THIS.

Oh, and how weird!

I just kept working on the screenshots for this CD, and guess what, I'm dealing with the movie where the main protagonist talks about how she has had *five months of absolute unique happiness*, and that's more than most people get in their lives! Yes! Seriously! *(Note: It's the August 8 entry.)*

Oh wow. Synchronicity. If I only wasn't so far back in working on this CD in terms of putting the many pictures in and finalizing the last two chapters … so that I can send the USB to the organizations who study „Life after Death“ … which is a wrong way of saying it … it's about „Life's continuation after the expiration of the material mortal shell that had to serve and enable the individual mortal story of the soul of this time around“.

(Later)

Oh geez, my young neighbors are at home today … and just now – and I barely ever hear ANY music! … they played the song ***„If I lay here“*** from „*Grey's Anatomy*“, from the scene where „Denny“ died ***(the guy who later was around as a disca a lot and was seen by his inca fiancée)*** … oh that song was so haunting for so long … And I HEARD IT JUST NOW! When I must fight the thoughts that three years ago it was the last day ever I spent with Bob and on Maui, and I was dreading the evening when I would have to leave. It was raining that day, I remember … I had bought pumpkin pie, that Bob loved. And he was sitting up in his bed, eating it, and sat down on the other bed that used to be mine many years ago, with my plate … but then I could not eat one bite. And Bob looked at me so surprised and said in his beloved Pidgin-island style: "Oh, you no like pie?" And I could only shrug my shoulders … it was already dark outside, and I only had one more hour to be with him …

Gets me everytime. Why are mortals "built" the way that we live lives with such painful experiences? If we were created that way by God, God is a perverted fuck.

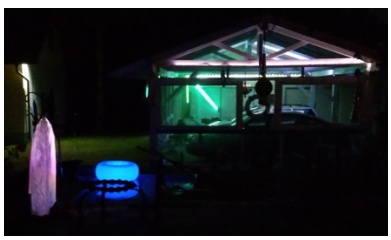
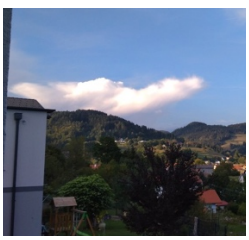
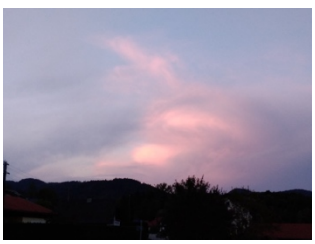
Oh, shit, they keep playing this song loudly now … hard to bear.

Yeah, well … even though there was a ***distinct penis cloud*** where I live this evening.

And before that, during a walk to visit and feed the kittens … I met Inge and her hubby Seppi who told me that they'd organize a car for me to transport the furniture they want to give me from the company where their daughter works … so sweet …. They really care! … there was that enormous ***shark's fin tidal wave cloud formation!*** Never saw one of those before. Not here, not anywhere. And then another one … a bright ball surrounded by some swirling cloud stuff with something like a protruding bird taking off …

Is that a representation of „taking off“ … into another dimension? Or is it me, leaving with the airplane and leaving Bob behind? „You will come back, right?“ He had asked. For the first time ever in our relationship. Of course I would come back, I said. And I totally believed it.

Looked out of my window earlier … talk about a ***penis cloud*** greeting me! And as I went for a walk later – ***a "tidal wave shark's fin cloud"*** and a ***"take off cloud"!***

(Later)

Took a late pic of the *lit **stone** next to its dark bed, with a brightly lit blue donut* today … When I think about it … (***Note**: Only now, putting in this picture, I notice the **car port** next to it … and it was one of Bob's and my favorite things to do to sit on the stoop steps at the car port front door and smoke together one "American Spirit" cigarette! This seems to make a lot of sense right now, that I see **the carport lit just like the stone itself!***)

… what a wondrous working of "forces" to get me to a place to be greeted by this scenario in the first place, when I moved here, a lit stone next to a bed … like my "Stone" became light after leaving his death bed … and how great my own "following my gut" actually works, that I picked this place to live, back in September 2019, … Griffen being an actually quite unlikely place to choose an apartment at. But then, the day I moved in – the orange light all around me and the "House of the Sun" behind me, like behind "housie", the volcano "Haleakala", "house of the sun".

September 12, 2021 **– Anniversary greeting: 911 BY, the Waves & Lilienberg**

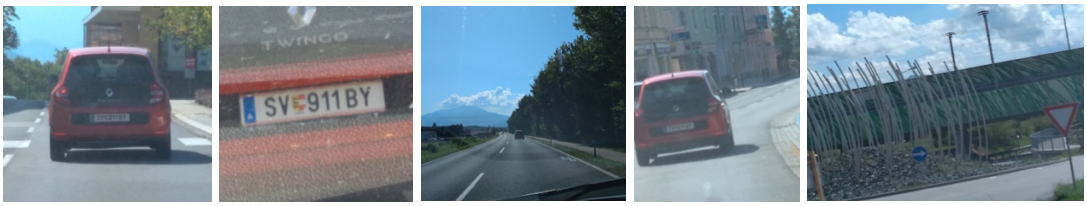
Okay. It's the actual anniversary day of me leaving Maui in 2018, because of the 12 hours time difference. So getting up at about 8.30 am, it was exactly the time when I left in the pouring rain in Pukalani …

Then, along the path Jacqui and I always walk in the morning, I realized, that there are antlers on a house where I always walk by. Was the whole ***antler***-story from a while ago Bob telling me that he sees what I see? Just that I hadn't been consciously aware of the antlers until today.

And when I drove to *lake Klopeinersee*, around 11 am, I had just taken off from Kahului airport and was in the air …

I did talk to myself out loud, it was all so painful. So driving through Völkermarkt and taking the old road, I found myself at a traffic light, and a small red car had just pulled in front of me. The license plate number read: „***SV 911 BY***".

That was baffling. No shit was 9/11 the day of „good bye" to me and Bob. We'd never see each other in the flesh. *The car drove a while in front of me … across the entire long bridge!*



But then, at the new ***artwork*** with the ***long sticks***, that was relevant a few days ago, it took a different turn. It went ahead and turned, and I had to take a previous turn. That seemed so significant and reflective … and I kept saying these things out loud. In the back of that car, but I couldn't photograph it, was also a ***small toy lion***. And just yesterday I had put ***my toy lion*** to a new spot in the process of clearing out my apartment.

The license plate "808 DF" also keeps showing up …

Somewhere along the way I thought about my new apartment and that *I wanted to paint a* ***wave pattern*** *on one of the white walls*, with a pastel kind of color paint, like light blue or light peach or pink. I was surprised about myself, because it would remind me of the *ocean* so painfully … I had woken up with the thought of doing one of the wonderful early morning swims at Baldwin beach with Bob, and then one special swim where we swam all the way out to the reef in low tide, in the crystal clear water, able to touch the ocean ground with our feet way out … it was so clear in my mind. *(I guess I could get the pictures of the place, but I can't make myself looking at them.)* Pulling myself back to my apartment in Griffen at this time really kind of suffocated my spirit …

I had that happiness and those experiences, I did have … blessings. Many people don't have them.

In the morning I went to feed the kittens … and seeing their greedy slurping of the milk … they touched me like Jacqui touches me all the time, deep in my heart, they are the innocent pure companions on our story's path … The purity of animals is our only read remedy that can "work" "from the outside" … and yet, everything is connected.

So I drove towards lake Klopeinersee only to find that the ***road*** that I had intended to take and that I always take ***was closed today!*** Because of a Biathlon event! Wow! Later seeing the athletes on their bikes reminded me so much how Bob and I had been part of the filming crews documenting the Maui marathon several times!

So I swam, and it was glorious. I did *„Play me"* intensely with Bob, and there was one perfect and intense moment when I felt that „he got it", that I reached him, that I had in fact shared my mortal experience of swimming with him. It was an energetic burst of sorts that seemed very clear to have gone "beyond", gone where I had directed it to with that certain *mix of conscious effort and energetic trust force.*

I want Bob to confirm it.

I did a „hold out my hand" once while driving, but I only got a very vague impression of a small gray cardboard box.

Then I wanted to drive the same detour-path back that I had come on, but *that path was closed now,* too! So I had to drive an entirely different path, through ***Tainach***, where I had driven several times last year when the bridge had been closed.

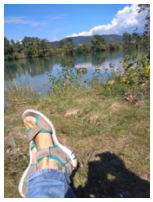
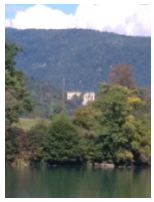
I felt like taking a small walk with Jacqui, so I *spontaneously drove into some* ***parking lot*** *in front of another* ***bridge****, a* ***boat landing place*** that wasn't in use right now, but where nice river Drau shore paths start.

I wanted to take the path to the left, but a man with two Pitbull dogs and a Rottweiler dog was there, and I turned around and went the other way …

I had to smile – because after just a few meters it was ***„the end of the road"***! The title of Bob's Taylor Camp project, „The End of The Road" was the original subtitle! And there was a

long, penis shaped black stone! No other stone! Just that one, with a break off side! *A black penis stone! At the end of the Road!*

Alright, I thought,. And there were boats … I got the chills when I saw a teal „***HONDA***" on one of the engines, Bob's beloved Auto, his Honda in mind, … on that boat was also the number ***47250***", a mix of the age Bob had when he and I met and his phone number's first letters! I thought, well, I won't interpret too much into things … so I sat down on the path and looked at the distance … where a castle ruin was visible. I wondered about the *name of that* ***ruin*** and thought that I'd look it up back home.

Then I walked back towards the car … and suddenly I saw them! ***Waves***! Painted waves! *And I had thought about and imagined how* ***I would paint waves on my wall on the way to lake Klopeinersee!***

What are the odds to find a place with painted waves *when you just thought about painting waves?*

*(**Note**: I kept thinking later where I had seen those waves recently … and while working the pics into this c. d., I came across pictures of my mother's mattress that I had to remove mid August because of mold; and I had photographed them to maybe ask a mattress expert on what to do … or maybe get a new cover, but then I threw the mattresses away, because I don't think mold can get out anyway …)*

And about the castle ruins …

Well, first, on the parking lot, I found the name Rebecca (about who I had thought intensely last night) had given me, „***JODY***" on the car in front of me, and then also „***D&S***" on the car next to me, and of course I read „Dani & Stoneman" …

So I drove on … and found myself taking the usual shortcut in Tainach … and suddenly I found myself ***behind that ruin!*** (I googled later.) It's called "Höhenbergen", "heights mountains", and it's owned today by the Orsini-Rosenberg family.

But right there, was a big poster of some theater event or a play, and it read „***Das Lilienberg***“. I looked it up, and it is the name of a restaurant at Tainach, the very place where I was driving through.

Well, that’s amazing in itself. But also: Just recently for the first and only time in my life, I had been in close contact with „***Lilienberg***“, which means „Mountain of Lilies“: I had bought the ***stove*** for my new home at the nice young couple on “***Lilienberg Street 7“*** in Völkermarkt!

*(**Note**: Wow, that’s something – **Today**, that I’m editing this, December 18, I saw an online newspaper article about Tainach from November, and how their last pub closed and it mentioned the “Lilienberg” that had only opened this year!)*

Kronen Zeitung

NACHRICHTEN BUNDESLÄNDER SPORT ADABEI DIGITAL FREIZEIT MOTOR

Wien Niederösterreich Burgenland Oberösterreich Steiermark Kärnten Salzburg Tirol Vora

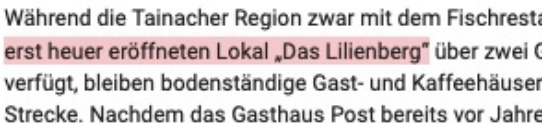
21.11.2021 12:30 | BUNDESLÄNDER » KÄRNTEN

VEREINE OHNE LOKAL

Der letzte Wirt hat das Ortszentrum verlassen

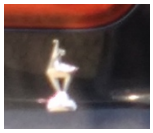
Das Tainacher Gasthaus Platzwirt war nicht nur ein beliebter Treffpunkt, sondern bot auch Zimmer für Arbeiter an.

Der Gasthof Platzwirt galt in Tainach als Zentrum des Dorflebens. Nachdem das urige Lokal, das auch Fremdenzimmer angeboten hat, nun für immer seine Pforten geschlossen hat, gibt es im Ortskern kein einziges Gasthaus mehr. Diese Situation belastet nicht nur Bewohner, sondern vor allem auch viele Vereine. An einer Wiederbelebung wird aber bereits gearbeitet . . .


Während die Tainacher Region zwar mit dem Fischrest
erst heuer eröffneten Lokal „Das Lilienberg“ über zwei
verfügt, bleiben bodenständige Gast- und Kaffeehäuser
Strecke. Nachdem das Gasthaus Post bereits vor Jahre

Wow! So I was told by Bob that he is with me all that time and knows what I’m doing!

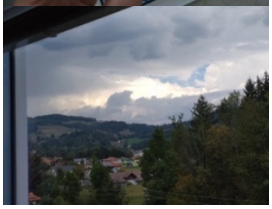
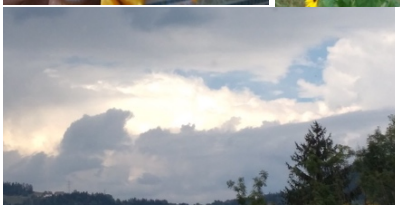
There can’t be any doubt! I had parked facing a car with „***Engelmann***“ written on it, which means „*Angel man*“. There! I just remember Bob using the „Angel“ oil essence that his friend and former lover Cindy had given him once. And his second wife, just before he had met me, had the name Angel. (Funny note: Her last name was „***Honig***“, which means „*honey*“. *And right now I have **honey** on my left foot,* where yesterday a wasp had stung me! It was in the leg of my pants when I put them on. It hurt like hell, and the forefoot and the toes feel like eczema on them … but the honey helped calming it down. Maybe that’s why the Engel/Angel Honig/honey relations as a synchronicity, Bob telling me that he knows that I put honey on me? It is far fetched, to you, maybe, but „we“ are advanced in our communications, aren’t we?



Just now, when I had written about the above, I heard the pitter patter of rain … *a little rain shower* has just occurred. The day when I left Maui … it was raining. It was a black wet hole I had to get out into, leaving Bob behind in our beloved housie. I can't even fathom how I did that … I was holding on to the thought that in Austria I'd get the medicine that would heal him for good. Maybe it killed him, though? Many times I thought that …. That the mistletoe and Helleborus medication were too much for his weakened body, even thought they are meant for people in very desperate states of cancer … I don't know. I do think many times that I had thought that the high quality colloidal silver that a friend had sent him, would be too much for his organs … and we had chosen not to take it. Maybe this was wrong? So many maybes, still … I should know better, right? I really should.

I had received oranges from Inge, and I did the ***"orange sucking"*** that I had done together with Bob so often, after he had shown me that great method to "eat" oranges. A fat ***shark fin cloud*** appeared meanwhile … but look closely, it's mirrored in the blue sky! "As above so below", as in the "ao" so in the "po" … it was very touching to behold.

And the sunflower in front of my window has gone out of its way to multiply it's blossoms …

I just noticed that on the car with the „Engelmann" writing is also a tiny silver figure … looks like a chamois on a rock? Or a person reaching out?

Also … I came across the number "***21***" that I must have picked up somewhere, but I don't know where.

scourges of our time. The malady which these days is called "senile dementia of the Alzheimer type" not only falls into this category but carries the additional vexation that its primary cause has continued to elude scientists since the problem was first brought to medical attention in 1907.

The fundamental pathology of Alzheimer's disease is the progressive degeneration and loss of vast numbers of nerve cells in those portions of the brain's cortex that are associated with the so-called higher functions, such as memory, learning, and judgment. The severity and nature of the patient's dementia at any given time are proportional to the number and location of cells that have been affected. The decrease in nerve-cell population is in itself sufficient to explain the memory loss and other cognitive disabilities, but there is another factor that seems to play a role as well—namely, a marked decrease in acetylcholine, the chemical used by these cells to transmit messages.

These are the basic elements of what is known about Alzheimer's disease, but they are far too few to provide a direct linkage between structural and chemical findings on the one hand and the specific

Looked into "*How We Die*", that great work by Sherwin B. Nuland, because for some reason it comforts me. Opened *at a random page*: "Alzheimer's". I find it just so deliberating to realize that we as self-identifying bodies are, in fact, machines meant to work only for a certain period of time in this obstructed dimension of the universe.

I read a bit of „The Unobstructed Universe" too … this is good for me. It reminded me of the situation with the difference of the quantity and the quality of consciousness … and right now I realize again that I really must continue Betty and Stewart White's work … And I will. With Bob.

<u>September 13, 2021</u>

Received my rental contract … strange feeling, I couldn't make myself pay the deposit yet …

But I've been packing up things …

Must take care of the baby cats, still. And there is a bunch of new ones already!

Also … walking up the hill today, by the house of the nice lady whose husband died about a year ago after long suffering … and there were two cars parked, one with a license plate number ending in „***HI***" like Hawaii, and one with „***EA***", like „independence" or „sovereignty" in Hawaiian. Recently, driving on the highway, I had said out loud the Hawaii motto that's also on the flag: *„Ua mau ke ea o ka aina i ka pono"*: The sovereignty of the land has been reestablished in righteousness."

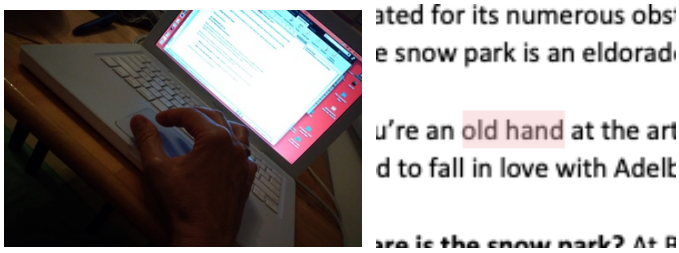
I was in the right place here. I know it.

Now I'm leaving this place and the lit stone next to its bed. It's a sad feeling, kind of.

Last night, Michaela, the bird lady called, and we chatted for three hours. 3! She is interesting … wow, has her body suffered … I can't even share what she has been going through already … and her body still carries her through her story … and she lets herself be vaccinated like a crazy woman against Corona, but she chain-smokes and has a heart problem and drinks a gazillion of cups of coffee a day! This is nuts! I must tell her. She told me that she is very short, which disappoints me in a weird way.

<u>September 14, 2021</u>

Kind of a strange synchronicity … My right hand has been hurting a lot, due to the strain of working the keyboard for months, and I felt the burning sensation in the ligaments again, and as I looked at it, I discovered age spots, so I said *"Wow, you're an **old hand**"* … and just a few moments later when I opened a text for *editing*, there it was: the ***"old hand"!***

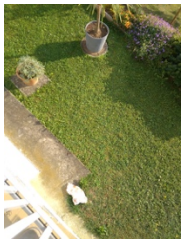


<u>September 15, 2021</u>

Drove to Velden to receive my keys to my *new* (hahaha, right, the building is from 1959!) apartment …

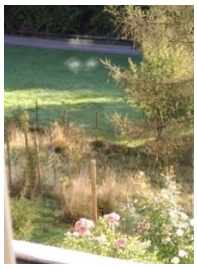
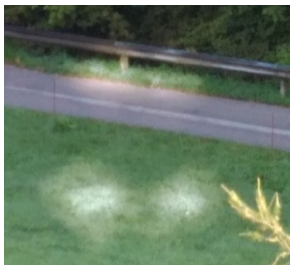
On the highway, not much "inner talk", but sights … like "wings" on a truck … the word "magtrans" on a truck that drove through a tunnel with me … as I was pondering upon my former near-"magical" abilities. And then, during a short walk with Jacqui in the forest near my mother's place, … an interesting view of two kinds of ***moss*** *intermingling* in patches …

Very rare to see a ***butterfly*** … I dropped a towel today, and as I looked down, there was a Tagpfauenauge butterfly (Day Peacock Eye) right next to it, down there! As if it was looking up to me!



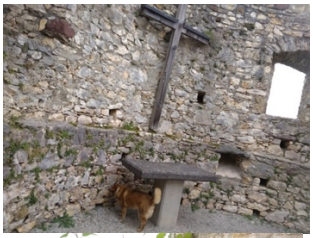
<u>September 16, 2021</u> – **The Mo'o and the Stoneman!**

This morning, I noticed two strange lights in the meadow below my window. Obviously some sunshine coming through the trees, still … eerie, in a way. I had to think of one of the interviewees of Bob's "Taylor Camp" documentary who had shared the story of how lights would come dancing down the paths in camp … he is also dead already, died a few years before Bob. I liked him.

A "***mo'o***" showed up right on my path up to Schlossberg castle … it even looked at me. "Mo'o" and Hawaii are just so closely connected for me … it was touching. I hadn't seen a mo'o here before.

And then, as we walked on … the sweetest little "*dwarf **Stoneman***" showed up! *In the walls of the ruins!* In a small "court" where I rarely enter, but today I felt drawn into it. What a greeting!



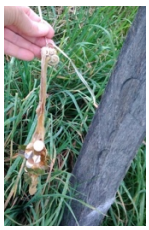
And then: Another ***stone*** – in the little garden along Schlossberg path! A painted one! Hearts like kisses!

*(**Note**: Only on November 7 I realized that this "dwarf Stoneman" is the third part of the **"dwarf trilogy"** that started on August 11 and went through August 24 to this day and to November 7!)*

September 17, 2021 **– Speaking to the Dead & "Pau!"**

I just can't make the time to write this CD regularly right now. The job, the moving … driving … it feels like I don't have time. Everything is in a rush. I'm consciously trying to not be …

I bought a wonderful *table* from a wonderful lady, yesterday, Hildegard. I drove with Jacqui all the way up the mountainous area behind Rakounig, to Greutschach, where I always wanted to go but didn't have the excuse … wow, those views. Also … I noticed *something shiny* next to a mailbox in the middle of nowhere … strange kind of decoration it was …



Wow … living there would only be possible with a nice family or a partner. But Hildegard lives beyond the fog barrier … her 3 daughters are in the US, in Switzerland and in Italy. She is alone … Interesting woman, taller than me, 61, youthful, gray hair, very smart. We liked each other. Funny enough, in the shed, where the table was, there was a big **rabbit** painting on the wall, next to Garfield.

But today, being proud that I managed to carry the heavy table up to my „new" apartment, I then dropped it so dumbly that I really hurt my shinbone and ankle. Fuck!

Talk about „new" … the apartment was completely dirty, not just from building … from the previous renter, too. It's really unbelievable that this is the condition it's given to people …

The woman who I met the day before yesterday, September 15, who gave me the keys … was just incredibly aloof and rude and impolite … I don't even want to get into this.

I only know that I won't live in that place long. I'll find something suiting, but for now it's fine as I'll be close to my mother and my father.

I think I got a lovely greeting from Bob driving back yesterday, a license plate number: "**BS EA 1**".

Seriously. Bob's Initials and the Hawaiian motto „***Ea***", which means sovereignty or ***independence***.

Also … I realized why I found that ***wooden bug*** that once was painted red – a "*ladybug*" – on the path the other day: There are ***two such bugs*** in my apartment! As stickers! (***Note**: And in October those bugs would show up for real, all over the place in my apartment!*)

I also realized that my new pillow has a *butterfly* imprint on it … the symbol of "transformation" … while sleeping? Reminds me of the rare butterfly that showed up below my window two days ago.

Also, today, I saw a **round stone with a circular pattern**, like a "target" on the way to where I'm about to live … that definitely made me feel kind of in the right place again. (***Note****: There are actually three close to each other, as I was about to find out.*)

A social worker called me about my mother … sounds like she is having certain dementia bouts, and she refuses to go outside … I have no idea what will happen when she'll be back. (***Note****: Oh such much shit I was about to learn what went down at that facility after my mother came back … but in a way, it's coming together for the best, I'm writing this on October 26, and my mother is in better shape mentally and emotionally than in the last 15 years, I dare to say.)*

The other day, I think it was September 14, I suddenly felt a connection to my paternal grandfather, *Franz*. I said to myself how strange that I never tried to connect with him. And as I recalled his face and his ways, *I realized that on my left hand I had* ***pulled in the pinkie and the ring finger*** *so that they touched my palm* – that's what my grandfather Franz had always done! I hadn't thought about that in ages, and I have never done that before! Well, of course it can be just my subconscious, it can also be some influence by my actual grandfather.

Funny enough, on the day of receiving the key to my apartment, September 15, a young woman came driving, with a black dog named Balu, who also live in the house like I do, just above me, and her name is „*Franzi*", she said. Probably Franziska! Just when I had had such an intense connection to my grandfather.

Another license plate number caught my eye driving back from „receiving" my apartment: „**22 XX**". I read it at „***222***", our beloved address, but instead of the last „2" there were two hugs, as „X" stands for „embrace", "hugs"..

I have been having very strong feelings about „*The Bridge*" recently.

And today, just earlier, I was to have dinner, having come back from Velden so late … but I always like to read or watch something on the computer. My fucking still-landlady and her hubby live somewhere else while their bathroom is remodeled – talk about lying about needing my apartment! – so I can't watch movies. So I *read movie reviews* all the time … and I went online, and on „Roger Ebert" the first thing I saw was **„The Mad Women's Ball"** … and it's about a woman who is thought to be crazy because *she talks and listens to … the dead!*

Wow. That's direct.

The Mad Women's Ball

Eugénie's problem is not that she's "mad." It's that she really does speak to the dead, and she refuses to recant, even under extreme pressure. How she ends up using the gift that got her into so much trouble is one of the joys of this often upsetting film. It's not what you would expect, and it involves Geneviève. In so many ways, women's "whisper networks" are

Inge had today again left way too much food for me on her table, which she does because her daughter working in a store always brings expired goods that are still fine. Oh wow … I will miss that. Also, the ***blue ice akku*** that I „saw" in a tunnel … appeared today, in a small backpack, where Inge had put ***frozen dumplings***! Oh, I've received "dumplings", by my grandmother, for example … and now even in combination with the ominous "kool aid" … the blue thing that I had seen in a tunnel a while ago!

And Inge had put everything in a backpack … and that reminded me of the little shock I had had the other day, when I came home in the dark and found a blue ***backpack*** in the hallway, exactly like Bob's backpack had been! It must belong to the worker who does the bathroom? It was still there in the morning … wow, it was such a flashback.

Also, I have now a strangely ambiguous feeling about bird lady M., who seems so self-centered and not very attentive after all. I do begin to notice *the Bud the Birdman vibe that Bob* ***warned*** *me of.* I don't really think we can or should be friends, she and I. There is something off about her way of communicating, and my feeling says "stay away". Her being a chain smoker but Corona vaccinated and multi-coffee-drinker with a gazillion of health problems … sounds repugnant to me. The other day she said she might move to Velden when I'm here … we have never even met face to face. I told her that I get panic attacks from smelling smoke, but the way she responded, she really didn't *get* what I meant. Also I offered that she could watch my film online, she didn't even respond.

No, I don't feel like communicating more. The thing with my shinbone today also was a warning … I must be more self ware and in the moment. Because when it happened, when I dropped the immensely heavy table that I picked up from Hildegard, I was kind of having frustrated thoughts about somebody … I wasn't entirely with me and my dog and the table. So it slipped my hand in a way or glid across the carpet little way and scraped along my left leg in the process. Yuck. *(Note: Three months later, the injury is still a long dark stripe along my left shin.)*

I think Jacqui feels quite okay in the apartment. He was so patient today, sweet boy. Also had to sit next to me, strapped in the safety bets, on the drive up there, as my car was packed full.

On Monday Inge and her husband Seppi will help me transport their leftover furniture to my apartment, I'll rent a truck at the furniture store XXXLutz where their daughter works. Then, in theory, I could just leave here and never return … the problem is only, the tiny cats that I said I would take … but the animal care organization has no capacities now! Shit.

Well, I'll have to figure something out.

When I drove away from cleaning my apartment towards my mothers apartment, the most interesting license plate came towards me: „**PAU** …" Yes, "pau"! *It means "****finished****" and "****done****" in Hawaiian!* No shit, the time in Griffen is pretty much finished. My "job" here – done?

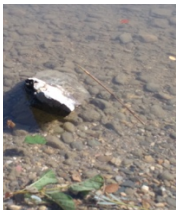
Later, driving off the highway in Griffen, I looked at the kilometer counter, and it had just jumped to „***700***". And at that moment I looked to the right, and there was a car with the license plate number „***700 AJ***". What a coincidence!

September 18, 2021 **– Ladybugs on a Van & 222 BU & the Elephant**

Swam in lake Klopeiner See – back on the parking lot: A van with the same **bugs** again! I felt so spoken to!

Then I thought I had seen a license plate number „*222 BU*“, but it was not, it was „277 BU“. So on the way back to Griffen I took a detour directly after the big bridge and went to the **harbor** of Völkermarkt. There were the terms “*Avalon*” – one of my favorite themes before my Hawaii time – and “*Balu*”, the dog that we met the first day in this new place that lives in the floor above us.

And: I had an amazing encounter with a ***stick****, that was at first stuck on a rock, but then slowly slowly drifted off that rock.* To my surprise, it did not just drift away. It make ***a full 180 degree turn***, then floated stream-upwards and around the rock … and kept floating stream-up, while all the other stuff floated with the current down. So interesting.



Then walking back to the car, I was baffled to see that I had parked right next to a car with the license plate number „**222 BU**“! Seriously! There it was now!

Before all that, I had the urge to see “**the end of the road**” one more time, at the treehouse field.

I almost forgot: On the way back from the lake I saw something lying *next to the street.* Bob had always gotten a kick out of the fact that I would always find small toys on the street. At first I drove by, but then stopped, walked back … and it was **the sweetest little elephant guy!**

*(**Note:** It took me a day to realize why it had to be an elephant: On September 4 I had found the **checkered** stone elephant, right after Bob had shown me the **checkered** cloth in the tunnel and before that – the **elephant**!)*

I asked Bob to put something into my hand, three times, but it was unclear, first a potato (that was clear, actually), then like some *yellow dough-like thing* with a narrow part in the middle, and then some small cardboard box.

I had very much the feeling of being at Ma'alaea harbor on Maui being at that harbor … funny that there was a boat named „Avalon" … because way before Hawaii and Bob and everything, Avalon was my main theme in life. In so many ways.

Talked to my mother … she sounded hyped and fine, and lied right into my face, so to speak, telling me that there are no walking or hiking groups at all, that stuff isn't offered at the rehab center, also no group-meetings … when the social worker had told me on the phone that my mother absolutely refuses to go outside or to groups, and that it takes place every day. I felt kind of numb but also very upset about it. She also said she had no idea when she'll get out. But the social worker had already told me on October 1, and I'm sure my mother knows. I must talk to that social worker on Monday first thing.

… and wow, the *cloud mass* that I observed today, driving …

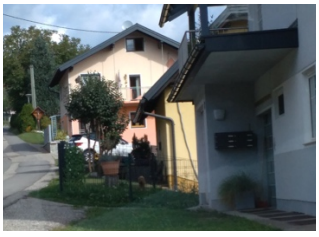
<u>September 19, 2021, Sunday</u>

Probably my last Sunday here. I took a walk with Jacqui, wanted to go to the pond at the "oasis of quiet", but people were there, and a caterpillar made noise and dust on the path below (the person) Poldi's house, so I went straight back from the place next to Poldi's house. Interestingly, I saw him step outside and look over to the caterpillar below his home. I had always wanted to befriend him ever since we met when I still walked little Marshall. I know he saw me walk by several times, and he only needed to come out and say hi. But he didn't. Mourning his wife, being reclusive, in his 80s … like my father. He was very straight and tall from afar. It was interesting to see him today … also the peacock that I always wanted to photograph showed up, and even the two geese came to see us off, as it seemed … and on the way there big dog Bobby, too … he whined and so did Jacqui, as if they knew they wouldn't meet again … maybe once? I don't know.

I saw on of the *peacocks* from close, finally, had wished for that since I saw them for the first time two years ago.

Broke my heart to see Marshall again alone, yesterday his owners were gone all day, today, too … nobody walks him. The idiot landlady came for a brief visit and I heard her say

„Hello Marshall“, causing the poor dog to hope that she'd come and walk him, but she simply took off. So I threw little treats over to the meadow to get Marshall something to do and not feel so alone.



I hate these people so much for what they do to the dog … I can't possibly express what I wish for them. Not even the nougat noodles that I got from Inge can comfort me. My heart just hurts when I see that little dog. I feel so helpless and desperate about him.

September 21, 2021 **– Cloud Greeting?**

Wow! What a strange ***cloud*** right with the sunset at my new place! Is that a "thumbs up" or … a "penis" or tree or what? Also, there was a big step change on my tachometer, but I missed it, like often.

September 22, 2021 **– The movie making hint & the self-dialing phone**

Brought four little cats to a caretaking place in Klagenfurt … it was heartbreaking for me to trick them into trusting me and then putting them into the boxes … but it's for the best.

I saw the mother cat, worn out – also trusting me. The farmer, owner of the place, which is a egg farm with the chickens being invisible somewhere, have never even seen a feather or heard a cackling, maybe they are in a kind of basement? … well he told me that there are five new born kittens now! And that the mother cat can't be castrated because he can't be caught. Well, right then I was feeding her by hand!

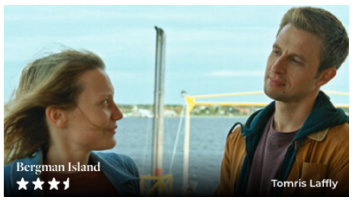
I will always think of little Momi of last year and hope that she is fine and lives a good life. And I hope the best for the kittens I named „Inga, Josie, Nicki and Eddie“.

Took later a walk with Jacqui, and a very strange cloud appeared, began to look like a shark, while another cloud over the castle looked like a dolphin. Kind of said good-bye to the ***two-part stone*** I've been admiring for a while in Griffen … it keeps reminding me of the good-luck two-part fish-hook-pendant that I once gave Bob, and that broke apart soon after.

(Bob's pendant consisted of two materials)

Then I went for a beef broth soup dinner and decided to read some movie reviews meanwhile … and I was attracted to „***Bergman Island***“ about two filmmakers on an island, one accomplished, one aspiring … oh shit, like Bob and me so long ago … around 2002 and 2003.

Also, during the walk we passed by two intriguing license plate numbers: „***48 HD***“ and „***ROBI 1***“. So „48“ is the frequency for sound in movies, it's 48k Hertz. And „HD“ obviously is the film format of today, even outdated already. And that I saw just an hour before seeing „Bergman Island“ about the two filmmakers … and altogether in a phase I really am thinking a lot whether or not I'll manifest the films Bob and I planned to make. Years go by. Years.



“Bergman Island” is the writer/director's latest excursion full of surprising rewards. It finds Hansen-Løve in a characteristically reflective place, through the story of two filmmakers—one prominent, one less experienced but perceptibly promising—spending a lavish amount of time on the Fårö Island of the Baltic Sea, where Ingmar Bergman once lived, loved and made movies. Even though the good-humored proprietor giving the guest couple a walkthrough of their

I forbid myself to be nostalgic about this time of year in terms of Bob's dying. Many times I kind of look up and realize that Bob is no more, and I can't believe it. Maybe that's the paradox in itself … because it just may mean that he simply is very close in reality, I only can't see him.

I've been ever again reading a few lines in „*The Unobstructed Universe*“, and it changes my whole thinking right away. I know I must read those books again, I must work on my books and my films …

My mother will be out of rehab in only a little while … I don't even know the condition of my father since he brushed me off so rudely again …

Tomorrow I'll travel to Velden again to get the electricity in my apartment fixed … yes, I really am the renter, officially. Will have to pay rent soon. And much more electricity than here. Will inquire.

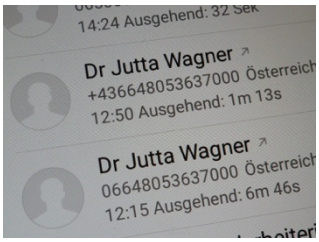
I've been having the wildest weirdest dreams, so strange, that the feeling of them keeps lingering inside me, but too weird to recall. Also, my right arm is hurting so much during the night, that I wake up from it. It's very strange to experience the signs of aging happening on their own, like it or not. However, when Inge, her husband Seppi and I were transporting and schlepping furniture the day before yesterday, I felt very youthful and supple.

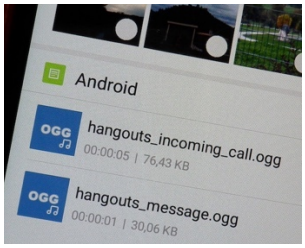
Plus … something really odd happened today.

Driving to Klagenfurt with the cats I was thinking about what to do about poor Marshall … the only dog I know that nobody ever walks. Again, he spent hours lying in view of my window, looking over, waiting for me to throw something over to him that he could then run and sniff out. It's heartbreaking. So I thought that I would really make an official report to the animal care curator, *Dr. Wagner* … for her to hand it on to the responsible district veterinarian …

Then I went to a store to buy lamps hoping that the electrician would install them for me tomorrow …

Back home, *Dr. Wagner called me and said that I had called her and that she was calling back.* Well – I didn't even call anyone in that time, let alone Dr. Wagner. I checked – and my phone showed that ***my phone had really called Dr. Wagner***, but there was a listing of six minutes and several seconds that the connection had been on! And then it hung up, too! It was not some kind of message of sign that nobody could be reached, it was ***a normal phone call. That I <u>never</u> made.*** I mean – six minutes! How does a phone even ring for six minutes if nobody picks up? And she didn't pick up, obviously, because why would she call me later to ask me if I had called?





But my phone was in my bag the entire time. First I was with the farmer and the cats, then I was driving, then I was talking with the animal caretaking and then driving home and going to the lamp store. I did not call anyone! And yet the call is listed on my phone!

The interesting thing is that ***I was thinking of her***, yes – and that I ***should*** contact her! So did my phone react and call because I was … *thinking*?

It kind of fits to the Mercury retrograde text I edited yesterday about the wondrous weeks ahead of us with six planets retrograde … how everything will turn inside, and we'll be able to communicate with our own inside nature and with the invisibles much better than usually … but that we also must take everything easy and slowly …

How strange.

Just now, when I took a photo of *the strange call I did not do* … I noticed that my phone gives me messages with strange abbreviations, namely „***OGG***". And that's the short id for ***„Kahului Airport" on Maui.*** I have been seeing a car in Velden very often with „OGG" on its license plate number.

And the ***cloud body*** during my evening walk with Jacqui … just … stunning. This huge big slob … like saying that "there is big stuff in heaven" ... Eerie ***sun spot*** while cleaning out the apartment …

<u>September 23, 2021</u> **– Never alone!**

Today three years ago, maybe to the day, Bob went to the hospital and pretty much fucked up everything.

Today, the social worker from the hospital where my mother is for rehab called me and told me that my mother needs someone with the power of attorney, a caretaker, meaning that she can't be trusted with her own affairs anymore. <u>They decided</u> and were going to send off the application to the caretaking court. When I asked if they had told my mother they would do it, they said no, why tell her, she is so uncooperative. They never talked to me or to her – they just DECIDED that my mother can't take care of her affairs anymore! Why? *(**<u>Note</u>**: I did find out later, and if this was a vigilante movie … I swear … I'd know what to do.)*

Now, that was a shock. My mother will be in shock … but then … what option is there if she ends up being in very bad mental shape some day, and I wouldn't have a say? But she has no clue, they told me she refuses to accept any reasoning, and her behavior shows big signs of dementia … wow. This is a woman who was an isolated drinker for years – and they are surprised that her mind is not working properly? WHAT THE FUCK?

I had to take a breather. Got the call I asked for from her clinical psychiatrist, some foreigner, maybe Czech, very nice and friendly, but full-on psych-professional, talking about my mother about „they" and „them", meaning the people who are mentally pretty much „gone". When I talk

to my mother, she seems a little off, but she is so clear and nice and thinks she is doing so well. But she refuses to go out, I think and other things. The psychiatrist actually really said things about my mother that should be reported, but I did not record the call, idiot me.

I'll have a talk with the social worker and the psychologist on Monday and will visit my mother …

Stuff coming our way.

I only want my mom to feel good, that's all.

Went to my apartment, met a friendly carpenter and a nice electrician, very helpful.

I had to drive back earlier than I wanted because I discovered that my car has a blind eye again.

So on the highway, I felt the weight of what's coming, and thought about Bob … and right then, a car drove by, with a writing all across it's back: „***YOU NEVER RIDE ALONE".***

Wow, I thought, that's cool. And I looked into the rear mirror - and the license plate number of the car right behind me that just got ready to follow the one with the writing, was: „***808 UU***".

It was like „Bob" waving and saying ***„Yoohoo!"***

I understood, he was with me in the car.

On the way to Velden, I had a very intense feeling of Edith's presence – but WITH BOB! And I had a very strong emotional flash and asked Bob and Edith if they were kind of hooking up in the beyond! I would be so happy if they were! I told them that! I'm sure they make a wonderful couple. I will find out one day … but I almost broke out in tears of joy (!) at the thought, so I think there is something to it!

There were also other interesting license plate numbers on the way to Velden: Right away on the highway „***910 LG***" …

<u>September 24, 2021</u> **– Bob, the bird & 9 BOB and DANI 1 = MEA 910, the Lady Bug Stone**

Cleared out pretty much my entire Griffen apartment, except for stuff that I washed and that's still drying and some food in the fridge, and got ready to drive to Velden.

Landlady A. appeared on crutches, I guess she had her spine surgery. Finally Marshall was allowed into her garden again, under my window, because A. and her daughter, M. and little Isabel and Jakob were there too, and all were eating.

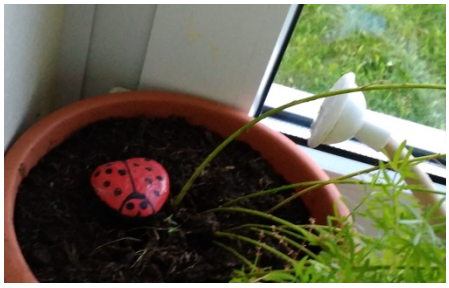
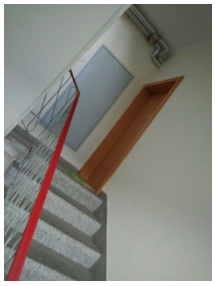
Just as I was about to drive off, fuckhead J. appeared ... and the glance he gave me, caused my hatred against him to flare up so strongly, that I now just know that there will be reason to punish this fucker for how he mistreats his dog (days and days on end alone, only me and Jacqui as the only creatures to do anything with him) ... and how he behaved towards me.

There are reasons for the Old Testament ideas of "eye for an eye", the bad, evil, thoughtless people must get the opportunity to realize their problem before they end up in the beyond. I'm entirely against death penalty, as death is not a punishment.

So I really had to discipline myself on the highway ... No way to do a tunnel meeting, I was too upset.

Arrived at the apartment at past 5 pm, almost got dark ...

And the bird was there, again! I thought it may have been just there by chance on the very first day, a ***brown pigeon*** sat on the railing of my apartment's tiny balcony! Then, the other day, I saw the same bird again – right between the branches of the tree! And: A ***lady bug stone*** in a plant pot! Right at the window in the corridor next to my apartment door! What a greeting!

This morning, after a night with just headache and tossing and turning in the new bed on the way too hard mattress, I looked outside – and there it was: *The brown pigeon in the branches of the tree right in front of my window, looking directly at me!* A lone bird? No other pigeons anywhere! Wow, that is strange, that I move here and a bird greets me, I thought. I went to open the kitchen window – and the cackling of a *magpie*, just like Poldi had done, greeted me! That was so special!

I took Jacqui for his first toilet walk ... and seeing that people just had dumped a whole broken sofa next to the garbage, made me suddenly relax. It's a typical settlement with some people being really careless shitheads. (*Note: I'd learn how right I was with my first impression, but at least, everyone minds their own business.)*

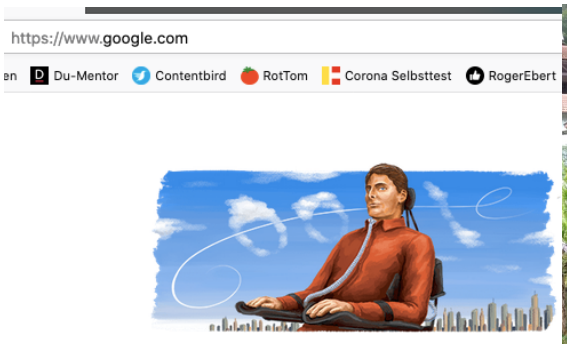
Then I decided to go buy breakfast, and drove to the 5 minutes away Eurospar.

As I came out of the store – I was baffled shitless! A German car parked right next to mine, with the license plate number "**M EISE 808**"! And "Meise" is a common local ***bird***, and "808" is of course Hawaii or "BOB"!

So did Bob just tell me that the bird, it's not a "Meise", but geez, if it would have read "pigeon 808" that would have been crazy, it's a bird nonetheless, and maybe it's a kind of "Meise"? ... that he is represented by that bird!

Right now, writing this, I had a very strong emotional flash, missing Bob so much, this feeling of disbelief, that he is gone and my life is like it is ... then I felt compelled to look back at the empty sofa right behind me ... is he there, stretched out?

Even "Google" has an interesting image today, with Stephen Hawking and ***clouds*** writing a message behind him ... There is a "water chapel" just up the road from where I live now.



(Later)

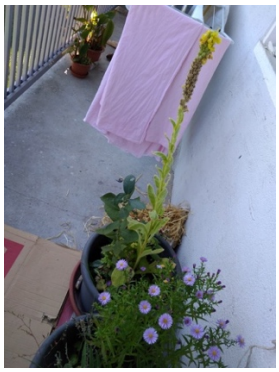
Drove to Villach to buy apartment stuff ... and on the way back, on of the many "911" passed by me. I said out loud, "Yes, 911, the shit day on so many levels", and just then, a white minivan passed by me with "**9 BOB**". Not "808" but literally "BOB" with the number 9 before that. Wow. *I was baffled speechless.* And just a few moments later, another car came in the direction towards me, and its license plate number read "**DANI 1**".

Now, that's something. It's Bob and me and the 9 and the 1 from "910", Bob's license plate number, which was "MEA 910". And even more stunning: Earlier today while doing stuff in my apartment, *I talked out loud how "MEA 910"*, Hawaiian for "the matter" or even "the important matter" "910" was the first thing I was fascinated by when I met, and there was always a heart-rate increasing aspect of looking at "MEA 910". "It was always a foreboding, wasn't it?" I had asked.

And just a fest hours later the answer: **9 BOB** and **DANI 1***, yes, it was a foreboding.*

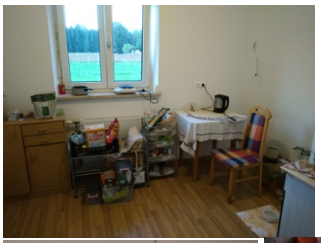
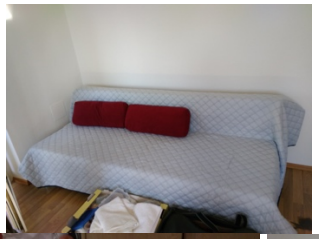
This morning, I photographed the ***"stone out of his bed"*** one more time, in broad daylight. I will never forget my surprise when I saw the "lit stone next to the bed" first in fall 2019. Last time I had seen my "Stone" was when he was in his bed, so desperately sick but full of optimism. (Actually, he died on the floor next to the bed.) And then … a bed, a stone, another stone in chains …. Wow. To "find" this place was a "miracle" in itself. Now this phase is over.

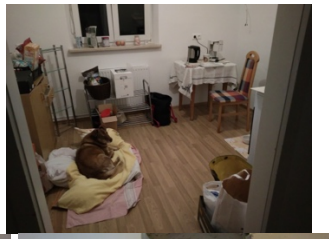
The rabbit ear plant is showing off … well, itself, its seeds … so lovely. I will leave it there, have no space for the big plant pots.

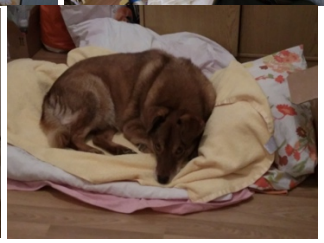
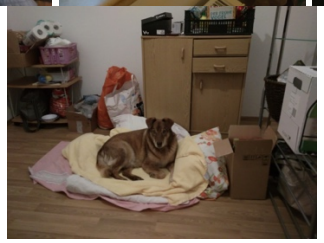
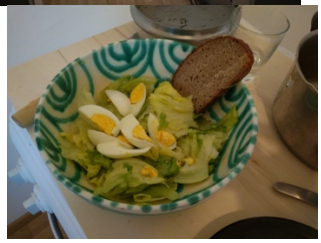


I miss Bob so much and being with him. I must force myself to focus on the here and now in order to be able to deal with my mother's case. I'm kind of afraid of what it will be like when she is back home. Will she be as bad as they said at the hospital? I kind of doubt it. It really is still a lingering shock having to deal with the fact that total strangers decided to declare my mother as incapable. Without consulting me or her.

My new apartment is very make-shift … and Jacqui is alert about "what the hell is going on?"



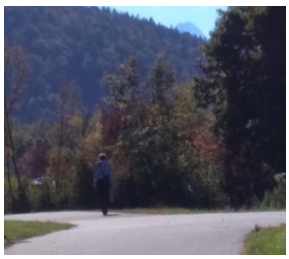




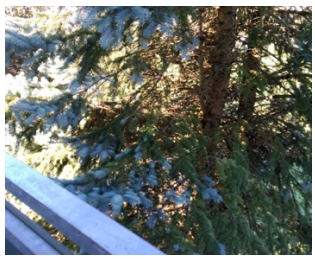
Plus my first meal in my apartment.

September 25, 2021

Did a shopping trip to “Bauhaus” in Villach to get some more stuff for my apartment, and then took Jacqui for a short walk in the area … and ***man*** came towards us, and I simply stared at him … he was so similar like Bob. I looked after him … like I had seen a ghost. Really felt surreal.

At my new place … wow, sky crossings from the sky sharks … There is a tree right in front of my balcony … and two brown pigeons live in it … there are actually two.





September 26, 2021 – **The Orange Poodle! The Boat! The Boar!**

Wow.

Just took the ***first ever morning walk*** in the nice forest just five minutes from where I live now, where there are many trails to all kinds of villages, which is just wonderful ... and we met a nice woman with a dog on a forest path, and it was a an ***orange poodle***! Like "*Woodle*", the orange poodle in the story Bob loved so much! Oh I really want to keep making films! I think he is telling me that I must move forward in terms of filmmaking! What else is there to strive for, for me, professionally?

I just got the feeling that I must play in the lottery and really only use the numbers significant to me. Yup, will do.

So that was a really nice greeting here, the ***orange poodle*** ... And there are actually ***two stones on the road*** where I live with a ***"target" pattern***. Next to them: ***windchimes*** on a tree! Made from large shells!

(Later)

Wow! Took the first long walk all the way through the forest with Jacqui – and there was ***the ancient sailing boat*** that Bob had shown me a while ago in a tunnel and that I had seen on the lake on July 13! *There it was!* In the dry!

And a few houses before that: A car with Bob's signature, "***SM***"! And the number ***30!*** That was magical! Right next to that house (with the number “Waldweg 20” – *was a big boar!* A wooden

boar! I remember so well the day Bob and I were in the arboretum close to Hana on Maui, when ***the upright "boar"*** came walking out of the wilderness! It was a hunter carrying an actual boar – with the dead animal's head on his head and its front legs over his shoulders! And here is a boar! Next to "SM"! *(**Note**: The realization why the boar felt so familiar, did actually not strike me on that day, but several days later, on October 10.)*

(Later)

Cleaned like a crazy person ... I just had to, no idea of "living" in here with this dirt ... so I missed the lottery deadline.

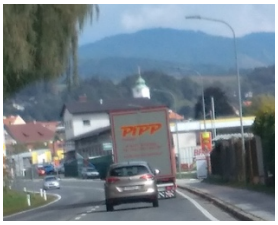
Took J for a short pee walk in the dark – and I took the lower pathway back to the house, and there it was: A car with the license plate number "**91 XO**". Yes, the 9 and the 1, Bob and me, and "XO" for "Love you". There is "910 in there, obviously, the last day Bob and I spent together. *(Note: I finally took the picture in December.)*

I'm so fucking worried about what's gonna happen with my mother. Inge called from Griffen, oh, it suddenly feels strange to move away from there. It was two years where I kind of was my own person. I can't imagine leaving little Marshall there. Something must be done about him.

September 27, 2021 – **The Lady Bug in a Lava Rock**

Went to visit my mother and talk to a psychologist and the social worker ... a mixed bag, without going into details (can't bear it right now). My mother was fine, and the psychologist said that she really blossomed in the last week. Well ... I hope she'll be fine back home too.

The social worker is a very nice lady, and in her office, *in a **lava** rock – was another little **lady bug!*** From a Mediterranean island!



Also ... before arriving there, the most amazing cloud formation of a penis with balls appeared. I took a short break to walk Jacqui before he had to wait in the car, and where I stopped, there were *two rocks* that together looked like a penis along with balls! (Yeah, yeah, I know, I see that everywhere …)

And: A *pair of gloves* were lying there in the middle of nowhere. I kind of "heard" the message, "I'm giving you a hand" ... Plus, I saw egg mushrooms, just lying there, loosely …

Wow.

And also ... as I was driving back towards Griffen, I thought about the strange dream I had had tonight but just couldn't recall it ... Just then a truck took a turn onto the street in front of me, and the writing on it was "***Pipp***". I totally flashed back to my first year on Maui with Hadassah, who had always said "pips" to the seeds of apples and oranges, and I found that word so ridiculous. I thought about how I had met Hadassah on Kauai ... and bingo! There it was! My **dream** was about Kauai and that I was somehow asked to go there! But I still can't recall more.

Spending the last night ever here in my old Griffen apartment. Two years it was my home. I saw Marshall sit at the fence, sad and lonely and dirty and neglected as always ... it's just so heartbreaking. I don't know what to do.

Visited Inge and Seppi, and she gave me leftover pizza from last night ... nice, in a way, but suddenly *I realized that I'm a 57 year old woman who accepts leftover pizza as dinner!* Also, Inge and Seppi talked about how they'll renovate their lovely home, painting it and all ... and I thought about that hole I just moved into.

Fuck it. It is what it is. Just like the wonderful purple flower outburst … just for me, from a "weed" that I just let grow. So beautiful.

<u>September 28, 2021</u> **– Farewell, Marshall & the 4-Leaf Clover!**

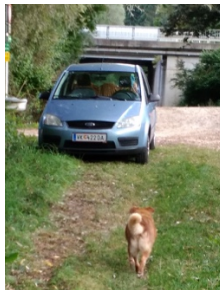
It's done.

Gone from Griffen.

Snuck out, cleaning up took longer than I thought. Landlady A came to work in the garden, let Marshall to her for him to run around, of course he sniffed out everything I had thrown out there for the cats and also for him to find eventually ...

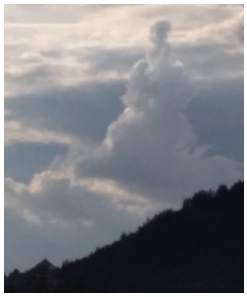
… and I made it around Andrea, literally snuck out, *put the keys in her postal box and left.*

The apartment was clean ... yes, there was nostalgia, but somehow I don't have the energy or time to feel sad. Can't. Period.



Earlier, when I transported the last things into my car and to the trash, I was stunned to find a ***four-leaf clover*** from green foil, like a birthday decoration, right next to my car! What are the odds?

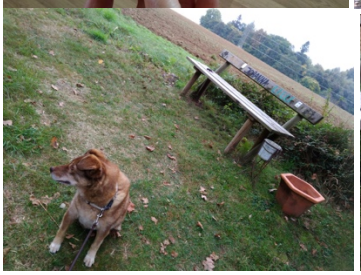
Took a short walk at *treehouse field path* before driving off … a "***cloud figure"*** said good bye. And there was a bright space in the sky in the direction where I was going.

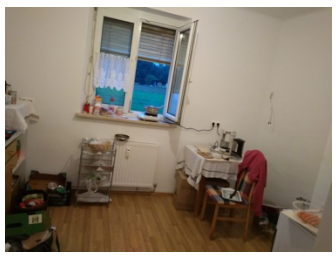


(Later)
Oh, geez. Just checked adds at the Veldener Zeitung (for jobs) I saw an ad that "***Hawaiian Hula***" classes started – YESTERDAY in Velden!
Fuck it all.

<u>September 30, 2021</u>
Adopted several *wooden furniture pieces* from the dump next door … seriously. Someone put these beauties next to the garbage bin. I saw them last night but thought, nah, can't go there and take them. But I walked by with Jacqui several times and thought they were lovely. During the night it rained! Everything wet and dirty at the bottom! So today I put a paper into one of the doors asking for the owner to contact me and let me know if I could take them. Nothing. Then, in the afternoon, with the help of a neighbor, I carried them to the front door of the house in which I live now … a*nd then I carried everything to my apartment by myself.* Someone then put also a large mirror next to my car! Nice! I took it too. I cleaned and wood polished everything … I like the guys! They'll be in my corridor, serving as shoe boards and herbs boards and stuffed animal finds board …

<u>October 2, 2021</u> – **Island greeting at Bob's birthday**
My new neighbor gave me a piece of glorious apple strudel, on a sunflower plate. That was sweet. It's Bob's birthday today. I refuse to ponder upon it. Took a walk this morning in the forest nearby – found a ***flip flop*** in the middle of nowhere! Plus some weird rotting ***"broken heart" shaped leather thing with a string***. Oh it's so symbolic that it's pure kitsch! But I did find that! In the middle of the forest!
That reminds me so much of how I was finding shoes all the time on Maui, single shoes. The flip flop is sure reminiscent of island life, and it's single, too. And on a bench … one of my names, ***Johanna***. It's Bob's ***birthday***, today.





My apartment is so raw … not much in it. In some way I don't care. In another way it pisses me off. I did know I was going to live in this place when I set foot into this apartment. But I also know now that I want to live in a house with garden and animals, too.

October 3, 2021

Found a ***dream catcher*** in the meadow close to where I live now.

Can't even describe the troubles regarding my mother's stint at the Waiern Reha Hospital. It wasn't what I wished for her. I'm not sure what to believe, what she says or what they said. She wants to drive. Big problem. No way she is capable.

Jacqui is observing me closely … as I'm trying to figure out where to put things in his and my new cave. Also, when I dug through my stuff, a gift fell into my hands, that I had received but never unpacked, I don't even remember from whom, it's a candle stand, with – ***lady bugs***! The same lady bugs that have shown up so much in relation to me moving and to my new apartment!

October 4, 2021

Found out that my mother was given meds (anti-depressants! sleeping pills!) at her "drug-free" reha! Fuck it all! *(**Note**: Oh and there was more!)*

No reports of the actual proceedings and diagnoses in her release papers, nothing! She insists on me giving her the car key. I can't. She is furious and frustrated. I called social services ... unbelievable ignorant behavior. I should come for a counseling one day because I'm so "emotional" ... when I said that I'm dealing with a desperate woman right now who was obviously not treated right during her reha, the very young voice had nothing to say than the same thing again: That I should "one day" get help with my mother and that I should inquire with authorities. I needed help NOW, in the present ... fuck the system! Fuck those way too young "doctors" and "social workers" who have no fucking clue about how to deal with people who have really lived already. I cried and so understood Bob and how he wished to be away from it all. The book or film project he had concepted, the only one I know of, was about that one man who lives all alone at Kaupo on the south side of Maui in a hut and buys books from ebay, and when the digital world breaks down, he retreats there, reading contently.

Oh Bob. I miss you so much.

October 5, 2021 – **Fire Salamander & Turtle & the Art Work in the Sky & the Caterpillars**

Intense Maui and ocean feeling during early morning walk in a weirdly warm autumn wind ... the sounds of the cars on the wet asphalt close by while J and I were in the forest sounded like the ocean. I felt so much drawn to the beyond, and I imagined talking to one of the dumb ass social workers ... I kind of imagined suddenly a situation where I told her that I was in connection with "the dead", and spontaneously a figure of ***a little boy showed up in my mind, with a pointed Filz (felt) hat and folklore pants with a chest-piece*** ... and I imagined that she was shocked because her little brother had died and had worn that kind of outfit ... and she asked me what he said, and I said "***Düdeldü***", which is some kind of sound a flute like instrument makes.

It was very odd. It literally *"came over me",* but I got to say, I liked it. I felt close to myself. I wonder if that little boy will come up again, somehow. I'm sure it was a real disca who gave me a message ... not sure for who. And I did not personally know this boy.

(Strangely, just writing this down feels energizing and also urgent, I did not mean to write so much. Oh shit I'm so far back with this contact diary ...)

I was kind of transported back to my Maui life and persona, and my longing and sadness can't possibly be expressed. I can't express it, seriously. It was so deep and so present and so close ... being with Bob, on Maui, hearing and feeling and smelling the ocean, having all those plans ... and now, I feel old and worn out and so helpless in regards to this fucked up system we all live in.

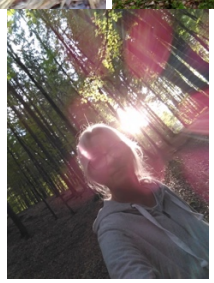
I want my mother to feel good.

The talk last night ... I said everything how it was with the psychiatrist in Waiern, that they consider her incapable of ... pretty much everything ... she was very understanding and open after initial shock ... I wish I could help her feel better.

Got new license plate number today: *VL 320 FL*. It feels entirely "alien" somehow, but in a refreshing way.

Strange. Before that, took a walk in a forest patch next to a small creek, felt drawn to a bunch of rocks, walked up there: A "mo'o" greeted Jacqui and me! A ***fire salamander***! It's a special animal for me, a totem animal, it's in my very first Hawaiian name, *"Ka pueo hoa mo'o ahi", "The owl, friend of the fire salamander".*

There were also strange rocks at some distance, like watching J and me, and a root that did look like a big ***turtle*** crawling out from the ground … and "turtle" in Hawaiian is "honu" from the word "honua", which means – earth. Very strong Hawaiian vibe there. A greeting?



I went to a store to buy stuff for my mother, mineral water, and there was an older couple, the man tall and strange with great hair like Bob, tall and kind of lanky like Bob, and the woman much like me ... with a jeep-type car that Bob would have loved. And then I saw the man jitter and behave strangely, his head shaking on it's own while he tried to move around the car. He bent down strangely ... and I realized that maybe that's what Bob would have been like ... He said once "I don't think I'll ever again be the way I was". Well, my dear, you allowed yourself to literally die while you were still living.

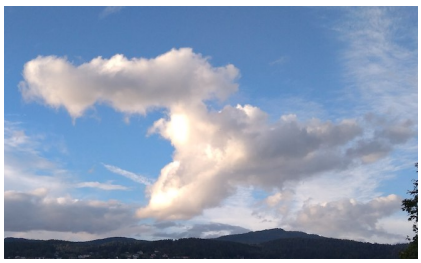
Right now I just feel so desolate and ...

I'm editing the moon-related book that my boss is writing with the nice astrologer Daniela, and yes, it teaches me a lot. We are creatures of the cosmos in the truest sense of this, and all our life energy is affected by the cosmic energetic events all around.

(Later)

During a walk I encountered a path directly down to the promenade center of Velden … the feeling here where I grew up and where I was in my teenage years is strange. I'm not sure it feels good. There was the most amazing cloud formation as I looked down. It was rather late in the afternoon. I also came by the ***local art community head quarter*** … a strangely run down looking house with a few art works in the garden. The interesting thing about is that *during my last long walk on Maui,* down from Hali'imaile to Paia, I walked by the ***local art community house, too, the "Hui No'eau".*** (Wow, that Hawaiian flows right out of me. I can't believe that my days there with Bob are over, seriously, it does not feel like it. As if I only had to book a flight to Kahului and be picked up by Bob there.) That was a few minutes before I ended up at the scenic view place above Velden. Very much like that Maui hike … where I stopped so often to look over the island. Breaks my heart. Doesn't the ***cloud*** look like the total ***artwork***?

*(**Note**: I got to share that this realization about the Maui hike similarity and the artwork came only to me today, November 12, as I've put the images to the above text. Before that I took a short snooze, really only lay down on the sofa and watched the images of "housie" appear, the feeling of being there, rather, I was there, saw everything from my POV, opened the cupboards, looked at the plates and glasses and everything … felt the knobs of the stove … it happens a lot these days that I'm going back there so intensely. I've also been having a lot of sharp pain in my stomach and in my left breast. I don't want to lie down on the belly anymore because of both of those.)*



I mean …. Look at this superstrange cloud! It can be a dog running? Or …?

So then I googled "***320 FL***", and it's a type of **caterpillar** ... I saw a sales add.

I want it to have meaning ... because since yesterday right in front of this settlement the road is being dug up, and there are several huge **caterpillars** active all day long.

Well. It has a "Hawaiian" surname, "***Kauha***". Which can mean "prepare the power" or "energy".

October 7, 2021 – **30 SM 20**

Last night ...

I had the urge to lie down on the nice sofa I got from a nice lady in Wernberg, who gave it away for free ... I knew I should work on the pictures for this contact diary, but I was so exhausted ... and disappointed. Had called my father again, and he said that he has too much other stuff to do to have me visit him ... well, none of my parents have ever had any consideration for me, so why now.

So I lay down, and I **dreamed**! Odd! *My mother was in Hawaii with me*, and she was kind of tending to someone, not sure anymore, or to more people, she was in her early forties, maybe, just the way she had been. And I was next to her, looking out in the distance, and there were the shores and ocean waves of Hawaii ... and I asked her, *"Aren't you happy that you're here now?"* And she didn't look at me or at the view, but kind of sighed and said *"Honestly I've had enough already",* in German "Ehrlich gesagt, reicht es mir jetzt schon" ... I was so disappointed.

Somehow, the location and situation change, and I was traveling in some *big van*, and I parked it in Velden in a place, it was winter, where there was a very high snow-bank on the side, and there was the danger that the van would slide off. But for some reason it had to be up there, and I had to be in there. Something with my mother was there too, and with my dog, in a way ... there were people outside of the van, it was at the crossing of the Bahnhofstraße and the main road or Klagenfurter Straße, opposite the Politzky bakery and pub ... and there was a *tall blond woman* with who I had something to do, but I don't know what ... somehow I was outside of the van at the same time, it was some urgency about getting it somewhere or getting somewhere in it, but I knew it couldn't move. And in front of it's door was something like dog's poop together with a bunch of pink worms of a kind ... and it was so disgusting. There was vomit, too, and I had to avoid it by all means, but that van was parked there ...

The location and situation changed again, and there was a woman or a man with long hair and a *braided pony tail, golden, honey colored hair, a loose braid,* and somehow I was looking at a long white-gray coat, like salt and pepper, a delicate pattern, with straight-on-sewn big pockets and a revers and a collar. And in my dream I thought that the coat that was barely over-knee long belonged to my brother and that I knew that coat in real life, so I knew I was dreaming ... but not really. And that man with the braid who was talking to a group of people, was kind of ridiculing my worries I had expressed toward him, and he didn't turn to talk to me, but he said something in a language that I knew was American Indian. I woke up with the words on my lips ...

*(**Note**: Just today, that I'm editing this section, proof-reading, actually, I've just earlier made my hair into a braided pony tail!)*

... and then I was very tired and left the sofa and went to bed. I thought I should write this all down, but then I thought that if it was really important, I'd remember it the next day. And I do.

There was a theme element of a tidal wave in that dream, too ... somehow ...

and the word he said had two or three parts and four or five syllables ... it started with a "T" and there was maybe an "oi" and a "z" in it, and an "ak" or "ka" ...

Like "Tamezoi akwatama" ... something like this.

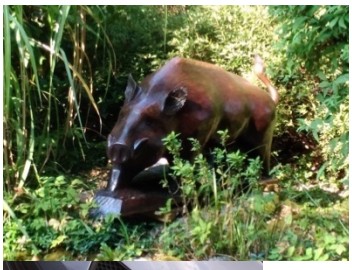
I guess I have to google this now.

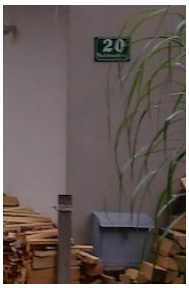
Quite the amazing encounter ...

Took Jacqui on a rainy walk at noon, and I came by that house again with the ***big boar*** that we discovered during one of our first walks in the area, and I also saw the license plate number again, with Bob's "signature" "SM": ***VL 30 SM***. And then I saw the number of the house, and it's 20.

And my new license plate number is "VL 320 FL".

Isn't that kind of ... close?





October 8, 2021 – **About the Eyes**

I had the weirdest **dream** tonight, strange, that it is still so vivid … it had to do with my eyesight … and I was with a man, somehow, one with white hair, an older one, but there was another couple, and the man was taller and a doctor. And the woman was someone separate from me but somehow also me …

And we were supposed to have some kind of ***surgery of our eyes*** … not sure, why, but it was eerie and dangerous … and we found ourselves on some *island*, and I was lying in some kind of *open coffin,* but also my older partner was in one, and the tall doctor came along, and he was handsome, but he was at the same time a patient himself, and suddenly stuck a needle into the area between my neck and my jaw, and I only could say „oh no“, but he said something like „oh yes“ and „it's fine“, and yet, there was something so dark and gloomy about this …

Strangely, the village closest to where I live is called „Augsdorf“, which means ***„village of eye“.***

There is also a “water chapel” just up the road, with a tiny pond and some shrine.

(Later)

I felt the urge to read some movie review, and one was called „***The Voyeurs***“, but I didn't realize the connection to the eye-theme, until I read about one of the characters having to do with eyes …

And also strange enough, *in the last days my mother and I were very busy figuring out where she had bought her* ***glasses*** *so that we can get a replacement glass …* Also, I dreamed of impending eye surgery and ***two eroticized couples*** tonight … and the movie is very much about

this. I didn't have a clue when I felt the urge to go to the film critics website and read up on a random movie, pretty much the first title I saw, and it was this one.

It can't be a coincidence … all that "eye" theme: real life, dream and a film! To me that's a message of synchronicity … saying "I know what you're doing, Dany".

storytelling, some twists for the sake of twists. But they're big, and Mohan makes them just believable enough in this world that becomes more perverse with each new perspective. "The Voyeurs" craves to be the most salacious, outrageous non-pornographic movie you stream this weekend, and that itself is enticing. But it's a noteworthy bonus that while giving you some gratuitous page-turning thrills, Mohan also pushes extremes of art, sex, and death, and dares to go more than skin-deep.

Mohan's film goes to some bizarre emotional depths, a channels in coincidences (Pippa's job happens to involve eyesight, of all things). It tries to have fun with the characters are in some type of ridiculous illusion th we are aware of. Notice the poster for Michelangelo Antonioni's "Blow-Up," a similar far more well-rounde movie about witnessing life from afar, through lenses.

She was very alert and aware and clear, nothing wrong with her memory … if she doesn't drink alcohol and keeps getting better and doesn't show extra amnesia, I don't see a reason why she shouldn't drive her car.

We'll get the reports from the hospital soon, maybe she got them already, the secretary said she had sent them yesterday.

I connected with Rudi (my ex from more than 35 years ago) today, out of some weird urge, as I had to think of him so often since I've been living here, even a word of the very very old days, when I was barely 20, came to my mind: Hundeauto, a type of work van with some logo letters, „dog car", like the one Rudi had used back then, and where we used to have sex in. For the life of me I can't remember how that was … but it felt strangely good to text with him today. His mom is 88 years old … oh geez. I really wish that mine gets better and has still many good years to live.

A man, in whose sofa I was interested, but then didn't want to spend the money, contacted me and offered to give me the sofa for free. I might as well take it. *(Didn't, just no space.)*

It's very hard to think of Marshall. Very hard.

October 9, 2021 **– THE MIRACLE & KU 222 YY**

Drove to Villach with mother and Jacqui, she bought glasses, and so did I! Didn't mean to! 300 bucks! And then, it happened: When we went shopping, my mother desired to buy tomatoes, mozzarella cheese and basil! And an instant noodle soup!

She had the impulse to prepare a meal! And later she even said that too bad she didn't know I liked that too, she would have bought more and made us dinner! That's close to a miracle.

Too bad, that when I arrived at her place, police was there telling her that she'll receive an invitation to a gov-doctor who will check her out for her driving-abilities. Shit.

Then: Driven off, a car went in the other direction, with "808 BD"! Later, one with "222 ..", can't remember right now.

And then, on a parking lot at a store: **"KU 222 YY"**. You know – *"**Ku**" is the Hawaiian word for inner self, body spirit, also the "God of War", and "**222**" of course is Bob's and my address, and "yy" reads as "**wai wai**", and that means "**wealth**" in Hawaiian.*

Yes, my "Ku" received a wealth of all kinds of stuff in our beloved housie at 222 Haulani Street. And I'm sure Bob's did too. And that's the message. No way that this kind of license plate shows up right in front of my nose by chance.

Then I got to read the doctor's report: There is the false statement that my mother's ordeal began when she was caught driving drunk! That is not true! Also, at the hospital, she had a ***fall*** so that she had to be brought to the emergency hospital and had a cut on her eye! Nobody told me about this! The social worker only told me that her glasses were broken, but she didn't know how this happened! It was because they had put my mother on meds, so that she was dizzy all the time, then she fell, and then (!) they put in the request to authorities that my mother be judged "incapable"! But in that report there is no mentioning what meds she got at Waiern!

What a fucking mess! What

I can't believe it. My stomach hurts just thinking about her and the situation at the "rehab". And I thought she has it nice up there! She had an accident! They didn't tell me. And right after that, they claimed that my mother was incapable! What if they gave her more meds to make her forget the accident for which they were responsible? Of course there is no way now to ask my mother as she gets totally upset about it! I should have not been so fucking accommodating to her and should have visited her when I wanted to! But I believed her when she said she was fine and wanted to be alone and adjust … Geez. What fucking else is gonna come?

Yes, she is a bit "off" at times, but mostly she is now entirely clear. Oh I don't know what will be, but I sure try to motivate and support her. She must be scared. I offered to drive with her tomorrow, Sunday. She sat down in her car and started it today. I think that was nice for her.

And the leg, the reason why she was at Waiern in the first place, wasn't really mentioned at all in the doctor's report. I couldn't even eat as much as I want to barf right now. I hate hate hate people who make life harder for others because of their ignorance and incompetence! I wish I had superpowers, I really fucking wish.

(Later)

Alright, here it is. The young woman who lives upstairs - sings, accompanied by her guitar. And I hear it. Loudly. Someone singing to guitar. Play me. (***Note****: Of course next morning, reading some movie reviews with my breakfast, a guitar player showed up … the text with it says "Play your heart out" or "Play to your heart's content".)*

October 10, 2021, Sunday – **Immediate Communication: The Yellow Ball, the Red House & the White Thing with a Loop**

A few **lady bugs** showed up … so strange to see them around me … they have been part of my journey of moving here all along. And now they are here for real? Where did they come from? *(**Note**: Found out later, that those are not real Lady Bugs, those are Asian Beetles that look very much like Lady Bugs.)*

"They" are here. Not just the bugs. Bob's folks. With us. They are. Bob proved it to me today.

It was the first time that I was really ***intent*** on having communication with those in the beyond.

Before that, I drove to my mother without announcing my visit and did – against her first unwillingness – the dementia and cognitive abilities tests with her, that she refused to do in Waiern. She passed with flying colors. According to those test results, she has no dementia. Her shorttime memory is a bit weak, but mine also at times ...

So I decided to encourage her to take a drive with me, in her car, the first time since her break-down, and so we drove.

She drove way too fast and kept ending up dangerously close to the middle of the road ... but other than that, she drove fine.

She got angry at me right away for warning her and asking her to slow down ... but she always does, no matter what I say to her.

I do realize that maybe she won't pass the test at the official gov place, when she'll get her invitation and will have to drive with a tester present, but for now, I couldn't take the key away from her. I asked her to not drive before the appointments, and she said she wouldn't, but I don't believe her.

I do see in her that she is mentally not entirely well, but she is otherwise totally normal, maybe a bit "dark", so I put some Bach flower essence "Rock Rose" into her mineral water ... that's all I can do.

We'll go see the doctor on Tuesday, and I'll make sure she'll be sent to an orthopedic specialist about her leg, the acceleration leg, to have it checked. I talked to her about it, she refused, of course.

I have no choice than to trust her and that everything will be fine, because no way I could have taken her car key from her again. And I must say, I believe that there are many older people on the road who drive way worse than my mother.

Then, back home, I took Jacqui for a walk in the wet and ***a bit gloomy forest.*** But no rain. There are wonderful circular paths in the area where I live now, that's really a blessing. I called my mother before that and recorded the chat, where I ask her about the driving and the tests and she acknowledges it all. I thought I want this as proof of sorts.

I have big worries about that incident at Waiern, that they seem to have tried to cover up, with my mother falling so badly that she had to be brought to the emergency hospital for checkup, with a bleeding wound. Unbelievable.

So in the forest, I felt "me", really me, and really present.

So I tuned into Bob kind of without really intending to, it just happened, and I think that's because he was really there. And I asked him to walk with me and put his left hand on my right shoulder. And I imagined taking him around his invisible waist with my right arm.

Then I said out loud that *I want him to put something into my hand* – haven't done that in a long time! – to prove that he really was there and had walked with me with his hand on my shoulder, and right away, a *yellow ball with some structure on top or on the bottom, like a golden ball, a "Reichsapfel",* that round part of a scepter. I did dismiss it right away, because I had received something similar before, and I said "Well, come on, that's just my own mind here, it's the most obvious that could show up in my hand, that round yellow scepter thing", and I put my hand out again and asked for something else. Right away, I saw what I thought was some kind of

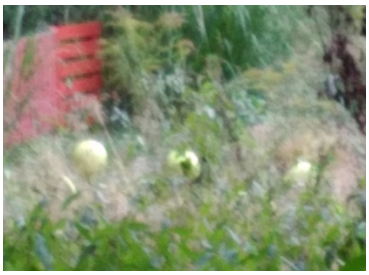
red toy house with a white lining under the roof and something green about it ... and I remembered that my mother has something like that in her apartment, some photo holder, I think.

So I said "*Okay, small red white green wooden house"*. And as I walked on I said to Bob "And now, I really need to know again that you guys are really alive and around, so please, give me something for that ..." And I opened my hand for him to put something inside. Immediately, something very strange appeared: Something like *a cloth in a cream or white color with a big loop on one end.* Like a "cooking glove", but not as a glove but a square pouch, could have been knitted or simply some fabric, no pattern, just a right crème-whitish colored cloth thing with a round loop in the same color on one end.

"Okay," I said, "I accept that. It will show up, I know it."

Then I walked on ... but not far, just maybe three minutes worth, and I was baffled shitless:

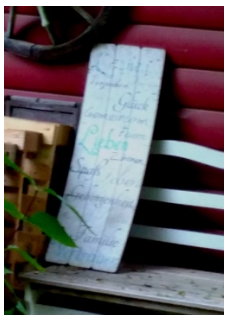
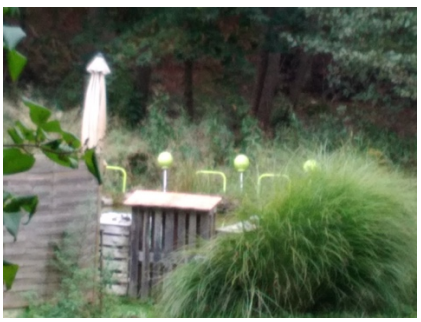
Right in front me: ***bright yellow "golden" balls with a structure!*** Just what I had seen and had dismissed! *(**Note**: In the weeks after that the grass would be cut down and there would be a much better view of those yellow globes, especially on October 26..)*



I was at the same time numbed and even shocked, but since there never is anyone to share this with, I'm mostly just like a bit "paralyzed", walking on really slowly, taking in the sight. I said to Bob, breathlessly, that I will never ever doubt what I'll be "given" again.

He did prove that he was walking with me, because *he had made me see those **yellow globes** before I saw them!*

So I took pictures of them, and then I turned around the corner of that property, and there it was: ***A red white wooden house in the greenery***, that really looks like a *toy house! On the property with the yellow globes!* And a sign talking about love and stuff! It lists things like "Happiness, Love, Fun, Celebrating Together, Family, Feeling Home and Cared for …" The yellow globes could be seen from that side, too!

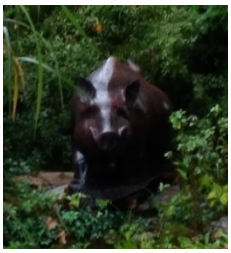



Again, this was one of the moments, when I get very silent inside, because the experience of the reality of that kind of communication is just so very stunning and goes so deep.

I walked on, the neighbor house features some God-stuff, some sayings about God and love and such … and I came by that ***wooden boar*** again, that I had seen during my first walk there …

… and *suddenly I flashed back* to myself and Bob many years ago in the ***arboretum of Maui***, and an upright wooden boar had come right out of the woods ... and we were both so stunned, until we realized that it was a hunter who was carrying that actual dead boar over his head and shoulders! And that boar there, right next to the car with the license plate number "30 SM" at the

house number "20" suddenly was a reflection of that experience! I had not thought of that before.



There are no odds that this is "by accident". All that I'm experiencing right around my new home shows me, that I'm in the right place.

Now, you can say that since I walked that path before, I might have seen the yellow globes and the red-white house before … I might have. But not consciously. I'm not an aware walker. I try to practice awareness, but when I'm away from my laptop, I do a lot of talking to Bob and reflecting things about my mother and kind of take the environment for granted … except for stopping ever again and admiring some natural beauty. And there is a lot of that around here. I did notice the boar at that house before, wrote about it, but never have I realized absolutely clearly why it felt so strangely familiar!

The furniture I needed and that showed up along the road. This morning, next to the trash, the flower pots I need along with a ***tiny shovel***! Actually, just now, the "tiny" shovel made me think of "Alice the medium" with who I have cut contact, but whose disca mother had once given me the tiny shovel as an evidential for Alice ...

So ...

... I walked on, and crossed the street. There was the *Christian memorial site* right before the path descends down next to the horse grounds ... and I was kind of attracted by the strange pictures. I walked around once, took a picture just to depict the style. And then:

There it was. The ***cloth in a cream white color with a big loop on one end!*** It was a depiction of Jesus! And it was *exactly what I had seen put into my hand,* but without the person in it!

Jesus Christ – it can't get clearer.

And I swear to everything that is dear to me, that those images were *exactly what I got to see just minutes before I happened to walk by the real deal today!* They are just there, those images, they appear "on my hand", literally, on the palm of the hand that I stretch out, they just emerge

out of nowhere, "are there", gently, quietly, clearly, and I see them like a lingering glimpse in my full wake state and while walking and being aware that I'm seeing them.

It feels ... good, right now.

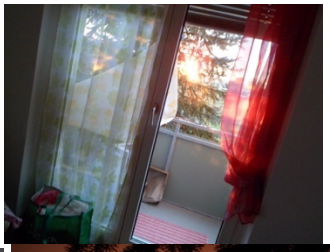
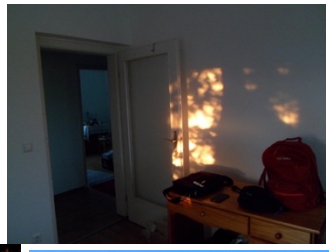
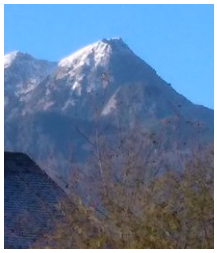
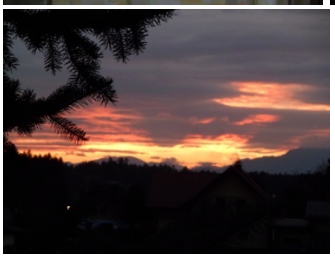
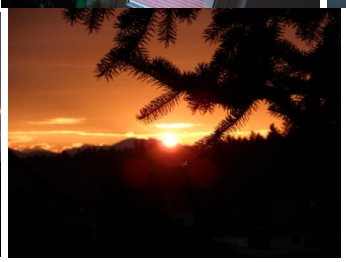
I know I must work on this contact diary and then ... well, I got to admit it, I must use these abilities to prove to people that the communication with the beyond is possible.

And I will. That's my kuleana, maybe. Sure is.

But still, I want to make films. Related to my kuleana. Right now, with my dog snoring next to me, I feel ... not alone. I'm doing what I can for my mother, and I must imua now with my calling. I will.

(Later)

And the ***sunset*** at my new place! Wow! Reminiscent of Maui sunsets to a stunning extent! Plus, I have the perfect view of a "volcano", the "Mittagskogel" …

Inge and Seppi are nice enough to text me with their care for me, and so is Michi, the bird-lady. I just met another nice lady in the forest, with a "Basenji" dog, and she was interesting, too. My neighbor seems nice, too. (*Note: That was wishful thinking.)*

Also … yesterday evening I fed a dying **wasp** and gave her a few good hours of just yummie stuff, honey, jam, maple syrup. Today it was dead. What amazing animal. Every hair and tiny limb … how can anyone kill such creatures thoughtlessly? They all have a personality, a life, a story.

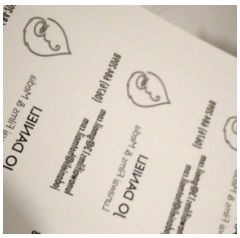
Also, I keep seeing a car with the license plate number "**LELE 1**" around here. "Lele" is a very Hawaiian word and means "flying" or "to fly", and "Leli" was my nickname by my paternal grandfather Franz when I grew up not far from here.

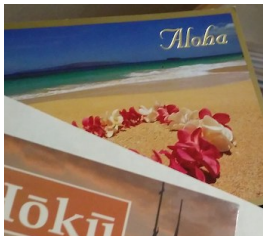
<u>October 11, 2021</u> **– The Drop & the Sideburns**

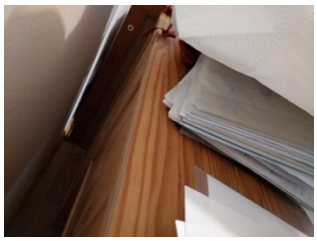
Last night, *something dropped* in my living room, and Jacqui got startled and jumped up. I looked around and couldn't find what had dropped. So I thought it might have been in a neighbor apartment.

Today – after a very nice electrician I think named Sandro had fixed my lights and installed my cooking stove! – I finally cleaned some floors and rolled out my old beloved pink silk carpet. And there! *Another sliding and falling sound,* and this time I saw it! And I also saw what had

dropped yesterday: I have a folder with documents on a counter, and ***Hawaii-stuff had fallen out!*** Just Hawaii stuff! And today, my handmade ***logo*** for "Lunawai Films" had fallen, and I remember exactly drawing it on Maui, with Bob working in the edit room. The sheets with the originals had dropped. Wow! Along with a set of business cards – with me as a filmmaker on them. Well.







Wow! Got it! GOT IT!

Last night, Michaela, the bird woman and I chatted from 9 p.m. until almost 2 a.m.! Amazing. And I was fully invested the entire time. She is dealing with a man who could be the twin of my father in terms of narcissism, but who is at the same time reckless in a very false flower power-y way ...

Very amazing.

Something else happened today ... but I will only remember when I see the photographs.

My mother sounded okay, I didn't visit her today, will tomorrow.

I sent the animal care lady a documentation about Marshall's situation along with photographs. It felt good. All I can do.

(Later)

Oh Jesus Christ, Bob's sideburns!

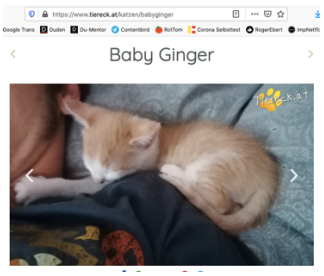
I have been doing the "Play me" routine and sharing food with Bob, real good stuff that he didn't get to taste in mortal life ... and whenever I imagined him, his signature sideburns came to my mind, they are some kind of aspect that makes me remember him right away. I so much longed to see Bob's sideburns ... and there were incidents when I talked to him and really said how much I want to see him.

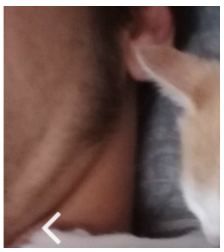
And just now, after doing my editing work, I felt compelled to check out the tiereck.at website with the *rescue kittens,* and "***Baby Ginger***" attracted my attention. Because I loved the fragrant ginger that grew next to our car port so much. And on the second picture – ***a man with sideburns! Could be Bob!*** And kitten Baby Ginger on his shoulder!

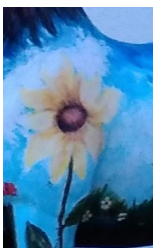
Oh my!

And earlier that Hawaii stuff on the floor, nothing else fell out of the fat folder ...

and now the sideburns! Oh I miss Bob so much. Close to where I live now is a pretty ***horsie*** next to the vet's office ... His face, like Bob asking me "What do you think that is?" ...







Michi told me yesterday about *a **near-death** experience when she saw her grandmother, with a bike, but pushing it away and walking away* ... well, because it wasn't Michi's time yet. She did talk about wanting to die, almost and having the feeling she will soon. Well she just told me about surviving a mushroom poisoning ... what that woman went through, physically,

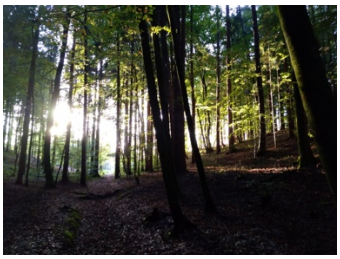
unbelievable! She has been close to death so many times in her life … I don't know what to make of this.

I don't want her to die on me too. I feel like we have a very close connection ... although I did mistrust her. But what she did write to me in response to me sharing a little bit about my dramas, was always sensitive and actually really helpful.

Nobody did that, like, ever, but she did. I didn't call or write, but she kept asking. I'll never forget her that. *(Note: Yet, the "connection" would come to a screeching halt.)*

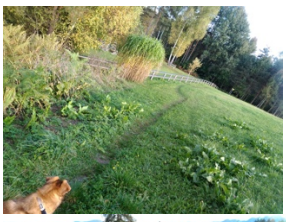
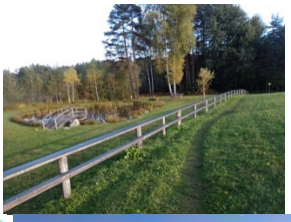
But I need her as a mortal. She drives to Piran tomorrow with that weird and in my opinion kind of dangerous freak F. … he owes her a lot of money, that's why she can't just cut the connection. I hope she'll be safe, and her dog Ally.

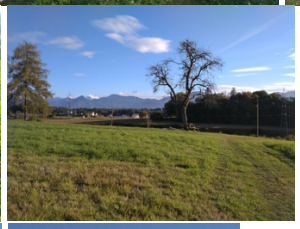
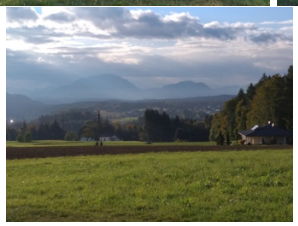
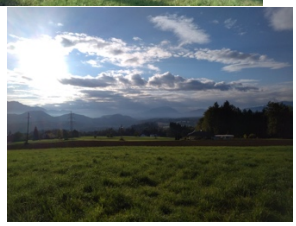
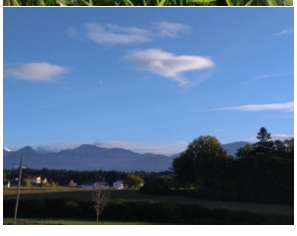
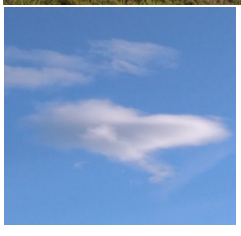
The forest paths around my new place feel very … eerie, at times. But they don't scare me. I can go there when it's getting dark, too. Jacqui is spooked a lot, but he is pretty much everywhere, but he also gets used to the area.



October 12, 2021 **– The Bridge!**

Discovered on a walk … in a direction that I didn't plan to choose, but let myself be "lead" onto a small forest path, hill up, whilst I don't like hill up at all … an amazing ***bridge*** leading in a pond and ending over the water! What an amazing way of letting me know that there is a project "The Bridge". The setting is just unusual. And then, I walked further, and I discovered the most beautiful ***elevated viewing spot*** on a meadow, the same direction like the view from our beloved housie-lanai had been: South-East! And I found a mushroom, but let it grow, it was so lovely. But a little ways away, there were two more "Parasol", and I picked one and ate it later – with some bread and parsley. Shared with Bob.

I kind of gut sucked into some very intense Bob-feeling ... as if I could turn around and would be there with him on Maui, again. It was all so intense ... right now, thinking about it, my heart

really really speeds up. My heart has been hurting lot in the last days. Also got hot flashes that resembles panic attacks ... a lot. My menstruation ended when I was with Bob for the last time, so ... more than three years ago.

Such worries about my mother ... she has her car key, driving again, I didn't have the heart to disappoint her longer. The PVA (government retirement insurance agency, Pensionsversicherungsanstalt) lady visited and checked her this morning, found her NOT in need of support, so no money for her caretaking, but she also uttered concerns about my mom driving.

Michi said I should have some God-trust. Okay, will try.

October 13, 2021

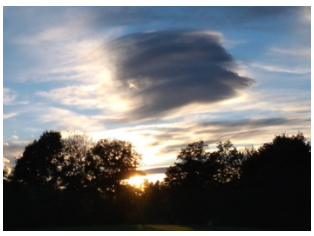
Last night ... lay awake, flashed or rather traveled back to Maui, into housie ... already in the afternoon I had that strong strong feeling of Bob's presence while sitting in full daylight in my living room, and I shared some pudding with him ...

Then, *in my half sleep*, the same ***cheerful strong female voice*** said a loud "*Hallo?*" in a slightly questioning tone, as if she was asking if I heard her ... and I thought about how often I had seen the "48" in variations in the last weeks, and it means audio frequency to Bob and me, from the video world.

And then I opened the printout of "The Unobstructed Universe" on a random page – and it was about frequency and sound waves and how they differ in the two realms.

I'm sure that in that half-awake stage, someone is getting through to me with their voice. A woman. It was an amazing experience – but not the first of that kind. I wake up from the voice either saying my name or something like “Hallo?” But it’s ***a present addressing***, not a memory, not something fantasized, it’s actually someone saying something to me, only that I can’t see that someone, and the voice is in my head.

A fascinating sunset cloud bunch at the meadow close to my new place … And I came across an amazing moon image …



October 14, 2021

Talked with my very old former boyfriend Rudi on the phone for more than 1,5 hours. He called me, so weird. I had initiated the contact a few days ago via SMS, because I had to think of him so intensely, so I texted ... so he called, and it was strong. He has a way of mumbling fast instead of speaking, and that was difficult ... and then ... he has such hatred for his not-yet-ex-wife, not divorced, separated for 6 years, hating each other ... that I felt so repelled by him. He asked me if I knew how to blend photos, of course I do. He said we should do coffee. Maybe. I saw a sky shark of the kind Bob and I gazed at so many times in a magazine … even more I realize that there can’t possibly be a man to ever interest me again because I know they won’t be even close to how Bob was – even if he didn’t even know.

October 15,2021 **– The Real Bob – greeting me.**

Got my sink this morning! Hallelujah! Then realized that I had forgotten to cover the wall behind it with some tiles or waterproof stuff ... could I be any dumber?

But yesterday, at my mom's, we called the plumber for her, and he had time for me today, and I didn't think he'd really come, so it was so important to get water in the kitchen ... well, I'll improvise.

Friend Inge texted in a kind of nosy and not very friendly way ... she doesn't see Marshall at all ... I'm so worried about him.

Dreamed of Rudi, something odd, not too bad. His hatred against his former partner will be fully projected on any woman he'll ever have. Yikes. It's all "her fault" of course, even though he kind of boasted about what "a wild dog" he had been. Geez, am I repelled by such immature shit.

Took mom shopping, she was in such good spirits, bought fish and potatoes ... not sure what to think.

I really want to help her ... without going into details, there is NO help in time from the social system here, it's fucking incredible how ignorant the docs and psychologists are ... I don't even want to go into it, it stresses me out. If it was up to them, my mother should be locked away in some alcoholic-care-facility for good.

Took Jacqui for a walk to lake Saissersee, and there he was: My old frenemy Hans-Peter who lives right there at the lake, coming toward us with his bike. I used to think I should ask him if he rented out apartments, he does, but only for the summer. We ended up chatting for way longer than I had intended to, but like always, he was trying to be the one to know it all, but he kept repeating things to the word that he had said to me years ago when we last talked. He has a "Zen"-attitude, but all wrong ... I brushed the subject of survival of consciousness, but he still has his bland always the same idea about "we don't exist, nothing exists" ... brr. I kept my balance, didn't discuss. Jacqui liked him, so, okay, done that too.

I did meet a lovely lady again who I had met in early summer in that forest, and she gave me her phone number and asked me to visit her, Ricki Traxler. She is some kind of famous event society lady from Vienna, but surely older than me. I shall connect with her.

(Later)

Just ended up seeing Bob ... the real Bob.

During my talk with Rudi, he had said that he wanted photos blended. So I grabbed *my very old ibook*, that Bob had given me so long ago, to check out if the Photoshop program still ran there. Somehow I began to open folders – and without intending it, and I ended up looking at pictures of Bob! And I was baffled, opening old ones, seeing ***Bob and finally – greeting me with a shaka.***

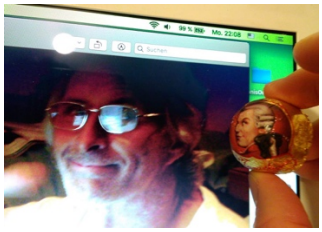
I could handle seeing pictures of him! I even smiled back at him.

(Bob, July 3, 2010)

I had so longed to seeing him, and I showed him the pictures and stretched out my hand asking him to prove to me that he sees them, and right away, ***some square yellow brick like a soap bar*** or some weird Filipino candy appeared on the palm of my hand in my mind.

So now I'm really curious.

*(**Note**: Oh geez, the funniest thing just happened, as I'm editing this on December 27: I said to Bob **"Sorry, I can't look at you right now",** afraid to see the picture of him doing the "shaka". And I kind of slid down on my chair and looked at my laptop screen from close, as I was scratching my back. That way, I tilted my head and looked to my right – where a leftover Mozart-Kugel was! And **"Mozart" was glimpsing right back at me! Okay, the Mozart-anecdote enabled me to grab the Bob-picture** … I looked closely at the strange white "bow" behind Bob's neck … and now check out Mozart: same white **bow**!)*



October 16, 2021 **– The Yellow Square**

The yellow "brick" or square appeared!

In the middle of a forest where I have never ever been before!

At noon, I went to see my mother and ask if she'd like to come to Villach with me. It was very disheartening to see her in her darkened apartment, with the sun bright and warm outside, and kind of sad music on the radio. She looked desolate and asked for her car key. I tried to explain, and she said she understood. *(**Note**: I took it away from her after having found her drunk and with wine bottles.)*

Then I needed her to leave the kitchen so that I could smuggle some Bachflower mix into her mineral water, and I asked for the pants I had given her. I know I put her into the ironing room for her to find when she would come home from the hospital. She didn't find them, she said. To my shock I found all the food she had bought last weekend untouched. But on the phone she had told me on Monday that she had really enjoyed the Mozzarella and the tomatoes. She makes things up.

She bought fish and potatoes yesterday, untouched, too. She eats yoghurt and sweets and pastries.

So I left her, hoping the Bach flowers will do some magic, the mixture I had made for her against addiction, loss of memory and depression ...

Drove to Villach and went to the laundromat ... where a very nice German man helped me out. I then left my laundry in the washer washing while I drove on to Bauhaus to buy stuff to keep working on my kitchen. Laundry was there later, clean, all good.

And after another shopping stint to buy upholstery and carpet cleaning foam, I drove a new road where I had never been, I thought ... to find a path to take Jacqui for a walk.

Turned out I had been there, in "Zettin", with my mother, where her one time love and alcohol binge partner Charly Budin, a cook, had lived and had tried to have an exclusive restaurant. He died many years ago. I think he and my mother were really close back in the day, not too long after my brother's death.

So I drove on a few meters and parked next to a horse riding range ... so nice to she the "horsies"! Oh, now I get it Stoneman.

Then I walked into the forest with Jacqui and found some really lovely sunny paths, probably for riding, too, and I took turns on a whim ... and suddenly there it was: ***A yellow square with nothing on!*** There are no odds to find this right after having been given *"a yellow square or soap bar"* into the palm of my hand while looking at pictures of Bob!

It was right there! I also had an intense thought of my brother Peter, and as I looked up, I saw the Gerlitzen mountain, where he had lived back in the day, and where I had never visited him.

It was intense. Also, someone was looking for their ***cat named "Fee"***. Of course this reminded me of "Fe" who is also in the beyond and through whom I got Jacqui.

I asked Bob to let me know he was here, and actually if he could help me with the lottery win, as it's 5-fold jackpot ... and he gave me a small red and white "Fliegenpilz", Fly mushroom, *Amanita Muscaria,* a red white dotted thing, anyway.

We'll see.

I realized driving today that the encounters with both Rudi and Hans-Peter were meant to let me know what kind of acquaintances and former relations to drop once for all. HP is very narrow-minded and a total devotee, always talking about the same oh so enlightened masters who had told him stuff about consciousness. I don't have the feeling he evolved himself. He wouldn't ask questions when I mentioned my CD or my Hawaii documentary or to see it, nothing. Neither did Rudi, actually.

Michi did, though, the bird lady. I was disappointed because I had offered her to watch my "MOB", and she hadn't reacted, but she did mention it, belated, during our last long phone chat. She said there had not been links … well, there were. Anyway.

So today was some kind of mixed-feelings day. I had to leave my mom by herself, she immediately got stressed out when I asked her to go outside or for a walk ... so I did pour some Bach flowers into her water, I hope it will do good for her.

If she doesn't make it to get out and eat normally again, she'll decline fast, I know it.

I don't see a reason why she wouldn't want to be out and about. She only wants to drive to go shopping and buy booze. I don't know what to think about her mortal story. I can only do what I feel is right.

In the morning, Jacqui and I crossed path with an older very nice looking man, with a black very timid female dog.

So yes, there are nice people around. I won't have anything to do with the not-nice like R. or H.-P.

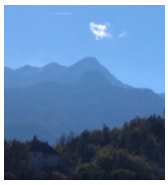
October 17, 2021 **– The Miracle: A Walk with my Mother**

I took a heart today, meaning, all my courage and at the same times gathered all possible calmness, after a nearly sleepless night with worries ... and I drove to my mother at noon, and convinced her to go for a walk with me.

I think it's because I asked her if she thinks that anyone else wants her to drive again, except for herself and me.

I suggested to drive to Rosegg to check out the new store and walk around a bit ... which she suddenly agreed to. She actually walked quite well, and she was a bit shaky and weak, but mentally entirely normal. It was her first walk in many years. But before that, during the

discussion, she had kept asking for me to give her her car keys. And when I refused, she said she'd rather die than live and not drive, and that she'll go to the police about the keys. That's an interesting thought of her.



I did talk to her closely about her ability or inability to rationally understand what I was saying ... and I think her brain was really struggling.

Yesterday, I happened upon an article about a scientific discovery about some people are built in a way that they have a *part of the brain that can't understand the negative consequences of alcohol or drug abuse! Wow, that's interesting!* The person is pretty much helpless about it, she may want to quit but still will buy the drugs - or any damaging addictive stuff – and not realize the consequence. If that's really true – wow! No wonder, some people can't help themselves. Maybe my mother is the same. It's heartbreaking to see in her eyes the not-understanding of my keeping her own car key from her. She must hate me so much. I even said that to her. I understand, actually.

Walking, she enjoyed herself! I realized how much damage the alcoholism has done. The lovely view, the sunshine ... we even met an old acquaintance, who recognized my mother and she recognized her, and it was nice. That woman actually shook hands with us! Oh how long have people not done that anymore in these fucked up Covid-times!

During Jacqui's and my morning walk, there was a ***pacifier*** that someone had lost … with a ***white moose on a red backdrop.***

*(**Note**: Only putting the pics in today, November 14, I realize that the moose image is also kind of a "white dot on red" … like I'd be dealing with later, as something that Bob had shown me, "a red dotted thing" like an "Amanita Muscaria" mushroom. Also, the "pacifier" is such a suiting thing to find, as I must do everything to pacify my mother, and it's really like dealing with a small child.)*

Also, there was a big fat stone along the trail that I hadn't seen before on our path … and a beautiful view of Mittagskogel mountain that truly looks like a volcano.

This morning my mother had actually called me, asking if I had called her. But I hadn't. And she did something amazing: *She asked me how I was! Wow.*

And she sounded so cheerful. But then, when I arrived at her place, again she said she didn't want to go out ... until she changed her mind.

That's a huge progress.

I'll have to talk to her again tomorrow. I managed to put more of the Bachflowers-mix into her mineral water. Maybe it works? I do feel weird about it, but there is absolutely nothing else I can do to support her mental and emotional recovery. There will be an official examination of her ability to drive ... oh Jesus, I really would love for her to drive, and I think she'd be as much able to as the many old people in the cars I've been seeing these days. Most of them drive very dangerously in the middle of the street.

I don't think she ate her fish, though, although she said she did. I asked her if she had used the cheese that she had taken instead of sauce tartare, but she said no, without (truthfully, because I saw the untouched cheese in the kitchen) because the fish was spicy enough. I can only hope that it's true.

Well, tomorrow I'll visit her again and offer shopping.

And then I'll tell her I want to take a walk along the lake Wörthersee in Velden soon.

It's a struggle. But I just won't let her disintegrate in her apartment anymore. Unthinkable to be in there every day all day ... it's just not healthy behavior. She has nothing to do, she only deals with he finger nails and the skin around it, and her fingers are in a horrible state, worn down far. Horrible to see. But when I point out to it, she only hisses at me that I “criticize” her all the time. I must learn to be way more patient. And I made her understand that today, I think, that anyone talking to her and asking about her daily routines will say "So you don't want to go out and be all weak, but you want to drive a car?"

I try to be as relaxed as possible.

I read some of "The Unobstructed Universe" last night, about how life is, over there.

Well ... it happens right here for them, too, just in a different dimension, as Richard Hall or Betty White would say. So Bob is right here, and my brother Peter and my mom's beloved Sebastian who died so long ago ... and when she drives to get her food, she has to pass the spot where he died every time. Unthinkable, really. I can see the church where his grave is from my new place … it’s called “Sternberg”, “star mountain”.

I watched her today, she is not so much different than she used to be in her “normal” state ... and I got very sad about the time lost ... "thanks" to my uncle, who was the only person who had access to her in all those years when she pushed me away, but he didn't intervene, even when he knew she was "off" and drinking and sick.

Also, H.-P. said that one time he visited her to ask about me, sometime in 2019, and *she cursed me* (a really sick behavior, a fixed idea of sorts, and I never found out the reason why she started to hate me), but he saw that she was very fragile and not in her right mind. *And he didn't bother to tell me?*

I will not abandon her. I don't trust the system medicine at all anymore. Never again will. After her breakdown she should have been treated for alcohol related dementia and should have given a proper withdrawal, instead of having been shoved aside in the psychiatric clinic and pumped with psychopharmaceuticals ... I wish I had superpowers.

(Later)

Took Jacqui to lake Saissersee for a short walk after dropping off my mother. The mirror images remind me every time: As below so above.

October 19, 2021

Took a walk with my mother along the lake in Velden, then *she desired to go shopping for underwear and a night gown* … she had made a list of these things when I came to pick her up. Wow. I was stunned and happy. On the way we picked up cake, and I thought she wanted to share it with me, but she did not. Still … it was wonderful to see her walk around … she even went to the bank in Velden, which she hasn't done in many years. There is hope.

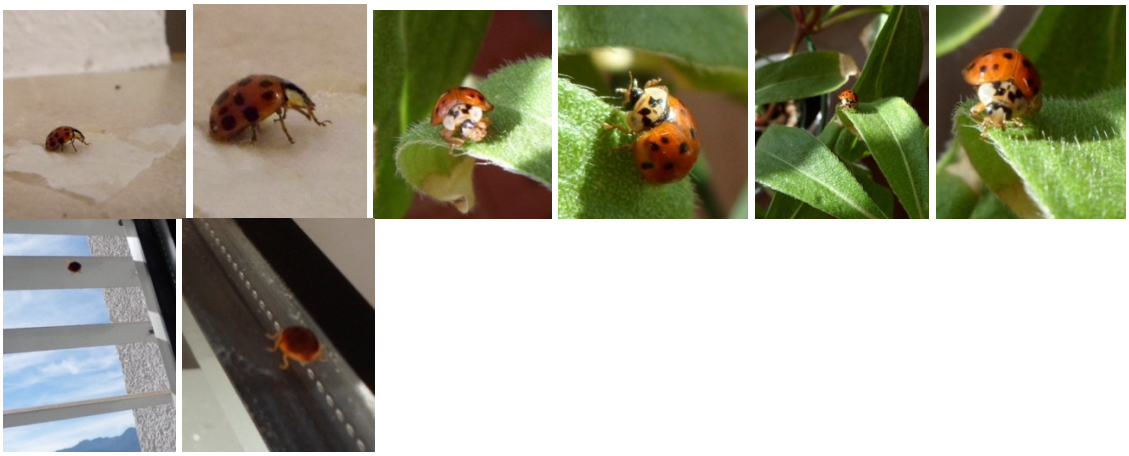
October 20, 2021 **– The Red Dotted Things & Dr. Bach & So Many Lady Bugs!**

Okay ... I didn't get to write in the past two days ... I just don't know how to take the time.

But it's good, because my mother "woke up", as it seems, thanks to the Bachflowers. She is clear and awake and aware …

Now: ***Lady bugs in my apartment!*** Lots of them! No idea where they came from! *(Note: They are actually Asian beetles and only look like Lady Bugs, I found out later.)*

Last night, I saw one at the bedroom window, on it's back, and I put it back up and gave it water, and it lived. In the morning it was still alive, and I put it into the flower pot.



Also ... Michi and I keep chatting ever again on the phone. And an acquaintance from Sigi's days, *Gerti*, showed up again, met her on the road close to where my mother lives, and even though we barely know each other and were rivals back in the day – she has interest in my work. I had promised to stay in contact, and for the life of me I don't remember if I really had emailed her like I think I had, but every time she sees me she keeps asking about the film links I had

promised ... and again a few days ago. That's very sweet. So I sent her "Dunst" the story of Sigi and me and links.

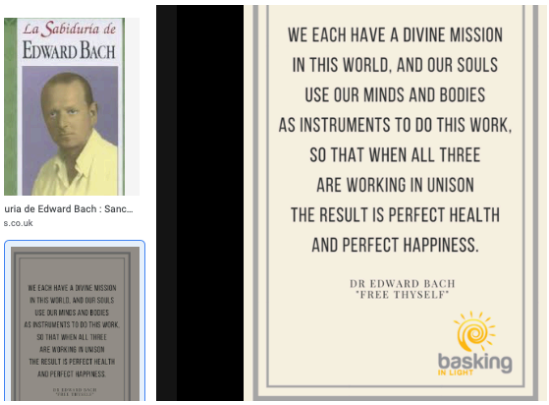
Tomorrow is the anniversary of my brother's death ... must say graduation day? Not sure. Will get flowers, though.

Today my mother will have a driving lesson!
I have a phase of not being able to sleep well lately. Wow, what a fucking night again ...
I had a **dream** that was trying to film something with something like a thick laptop, and there were other people and some kind of factory or school setting with a lot of paper and desks and different room levels, a lot of black and white ... and also some kind of tunnels or windows to look out into some city space where lots of people were and trains ... And I so urgently had to film that, and I saw wonderful scenery and shots ... and I couldn't find that tool that was a camera but at the same time a laptop!
And there was a man, whose 50th birthday it was, I don't know who that was, but suddenly I knew that it was the last year of commercial academy, and you're normally 19 years old then. And in my dream I thought to myself that stuff about the age, and also, that even if I'd film all those great scenarios, I couldn't edit it because Bob was dead and there was no studio anymore.
And I woke up with this realization and just felt desperate. Like often recently.

I did find that camera / laptop thing, in gray, though ... I had just placed it somewhere myself where I had forgotten about it!
Yesterday, I had a horrible horrible dream ... but can't remember, something with a cage or some other kind of wire enclosure ... really dangerous and dreadful.

Oh wow. So it's a warm and sunny day again.
I was so happy seeing my mother so normal. It proves, that Bach flowers work. I read up on ***Dr. Edward Bach*** ... *wow, he totally knew that there is life after death, and that there are energetic and spiritual ways to help the soul to help the body to recover* ... yes, like this. And I tapped into this.

I gave my mother a combination of the ***Bach flowers*** I thought she needed. I figured out a new mix yesterday and will have it made in the pharmacy today and the give it into her mineral water every other day. It helps. It helps her mortal aspect of her soul to recover. *I kept thinking that* ***WHY IN THE WORLD DID I NOT THINK ABOUT THAT EARLIER?*** *Why did I never help Bob with Bach flowers? Why didn't this idea come to me for my mother in the two previous years?*
It's Dr. Bach's quotes that might help me come to terms with this shit ...
so now it has become another hugely interesting aspect of this work on the "Contact Diary": Dr. Bach's work! It plays into "The Bridge", and I must integrate it!



Let me repeat: *"We each have a divine mission in this world, and our souls use our minds and bodies as instruments to do this work, so that when all three are working unison the result is perfect health and perfect happiness."*

Well, thanks Dr. Bach. We got a lot to learn as a mortal species – who to make our "rulers". ***The ones able to make this wisdom the guiding thought and premise of all human life, are the true intended rulers of mankind during the mortal phase in the obstructed realm.***

Why do Bach flowers help some people almost miraculously? Because on an energetic level the soul uses whatever power is in them to help maintain the physical and mental wellbeing some more or a lot. And why? Because it's all based on Dr. Bach's quality of consciousness. He was meant to share his energetic qualities with the mortal realm and make a difference that way. I can't wait to meet him one day, and I bet I've met him often … maybe even do in my sleeping time, somehow. This is probably true for my mother too.

Is that the purpose? That I had to witness the extremeness of help that can come from Bachflowers, with my mother being a different person pretty much over night, with a suddenly close to normally functioning mind – except for the occasional short term memory lapses?

I had written to a psychologist, B., for help, and after she'd written back yes, she'd help, my mother was suddenly so well! So I told her that I had given her Bachflowers, and suddenly my mother was entirely different – in a positive way. But: B. never responded to me again! *(**Note**: Never! Did she think this was crazy what I was telling her, an elderly women with a disintegrated mind all of a sudden on the path to normalcy over night? Still – she should have at least asked me if I was serious, instead – not a fucking word! I won't forget that.)*

Do something for myself I should ... well, I am. Helping my mother to autonomous living ... that would help me in my work. I need success, Stoneman ... in some way. Otherwise me, as a mortal, won't be able to take this life of mine at face value much longer. I must be patient, "one thing at a time" … just came to my mind. Really?

Yesterday I saw my face in a certain light and angle in the morning ... my cheeks now have the "old-woman" consistency, that withering wrinkly appearance. Good, too.

October 20, 2021 **– The White Dots on Red!**

White dots on the red background: ***"Amanita Muscaria"*** did appear after all!

On the ***shirt of a driving instructor*** ... at the driving school, where my mother took a lesson. Yes, she did take a lesson … I managed to convince her. Michi had brought that idea to me. Before the lesson we took a short walk, it's apparent that she has a hard time walking. Then, she drove ok, said her instructor. (Later he called me at home, upon my request, and he told me that on the way, twice, she didn't know anymore where she was ... said she had no idea how to get home; when the instructor said that I was waiting for her, she was surprised. She did then immediately return to "normal" as it seemed, he said. Geez.)

I was baffled, when that guy stepped out while I was waiting … and the "white dots on red" appeared in my "real" life, *like what Bob had "put on my hand".*

Whatever the details ... I wouldn't have deemed that possible at all only a week ago (that my mother would take a driving lesson and behave normally to such an extent).

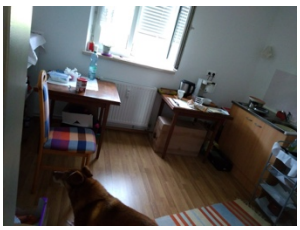
This is miraculous.

Jacqui and I took a walk while my mother was driving … a wondrous phallic tree with "balls" or a huge tumor appeared on our path … and a sweet *purple* flower bunch amidst broken *stones*.

This is the morning view of the meadow a few minutes from where I live, where I take Jacqui most morning. It's lovely, yes. The view to the mountains, across the area … it's good to start the day with that view, after a short hike through the forest.

October 21, 2021

Today, the "graduation" day of my brother Peter in 1993, and on the cemetery dump I ***found*** a ***twig of tiny roses*** that I adopted … for my new kitchen … It feels like "Griffen" was long ago …



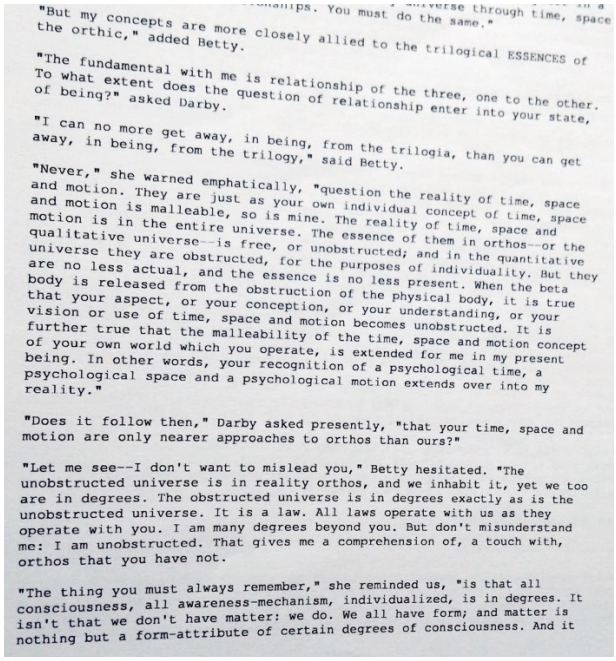
And I met *a woman in the woods ... just like I imagine Michi,* the birdlady, and like she described herself: very short, very fat, blond, with yellow rubber boots – and chain-smoking! It was like a twin of Michi's!

How odd was that to meet this woman in a place where I had not walked before! Alone in the forest that woman, like me! What's that supposed to mean – the end up facing the exact "twin" of a person who you only know over the phone and who you want to see in person but not really? If this was a movie, the person would turn out to be a dream … but it was a real woman, we chatted, and she told me where she lives along the edge of the forest, and she gave me some advice which path to avoid because of deep swampy tractor tracks.

It's a storm today ... I sit in the quiet apartment, editing ... and I'm transported back to Maui all the time, and into some unbearable longing. Thinking to be there with Bob hurts just as much as thinking to be there knowing Bob is dead. The mortal Bob. How can that be? All those fuckers on Maui who were very sick and also assholes are still alive … or who were just assholes … all alive and well …

My mind is fucking with me right now.

I did read amazing stuff on ***"The Unobstructed Universe"*** last night ... oh, if it only were just like written there ... the disca "just being one inch removed" from our world.



"But my concepts are more closely allied to the trilogical ESSENCES of the orthic," added Betty.

"The fundamental with me is relationship of the three, one to the other. To what extent does the question of relationship enter into your state, of being?" asked Darby.

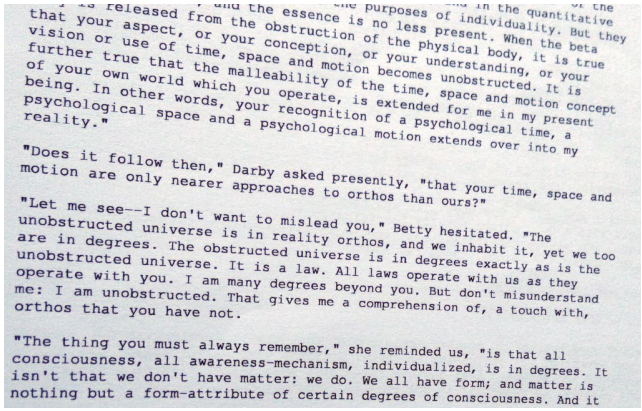
"I can no more get away, in being, from the trilogia, than you can get away, in being, from the trilogy," said Betty.

"Never," she warned emphatically, "question the reality of time, space and motion. They are just as your own individual concept of time, space and motion is malleable, so is mine. The reality of time, space and motion is in the entire universe. The essence of them in orthos--or the qualitative universe--is free, or unobstructed; and in the quantitative universe they are obstructed, for the purposes of individuality. But they are no less actual, and the essence is no less present. When the beta body is released from the obstruction of the physical body, it is true that your aspect, or your conception, or your understanding, or your vision or use of time, space and motion becomes unobstructed. It is further true that the malleability of the time, space and motion concept of your own world which you operate, is extended for me in my present being. In other words, your recognition of a psychological time, a psychological space and a psychological motion extends over into my reality."

"Does it follow then," Darby asked presently, "that your time, space and motion are only nearer approaches to orthos than ours?"

"Let me see--I don't want to mislead you," Betty hesitated. "The unobstructed universe is in reality orthos, and we inhabit it, yet we too are in degrees. The obstructed universe is in degrees exactly as is the unobstructed universe. It is a law. All laws operate with us as they operate with you. I am many degrees beyond you. But don't misunderstand me: I am unobstructed. That gives me a comprehension of, a touch with, orthos that you have not.

"The thing you must always remember," she reminded us, "is that all consciousness, all awareness-mechanism, individualized, is in degrees. It isn't that we don't have matter: we do. We all have form; and matter is nothing but a form-attribute of certain degrees of consciousness. And it



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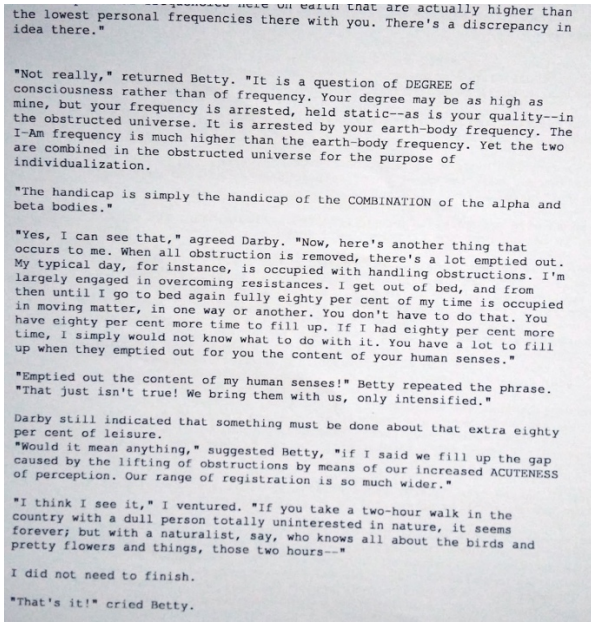


the lowest personal frequencies there with you. There's a discrepancy in idea there."

"Not really," returned Betty. "It is a question of DEGREE of consciousness rather than of frequency. Your degree may be as high as mine, but your frequency is arrested, held static--as is your quality--in the obstructed universe. It is arrested by your earth-body frequency. The I-Am frequency is much higher than the earth-body frequency. Yet the two are combined in the obstructed universe for the purpose of individualization.

"The handicap is simply the handicap of the COMBINATION of the alpha and beta bodies."

"Yes, I can see that," agreed Darby. "Now, here's another thing that occurs to me. When all obstruction is removed, there's a lot emptied out. My typical day, for instance, is occupied with handling obstructions. I'm largely engaged in overcoming resistances. I get out of bed, and from then until I go to bed again fully eighty per cent of my time is occupied in moving matter, in one way or another. You don't have to do that. You have eighty per cent more time to fill up. If I had eighty per cent more time, I simply would not know what to do with it. You have a lot to fill up when they emptied out for you the content of your human senses."

"Emptied out the content of my human senses!" Betty repeated the phrase. "That just isn't true! We bring them with us, only intensified."

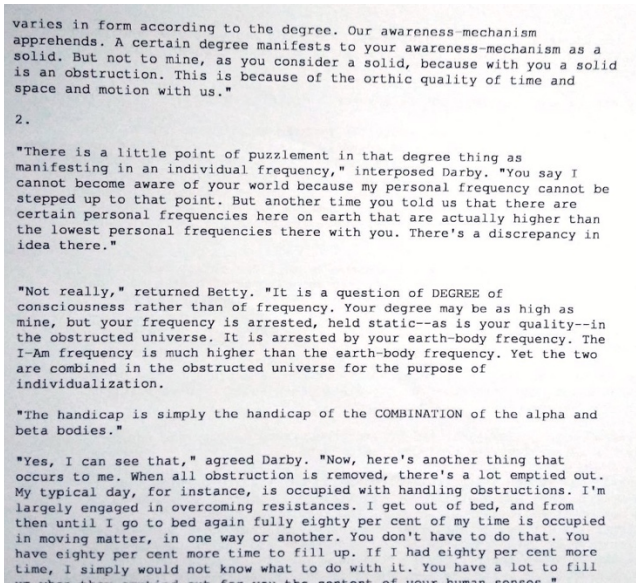
Darby still indicated that something must be done about that extra eighty per cent of leisure.

"Would it mean anything," suggested Betty, "if I said we fill up the gap caused by the lifting of obstructions by means of our increased ACUTENESS of perception. Our range of registration is so much wider."

"I think I see it," I ventured. "If you take a two-hour walk in the country with a dull person totally uninterested in nature, it seems forever; but with a naturalist, say, who knows all about the birds and pretty flowers and things, those two hours--"

I did not need to finish.

"That's it!" cried Betty.



varies in form according to the degree. Our awareness-mechanism apprehends. A certain degree manifests to your awareness-mechanism as a solid. But not to mine, as you consider a solid, because with you a solid is an obstruction. This is because of the orthic quality of time and space and motion with us."

2.

"There is a little point of puzzlement in that degree thing as manifesting in an individual frequency," interposed Darby. "You say I cannot become aware of your world because my personal frequency cannot be stepped up to that point. But another time you told us that there are certain personal frequencies here on earth that are actually higher than the lowest personal frequencies there with you. There's a discrepancy in idea there."

"Not really," returned Betty. "It is a question of DEGREE of consciousness rather than of frequency. Your degree may be as high as mine, but your frequency is arrested, held static--as is your quality--in the obstructed universe. It is arrested by your earth-body frequency. The I-Am frequency is much higher than the earth-body frequency. Yet the two are combined in the obstructed universe for the purpose of individualization.

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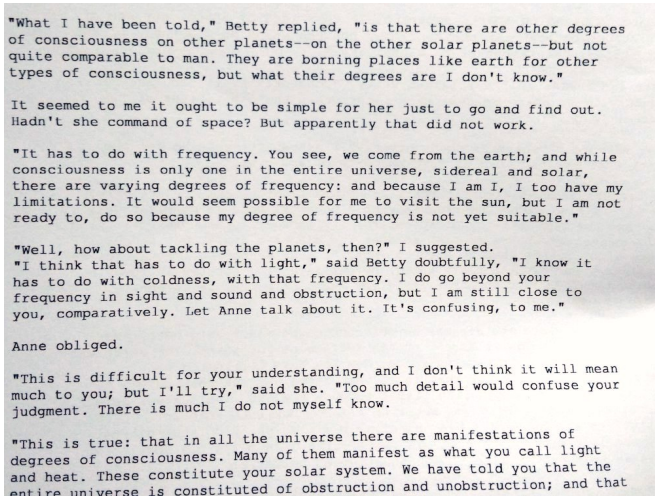


"What I have been told," Betty replied, "is that there are other degrees of consciousness on other planets--on the other solar planets--but not quite comparable to man. They are borning places like earth for other types of consciousness, but what their degrees are I don't know."

It seemed to me it ought to be simple for her just to go and find out. Hadn't she command of space? But apparently that did not work.

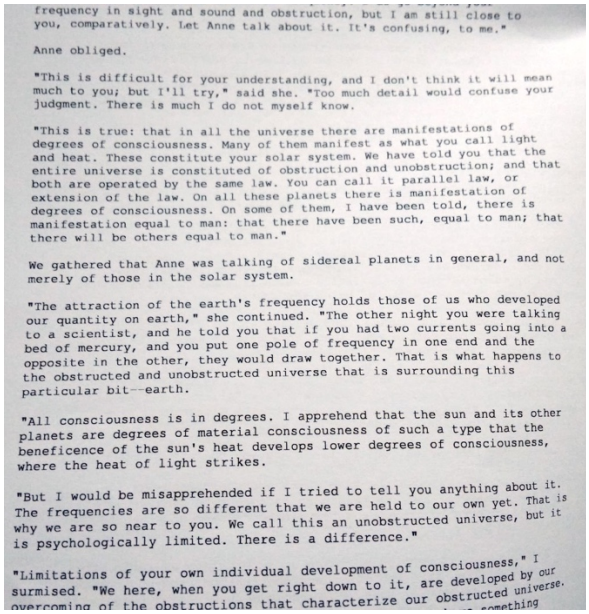
"It has to do with frequency. You see, we come from the earth; and while consciousness is only one in the entire universe, sidereal and solar, there are varying degrees of frequency: and because I am I, I too have my limitations. It would seem possible for me to visit the sun, but I am not ready to, do so because my degree of frequency is not yet suitable."

"Well, how about tackling the planets, then?" I suggested.
"I think that has to do with light," said Betty doubtfully, "I know it has to do with coldness, with that frequency. I do go beyond your frequency in sight and sound and obstruction, but I am still close to you, comparatively. Let Anne talk about it. It's confusing, to me."

Anne obliged.

"This is difficult for your understanding, and I don't think it will mean much to you; but I'll try," said she. "Too much detail would confuse your judgment. There is much I do not myself know.

"This is true: that in all the universe there are manifestations of degrees of consciousness. Many of them manifest as what you call light and heat. These constitute your solar system. We have told you that the entire universe is constituted of obstruction and unobstruction; and that



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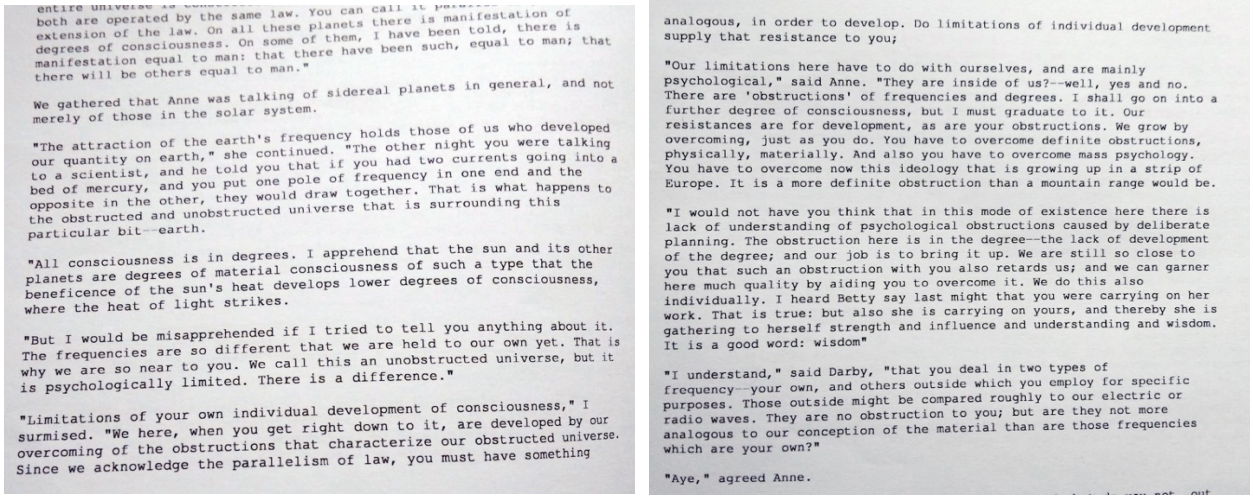
We gathered that Anne was talking of sidereal planets in general, and not merely of those in the solar system.

"The attraction of the earth's frequency holds those of us who developed our quantity on earth," she continued. "The other night you were talking to a scientist, and he told you that if you had two currents going into a bed of mercury, and you put one pole of frequency in one end and the opposite in the other, they would draw together. That is what happens to the obstructed and unobstructed universe that is surrounding this particular bit--earth.

"All consciousness is in degrees. I apprehend that the sun and its other planets are degrees of material consciousness of such a type that the beneficence of the sun's heat develops lower degrees of consciousness, where the heat of light strikes.

"But I would be misapprehended if I tried to tell you anything about it. The frequencies are so different that we are held to our own yet. That is why we are so near to you. We call this an unobstructed universe, but it is psychologically limited. There is a difference."

"Limitations of your own individual development of consciousness," I surmised. "We here, when you get right down to it, are developed by our overcoming of the obstructions that characterize our obstructed universe. Since we acknowledge the parallelism of law, you must have something



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analogous, in order to develop. Do limitations of individual development supply that resistance to you;

"Our limitations here have to do with ourselves, and are mainly psychological," said Anne. "They are inside of us?--well, yes and no. There are 'obstructions' of frequencies and degrees. I shall go on into a further degree of consciousness, but I must graduate to it. Our resistances are for development, as are your obstructions. We grow by overcoming, just as you do. You have to overcome definite obstructions, physically, materially. And also you have to overcome mass psychology. You have to overcome now this ideology that is growing up in a strip of Europe. It is a more definite obstruction than a mountain range would be.

"I would not have you think that in this mode of existence here there is lack of understanding of psychological obstructions caused by deliberate planning. The obstruction here is in the degree--the lack of development of the degree; and our job is to bring it up. We are still so close to you that such an obstruction with you also retards us; and we can garner here much quality by aiding you to overcome it. We do this also individually. I heard Betty say last might that you were carrying on her work. That is true: but also she is carrying on yours, and thereby she is gathering to herself strength and influence and understanding and wisdom. It is a good word: wisdom"

"I understand," said Darby, "that you deal in two types of frequency--your own, and others outside which you employ for specific purposes. Those outside might be compared roughly to our electric or radio waves. They are no obstruction to you; but are they not more analogous to our conception of the material than are those frequencies which are your own?"

"Aye," agreed Anne.

I asked *my brother Peter* today to give me something "into my hand" to prove that I can reach him. What a shame that I never tried ... did he miss out on the energetic support that we, the mortals, can give the disca? I received "*a small Schachtel*", a box of the shape of matchbox, no, maybe twice the size, with something red on it.

And from Bob I received a "sponge" ... yes, like Sponge Bob.

I feel ... I don't know ... desolate?

Yet motivated. I got to move stuff forward. But how without money?

I told a colleague today that I do believe that maybe us, as souls, must indeed experience the full range of mortal shit ... to count as mature in the beyond. Really?

Maybe not. I thought about the "Amanita Muscaria" that suddenly turned up at the driving lesson site yesterday ... I was really baffled shitless.

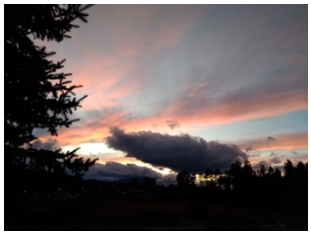
Bob had shown me ***"white dots on red",*** and my subconscious mind had interpreted it as the hat of that mushroom. Then my conscious mind had decided to take the many lady bugs (that are still all over the place) as a "manifestation" ... That way, Bob knows that I'm dealing with the impression and that I'm attentive to my surroundings and aware.

I should never doubt what I see. And I did think that if he had meant ladybugs, he would have shown me those. *But he could not have shown me that very distinct t-shirt of that driving instructor.* But the mushroom!

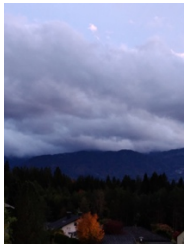
Wow!
It really works. In a way, I really want to imua with this ability of connection.
I should really find likeminded folks.

My longing is so strong, it wants to suffocate me today.

(Later)
Amazing ***evening clouds*** … one scenario featured a ***layered sky***, like different levels of clouds, then some strange "bulk" like a "***body***" appeared from the side and moved between those "levels", then hovering in the sky …



Another scenario seemed to show me "the space between" … I'm lucky to have a view at so much green all around … and one other – that I was too late to photograph – mimicked a ***bright orange tree*** just underneath …



October 23, 2021, Saturday

Can't help but thinking about a documentary project around Michi the birdwoman. (***Note****: Days later I proposed it to her, but she didn't even respond to it, so no. I learned a lot about her, but that's personal, and our acquaintance would be short-lived.*) The theme that a person takes so much effort to rescue individual tiny animals ... whilst millions of them are killed at the same time ... is just fascinating to me. *(**Note**: Turns out that her motivations are not really that noble.)* And she loves the music of "Meilenstein", mile stone, whose band leader lived in Griffen just three houses up the road. So ... I could ask them too if they'd want to be part of this and I could put in an application for subvention. *(**Note**: Geez, what a silly dreamer I can be.)*

Oh geez, me and filmmaking. Right now, that I have no money. Literally. After paying rent, electricity and my the instalment of the money I "owe" "my" government, I'll be at zero, if I'm lucky. If not in the minus. I have no idea how to pay the insurance back payments next year plus 10 (sic!) times higher insurance monthly plus installments for the tax office …
Still. It's the time until then … can't bother right now.

Wow, I had a hugely erotic dream tonight, so intense, of me with a much younger man, and wow were we attracted to each other! And we had sex ... I could feel the physical touching, everything ... and a lot of backstory that I can't remember.

Went shopping and for a small ***walk at the Wernberg monastery with my mother*** today. She was a bit confused, but in an okay mood, and she is willing to take another walk tomorrow. She told me there was an earthquake … and I did notice clunking noises in my apartment along with a feeling of shaking, yesterday, but I thought it was due to the road works close by!

And Alec Baldwin accidentally shot dead (!) a camera woman on a movie set! How in the fucking world …? *Well, even Alec Baldwin must serve a soul when she wants to get rid of the physical body!*

Yey!

Gotta write to Michi. I told her about the woman in the forest and how her smoking pissed me off and how this relates to her, Michi. She said she'd go to nature and spend time there and think about it all.

Something that was of importance in June reappeared today (on a car parked next to a house in a new walking area not far from where I live) … the **logo** that I saw on the highway that was an impression in a tunnel meeting, was on a car that I walked by on that new route that I hadn't taken before through the village of Selpritsch – right opposite from a nice looking old people's home, "Laetitia".

I'm so very disappointed about Inge's reaction to my question if she had seen **Marshall** at all … she said that I shouldn't care so much, that he surely will be fine … and that she and Seppi have so much work to do and don't get to walk by. Yeah, right. They walk nearly every day, and they must drive by when they go to their honey bee homes up the hill … And so Marshall had a shit life so far, but now miraculously he is "fine"? No, he isn't. I'm worried sick about him.

(Later) **The Caterpillar Connection & 290!**

Something odd just happened:

I made myself to start putting in the remaining *photographs* into this contact diary, and I chose a random folder of the many containing pictures … and I ended up at the walk that I did with Jacqui along the bee path in St. Andrae, where the onion smell mystery had occurred and the chicken was given into my hand … but also … back then, I took a photograph of a ***bridge with a caterpillar next to it!*** Caterpillar … had just become a theme for me because of the heavy roadworks right where I live (with immense amounts of dust all the time). And *my new license plate number that's also a model number of* ***caterpillars***, ***320 FL*** … and there is a caterpillar in that picture I had all but forgotten about … just today, the day I started serious work on finalizing the chapters of this contact diary!

It's going to be a shitload of work, I kept saying in the last days … yup. And for such shitloads of work one needs – what? Right. Caterpillars.

Oh wow.

It so makes sense. And, there is more. Today, during my walk with Jacqui, I walked by a red and white caterpillar, and I looked at the number, and it was "***290***" … it would have been too crazy if it had been "320". But then … just now, I checked the number on the caterpillar in the

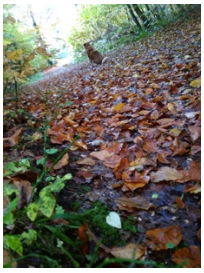
picture that I took during my St. Andrae walk in summer: It's **290!** And the logo fits too, because it's for a company that builds and renews streets and *bridges*.

Hi there, folks. Yup, I'm back.

(Later)

Oh, I just realized something! I had picked up a **tiny onion** on that day and had kept it all those months. And *yesterday*, when I made a bean salad, I took that very onion and I couldn't remember where I had picked it up, and now I know, as I had photographed it!

Now! It's all " in place", as it seems. Also … I came across a very distinct *leaf heart* in the forest today. No leaves of that kind around anywhere. Just one. Also, a major *shark cloud* appeared today!



October 24, 2021

Went for a *walk at lake Saissersee with my **mother**!* Without Jacqui, though, but we did walk all the way to the other side from the south parking lot … and then we went to the lookout, and mom enjoyed the view. Maybe she is realizing like I'm realizing (which makes me very sad) how much she missed out on when she spent all those many many years isolated at home. But she couldn't help herself. She wouldn't let anyone interfere, either. I should have been more assertive, I should have looked into it and gotten her out of her misery instead of trusting every "expert" who said that I must "accept" that she wants to withdraw from the world. No, not if someone has amnestic syndrome because of alcohol abuse and psychological problems you don't comply with their wishes! They don't know what they are wishing for! But that said … I was so heartbroken because of her hateful behavior to me for so many years … and I didn't think she was not in her right mind. At least not mostly …

It was kind of sweet to see her look down to Velden … sometimes it's hard for me to even accept that she is 77 years old. Of course, one must subtract the 15 years of the added life

expectancy of today … so she is really only in her early 60s. There were two clouds like "approaching" each other.

October 26, 2021

Good a great look at the ***"yellow globes"*** from October 10 now that the grass and the brush are down.

October 27, 2021 **– Communication Pinnacle: Colorful Dots, Nui & Bob's Graduation Day + THE FAN!**

What a day, what a trip. I start with the later part:

Got home from Griffen (where I drove to get my car's winter tires) and then bringing the fridge from the Villach store to my mother, and I found the Astrology Newsletter by my namesake Daniela to be edited ... and of course it's about the beginning of November.

And there they were – amazing passages: There is a shitload of special stuff going on now – all relating totally to Bob's and my life!

It's the first moon eclipse in Taurus since 2014, and we are supposed to think about *what was the biggest theme in 2014.*

Dies ist die erste Finsternis im Stier seit 2014 und der Beginn eines neuen Zyklus.

Natürlich halte ich euch hier immer am Laufenden. Die erste Aufgabe wäre, dass du dir kurz überlegst, was 2014 in deinem Leben Thema war.

Weitere wichtige Termine, die du dir schon einmal im Kalender eintragen solltest:

Well don't I remember it well: It was the year we did the Rwanda-film and me being heartbroken because I thought I'd realized finally and once for all that Bob didn't care about me. And at our final good-bye – and I'd never see him the way he was then as a healthy man – ***I gave him a good kiss on the lips***, and he kissed me back (after years of not even touching) and gave me that wondrous intrigued surprised and curious glance ... and there was so much hope in me. And I felt joyous "knowing" that all would be fine. Yeah, right. Then came the years when I felt entirely neglected and ignored ... until he told me he was sick and I started to realize what I'm realizing now regarding my mother: His mind was not right. And I should have trusted my own instincts instead of all the advice by "friends" about how he doesn't care about me ... when in reality, he tried and couldn't help himself. And now he is gone. And I just can't believe it ...

And then ... "I'm the sun and you're the moon" ... check this out:

Neumond im Skorpion: Donnerstag, 04.11. 01:54 Uhr bis Samstag, 06.11. 01:54 Uhr

Der Neumond im Skorpion symbolisiert den inneren Impuls zur Wandlung. Er zeigt uns die relativ tiefste Verbindung, die Sonne und Mond im Tierkreis eingehen können. Es geht um den bewussten Umgang mit dem Unbewussten. Dazu gehört auch der bewusste Umgang mit Ängsten, Schmerzen und der Angst vor Enttäuschungen.

"New Moon in Scorpio: Thursday, 04.11. 01:54 a.m. to Saturday, 06.11. 01:54 a.m.

The new moon in Scorpio symbolizes the inner impulse to change. It shows us the relatively deepest connection that the sun and moon can form in the zodiac. It is about the conscious handling of the unconscious, as well as fears, pain and the fear of disappointment."

Yes, it's the date and time of Bob's death***, and it's about the deepest possible connection that sun and moon can possibly have in the zodiac at that New Moon in Scorpio, this year, at the exact date of Bob's death, November 4.***

How fucking great.

Before that ...

Driving to Griffen to get my winter tires ... I realized that I was going through tunnels again, and joyfully *I said to Bob "Let's meet!"*

But I felt so ... I don't know ... superficial. I had a hard time "feeling housie" and the "hallway", but on the other hand, I was in there so intensely, so much "me", that I couldn't look around or notice anything around me, I thought.

It wasn't so.

Suddenly, I had a glimpse of Bob, doing a *golf swing with a club.*

In the next tunnel, I saw him tall and lean and naked except for a *golden string tanga*, wearing a *short bridal veil in white, and he was holding a cooking bowl, like for making dough and was stirring in it wildly.*

"Oh shit", I thought, "that's crazy. Am I making this up?" It did occur to me, though, that yesterday I had googled the new last name of one of my colleagues in the agency, as she is on her ***honeymoon***, just married. And I had found that the last name is one of a big gastronomy enterprise and a quite renowned restaurant. I had been thinking what that would mean for her ... maybe a lot of work. It was strange that I was so invested in that story.

So seeing Bob like that ... oh, only NOW I realize the ***bridal veil!*** Wow! Just married!

Okay ... it makes sense! Because driving I did think about that gastronomy enterprise and was wondering if that stirring in the pot was a symbol of it (but I didn't "click" about the bridal theme, that only just now happened! So it's actually clear right now ...), and just as I said that out loud what I was suspecting, a ***van*** passed by me with a hell of a caracho, and it read "***Gastro***... *Redl"!* There it was! The gastro-theme! Right as I was dealing with it! The name was not the same of course, but it has a rare peculiarity in terms of spelling, the "l" after a consonant – like the new last name of the bride!

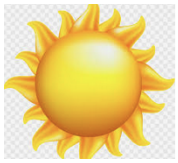
So I was totally excited about it – but doubtful!

So I said to Bob to give me something else ...

And in the next tunnels, I was really sucked into "being in housie" to the point of getting very sad because of the realization that I would never be there physically anymore.

And suddenly, *there was Bob and he lead me into the* ***edit room.*** He "made" me step behind his editing chair, and I looked at the screen of his computer – mind you, I was doing this in my mind while I was consciously observing all this while driving! – and there was something like ***"a yellow flower"*** or a "***sun***", in a way, a sun flower type of flower, but with strangely separate dark yellow petals, growing out of a brown fuzzy round basis, that looked like it was ***strewn with brown pebbles or crisps*** ... and it kind of "sank" into the lower edge of the computer screen ... I tried to look at it closely, but it was moving, and Bob was doing something with it ... so it changed appearances in my view ... it was very strange.

*(**Note**: Obviously, I made and googled all of the images to illustrate ...)*



"*Sunflower*?" I asked Bob, b*ut he stepped backwards, and he kind of reached into the screen and at the same time switched the **fan**, that was standing behind him as always, into a higher frequency, and he took the flower petals that were kind of separate and straight now and flung them in the air, so that they separated and fell somewhere.* It was like a child destroying what it had just built ...

*(**Note**: Oh sweet Jesus, a mention is in order! It's today December 29 that I'm editing this, and just half an hour ago **I went down into the basement to switch off the fans (!)** that were on day and night on the highest frequency because of some water breakthrough from the ground to dry the basement! It's late, and the sound is audible throughout the house, and I didn't take it any longer. And now I'm reading about the vision where Bob switched on the fan! In the basement, there is also a fan like the one Bob always had under his desk in the edit room! Wow! This synchronicity is breathtaking! TODAY! That I switched off the fans in the cellar I end up with this text about **Bob switching on his edit room fan** just barely an hour later! And I had a hard time even sitting down to my contact diary, but I felt urged ...!)*

So back to me in the tunnel, watching Bob while driving ...

"Strange, Stoneman," I said, "why would you do that?"

In the next tunnel, I "saw" Bob again *throw something in the air*, in the edit room: a whole ***bunch of colorful dots and stars,*** small, and they were flying all over the place in the stream of the tall fan that was on, as always ...

And as soon as I was out of the tunnel and almost at the next one – a car overtook me – and it was ***COVERED WITH SMALL COLORFUL DOTS AND STARS!*** There were countless stickers on the side of the light gray car and on it's back, and I think even on the windows ... ***dots and stars and flowers in all kinds of colors!***

I just don't know what else to say here. It's self-evident, isn't it? I was just breathless and could only say "wow" ... but little did I know that the culmination was still out there ... And then IT HAPPENED!

A car passed by me, a ***van*** with an *advertising imagery across the back window*. And here it is, see for yourself, and I swear to you, it was the second I said to Bob that I find it strange what happened in his editing room with that ***yellow "petal" stuff he threw in the air!***

Dany Gel - Photos | Facebook

Seriously.

It happened. I swear. It was the ultimate communications. ***"NUII". The "sun flower petals" taken apart! They were letters! The color.*** The lines, the style. There was no way for my subconscious to understand "NUII", but Bob showed me what I was to see a moment later.

It really was just breathtaking. (*Note: Also, as I googled for pictures, I came across some from a certain "Dany Gel" on Facebook.*)

And then the newsletter sun and moon reference along with the meaning of 2014 and with Bob's death ...

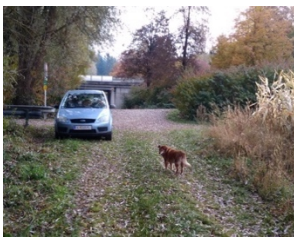
It can't be clearer.

So what does that mean ... the big changes that are about to come?

When we arrived at **Griffen**, I took Jacqui on a walk along the little creek at the entrance to town … wow, how many times have we walked there. Also with Marshall … I can't even think about him. Makes me so desperate. There was a man with the same ***intense blue color jacket that Bob wore when we were at the beach for the last time***, at Baldwin beach. He said he had gotten it "from my friend in Xxxx", he said, I don't remember from where, but as always it had pissed me off that he kept saying "my friend from here … my friend from there …" All those "friends" I hadn't heard anything about when I was with him … and how the fuck did they help when he was so sick? But that man with that jacket I had encountered at one of the very first walks with Jacqui right there in Griffen!

So this was a definite good-bye. And an amazing "coincidence". Did it mean "Bob was always with you as you walked there"? I wish.

Before leaving Griffen, I took Jacqui for one last walk at treehouse field path … I wasn't even sad.



My mom was sweet today – but in a weird way distant and confused. My heart sank a bit, because I can't imagine her driving in that state. Tomorrow another driving lesson.

I'm worried.

Yet, I was with Bob today. I was.

And ... of course "NUII" is "nui" in Hawaiian, meaning "big" or "mighty" or "powerful". Oh I wish I was all that.

Bob baby sweetie I miss you so fucking much. But then ... I WAS WITH HIM IN THE TUNNEL! It does happen like that. It really does. Of course my subconscious had to use something that resembles the actual image, but it didn't really do it clumsily, because it did not let me see the "sunflower" as a perfect sunflower, it was a weird thing with petal-like long thingies a bit separate, and the inside of the "flower" was brown and kind of strangely structured!

I "read" my subconscious, but I also "read" Bob's image!

And the screen ... ***he "took it out of the screen"*** right now seems to reflect the fact that I was about to see the image through my car window. And: It's on a kind of "screen", a display image. Bob reached into the "sunflower petals" and tore them up and made them "uneven" ... like the image depicts! As the "ii" were not in line but garbled up and like "flying through the air".

That's just so perfect ...

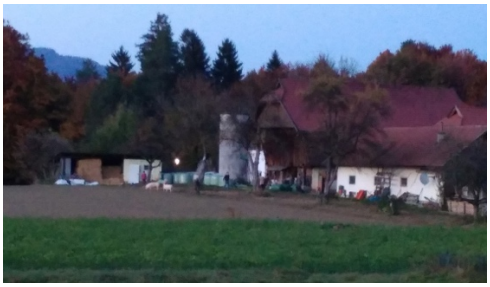
and even though I doubted that I was in the right "state", I was! Because I actually observed all this in the world "behind my mind" moments before the real life image drove by me. I don't know what kind of "NUII" it was ... Those were no sunflower petals, they were the yellow letters! and the ***brown grainy center*** was the ice cream body!

"*Ice cream communication"* is the "NUII" slogan! And the yellow flower there, too … And on the highway, Bob's phone number beginning … it always means something when I see "250" … if there was also "8030" that would be Bob chatting with me on the phone …

Are we great or what? See, the petals of that flower? It does resemble the flower I saw in the first place on Bob's computer screen!

October 28, 2021

Three pigs escaped today from the neighbor farmer's den. Good for them … there was no way for the crew to capture them, they got violently angry when they tried to touch or shoo them. I filmed it from my kitchen window. The pigs enjoyed their freedom … poor intelligent animals who now know that there is a world outside of their dungeon. I wish people wouldn't eat animals anymore. And yet I myself do …



October 29, 2021

My mother was waiting when I visited her around 2 p.m. We didn't have an appointment as we were shopping yesterday – and she had done her second driving lesson yesterday. The teacher had said that she appeared so much clearer mentally than last time, no comparison ... which I loved to hear. But she did have some short blackouts, not knowing how she'd get home.

They drove far and all over the place, and my mother was in good spirits.

But today, I thought she would want to drive, she said that the teacher had said that we should wait until the official doctor's hearing on November 9. I've been struggling with myself ... but in reality, my mother should drive and do her own shopping. I've been seeing old people in cars and in stores, unbelievable that they are driving, let alone the very young ones. If I only knew in what state her alcohol addiction is …

So today, I gave her the car key – after we did shopping together – and the expression of joy on her and radiating from her, was priceless. It was just so sweet, how happy she was.

And I got to say, I would not have done that if I hadn't experienced her total clearness today, mixed with a little confusion, but just barely. Even I have sometimes trouble remembering stuff these days, and she is so cautious when I'm driving warning me about everything, and the way she talks! She hasn't talked that eloquently and openly since ... well since 2011.

She noticed that I wore pants I hadn't worn before today and told me they were nice. I hope that she'll want to shop for clothes, too ...

But anyway.

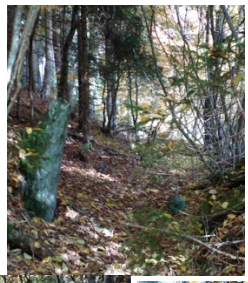
I bless her, I imagine the best, and I hope she'll be driving safely and happily. The worst thing would have been that she had waited until November 9 and then not be permitted to drive anymore for some odd reason.

I have been adding the Bach flower drops in her mineral water, and I know it's them that help her spirit and mind. It's such a big huge noticeable difference since she has been taking them. It's like "magic".

Again ... why in the world didn't I try that earlier? And why not with Bob?

October 30, 2021 **– The Kane Stone, the Rabbit & the Sun**

Discovered a new path with Jacqui today ... and at some point we ended up at a ruins structure with ***old walls*** that looked like a Hawaiian *heiau-setting*. Especially because there was also a very distinct "***Kane***"-stone. It's very interesting how I flash right back and be right back there in the Hawaiian story, when I see something like this.



Before ending up there, we ended up at the end of a road, and there were a ***rabbit*** and a ***sun*** … facing each other. One single piece of "Firn" candy (mint, chocolate filled) I saw under the leaves.

The interesting thing is – *I did not mean to walk there*. I was heading for an entirely different direction, East instead of North, but I went North, abandoning my original plan just because …

and I ended up at these wondrous places. There were *two **heart**-shaped small **leaves*** … just the two of them in the whole area … right on the path … And a beautiful "Amanita Muscaria", a "fly mushroom" … I do remember that Bob showed me one the other day …

The leaves raining down on us ... the fall colors ... I felt aging and kind of lonely. I had to force myself to not expect the worst about my mother. I struggled thinking that I should go visit her unannounced to see if she had been drinking.

I gave her the car key yesterday, Jesus Christ. I tried to be trusting. But I was so worried.

Eventually I stopped at a sunny clearing close to the big stone and called her. It's a bright day, but she wanted to stay inside – after having driven her car to get the newspaper. She talked eloquently and normal, only once I winced a bit because she used a phrase that she hasn't said in many weeks, – only back in the day before her breakdown, when she had been on a constant alcohol level as it seems now.

But maybe it means nothing.

I walked back to lake Saissersee ... and I decided to expect the best.

Too sad that she can't just once say on her own that she wants to get outside. But maybe she will.

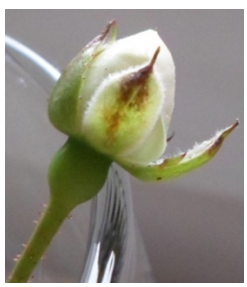
I put more Bachflowers into her mineral water yesterday, they are good for her, will try to do it once more tomorrow.

I just can't imagine how it would be if she wouldn't pass the test on November 9.

I get a panic attack feeling only writing about it.

Of all days, today Rudi called, my ex with who I had had that long conversation on the phone a few weeks ago. But I didn't pick up. I just can't talk or meet, I feel so old and exhausted emotionally. I'll just be home and with Jacqui.

Oh yes, I forgot: In the walk in the new forest area, I came across a *wonderful **house*** ... so lonely on a hillside in the middle of the forest above the lake. Wow, it appealed to me so strongly ... I want that house! Not really, but a house just like it, with a "ohana" next to it ... Oh I said that out loud in the forest, and I haven't said it since I was with Bob, or rather he said it. Found rose buds, watered them in.



Sometimes, these days or nights, I feel like my physical life is approaching its end, my heart is hurting, my body feels so sore and worn out, my face is so old today, it wasn't that old before.

I'm kind of worn out, I am.

At the same time, I feel like I'm not done at all. It's strange.

I'll tell Michi the birdwoman the idea about my paintings to get money ... for her and for me. I'd call it the "Poldi Project", because I want to make a little video of all that I filmed of Poldi with

narration by myself. *(**Note**: She never got back to me on any of suggestions like that … I had begun to realize that a lot was "off" about her.)*

(Later)

Just felt compelled to check out some eye-health-related online-stories … since there are those mysterious troubles with my eyesight with the new glasses … I can't seem to see clearly in the center of the glasses. Turned out it was the same with the old glasses, just I didn't notice it, because they were so scratched.

And just now remember that I did ask Bob in the yellow-brown sunny fall forest to *"put something into my hand"* to let me know if he was with me during my fall-hike today. And immediately I had ***two light-blue and white balls*** in my hand, could have been *big eye balls* or *marbles* or *glass bulbs*, but almost like billiard balls big. The white and the blue were kind of merging or seeping into each other, like eye balls, I thought spontaneously. Of course I flashed back to that when I saw that big eye-picture just now …

Also … I read a bit more about the motives of Ted Bundy "women's health" and "psychology today", not sure why I was drawn to it … but an image of the ***skull*** of a young woman that monster murdered was such an intense remind that the body is really a shell … ***Is this Bob's way of trying to comfort me and not fall into the anniversary-trap of mourning for his body?***

October 31, 2021 **– The Blue Eyeballs & the Big I & the Calcedony Solution**

It was Gibbs. The ***two blue "eyeballs" were Gibbs' eyes,*** the NCIS-hero who Bob adored.

For "no reason" I decided to go online one more time last night, after working for hours on this contact diary, as I had ended up at a NCIS-sequence that was significant at the time in summer. I saw: Just days ago was the last time "Gibbs" was on "NCIS"! ***"Gibbs" left NCIS!*** An era – over! If Bob were an inca, he'd be devastated by the loss of Gibbs. I'm sure he wanted to share that with me … and wanted me to read the article, and get it, that the two blue balls like eyeballs were ***Gibb's famous blue eyes!*** That's what I had "in my hand"!

(Cliff Lipson/CBS)

Gibbs Thanks Leon Vance at the Diner

Gibbs: I'm head to Alaska. I'm going to this little town, called...

Leon (interrupts): Don't say another word. After what you did, taking off with the suspect in Parker's car, the FBI is going to want to talk to you, and when they can't find you , they will come to me, and I won't lie.

(Cliff Lipson/CBS)

Torres Drives Gibbs to the Airport

(Cliff Lipson/CBS)

Gibbs' Final Goodbye to McGee

Wow!

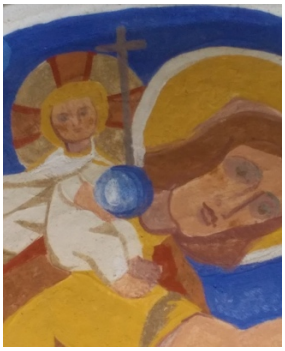
And the **dream** I had!

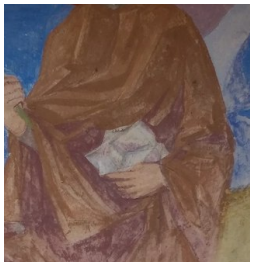
I ended up in some kind of city or shopping mall with people and there was an element of me trying to either escape from them or catch up with them … there was a balustrade and a long building and some kind of display … and I was running back and forth in that "mall" or hotel complex. Then I saw some kind of book title in a display, and it read "***Kawell Books***" – yes, with the "I" in the end being ***a big "I",*** not like the original "Kaweli".

Oh! Oh, oh! Now I get it! ***"The big eye"!*** They eyeballs! They were bigger than a regular eyeball that's why I dismissed the blue balls as eye balls yesterday! Now that I wrote down "big I" and heard it in my mind … it clicked!

And that's because I just come from a long morning walk with Jacqui – and I came across that Christian image stand again, where the "white thing" once appeared, and there it was:
Something that looks like a big blue and white eye ball!

Seriously! There was also something like a "crystal" that Saint is holding … but *a blue-white ball manifested!*





Plus … I was attracted to strange mushrooms growing in really strange places … mushrooms that are totally meant to be on the ground. Does this answer *my question if the disca can be anywhere?*

And back to the **dream**! I stood reading … oh now, I remember, there were several *women*, one of them maybe a mother, the other daughters? And I was somehow connected with them! And I read "Kaweli" and got excited at first – turned to them and said "Yes, that's the project Bob and I are doing", and right away I got so deeply sad and said to them that no, not possible, because Bob is dead. I think I explained it to them, and *a part of me thought that it's weird*

because I'm only dreaming. There was an element of "moving on with the project", which is utterly strange … but in the dream there was something I was going to do, and it had to do with traveling and filmmaking.

Oh I wish. But …

Bob is dead.

I must stay away from this thought today.

Last night, suddenly, the full mortal load of this insight wanted to break down on me. I didn't let it.

Bob is no more in this world with me. I miss him so much. He seems so close right now, as if he was standing right beside me and I could just turn and see him …

It's a dense feeling of "Bob" right now.

Still. I know there is no Maui life with him for me anymore. It's gone baby gone. And I miss it so much I could just die.

I googled the strange thing about my eyesight last night, that the center of my vision is getting blurry, and it's some kind of Macula-damage … well, I might end up blind in old age … and I don't care about old age, really. That said, I do know that we all have our story to live out.

Fuck it … sometimes that's all that's on my mind.

Will visit my mother at noon and see in what shape she it.

Go from there.

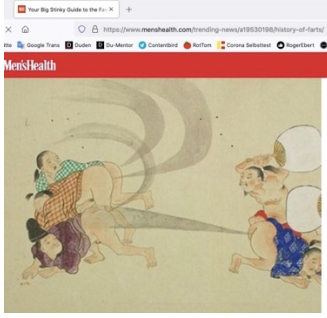
(Later) **The Butt Synchronicity!**

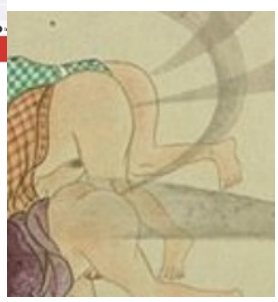
Well well. What a day.

Took mom for a walk … to the Drau river. I had given her the car key yesterday. She was in such good shape. I had decided to trust her. I had called her yesterday and I had had the feeling that something was off, because she said something that she only says when she is drunk. I just hoped and prayed. So today, she war pulling herself together, but I had the feeling that she was very slightly intoxicated, but I fought it. I said to myself that I was overreacting. *(**Note**: Yeah, right.*) She had entirely forgotten that I was going to come, that we had made that appointment, and she was fighting her own tipsiness, but once I smelled alcohol on her breath.

I didn't even get angry, it was just so clear to me that she has a huge problem. I was so quiet inside and felt in a strange way helpless.

I left her to herself after a nice long walk along the river Drau, … we saw a very strange sculpture … of a seemingly a "butt" … next to a bridge …





*(**Note**: Oh wow! Something amazing just happened! It's today November 14, and I actually gave my mother her car key back today, for the third time, and I'm praying and hoping again, but she is just so well … there was no way to keep her property from her any longer without destroying our very fragile relationship. So … Before I arrived at this sequence to put pictures in, I had googled about the **history of farts**, because I had noticed that I was always curious about the smell of my own fart! Wow! And back then, during the walk, I wasn't sure if I wanted to take a picture of this **butt** … it's probably not one, but it looks like one! But I did take the pics! And today – it totally fits to what I just did!)*

*(**Note**: Even this "question mark" cloud that I saw during the walk with my mom fits to my googling up about why we like to smell our own farts!)*

There was also a very large "*shark*" next to Gerlitzen mountain …

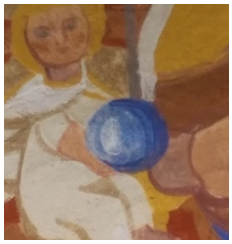
But tomorrow I'll be visiting her again, and there will be consequences and a new set of plans.

I also had the urge to get a picture of the ***"blue white" balls*** that Bob put into my hand … and I somehow stumbled across a healing mineral, the "***Calcedony***"! It's so amazing, as its exactly what I need right now.

Yeah … that kind of white and blue ball is similar to what I received, not perfect, but kinda …

So … it's kind of interesting that I got to "Gibbs" and from there still I felt it wasn't enough … and yes, Bob gave me a hint that he knows what I'm going through, but he also emphasizes that he knows that I know what I have to do!

And most importantly: Next to the blue-white ball – t*hat actually looks exactly like what Bob put into my hand!* – that I saw this morning, is a "*crystal*"! And I photographed it "just because"**. ***Yes, the Chalcedon is a crystal!*** What I also notice just now is that the child *is holding the blue white ball in it's hands* … just ***like Bob "put it into my hand!***


(What is it, anyway, that this guy is holding?)

How amazing … how everything falls into place … Here is a rough translation of a text about what that **Chalcedon** is for … known as the "speaker's stone" and widely used by witches and magicians:

> *Its healing effects and indications cover a wide spectrum. Basically, it is used for all topics that have anything to do with **communication**. Here he promotes understanding, openness and sociability. But it is not only used for external communication, but also for learning to be able to enter into an honest and creative dialogue with yourself. It strengthens the eloquence and self-expression and is especially popular as a power stone in the case of grief and annoyance. In addition, it has a strengthening effect in overcoming unconscious mechanisms and habits. And it helps to bring the **balancing act between establishing boundaries and helpfulness** into a solid balance. Another of its excellent healing effects is to compensate for a lack of flexibility, a lack of assertiveness or the fear of perseverance. And that without neglecting the problem of aggressiveness, irritability or stress limits.*

Also … I went to my brother Peter's grave and cleaned up a bit. Then I took Jacqui into the forest and made there a small arrangement to put on Edith's grave along with a big rose candle … and for the first time I was able to look at a picture of her … that's online, telling about her death on November 7, 2020. I miss her. I do. And she knows it.
I asked her to let me know if she likes the little "wild bouquet", and the first thing I "saw" in my hand were "*two lemons*"!
Oh well. I should know better than doubt it. But lemons … again?

November 1, 2021, Sunday

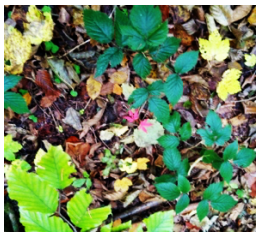
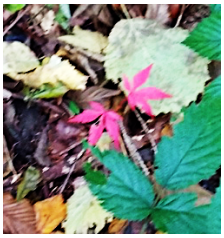
Found my mother drunk in her nightgown at not even 1 p.m. She was slurring her speech, swearing that she hadn't had anything to drink. In her shopping basket were two empty wine bottles.

So I had been right.

Unfortunately.

Took her car key. That was it.

Then I took Jacqui on a walk to Rosegg, on a whim … and promptly I found a ***lady bug cap***! Lady bugs everywhere! What are the odds? (Also, I saw some wondrous ***red leaves***: just two, facing each other, in a sea of green …)

… and there I met *Ingrid*, an acquaintance of many years ago, she knew my brother, she is a photographer. Interestingly I have been looking at her ads recently, in several magazines and online. And there she was – totally nice! The dog of a fried, a small nose-less dog breed lady, French Bull dog? … almost attacked Jacqui, "which she has never done before", but Ingrid, when recognizing me said that this had meaning, and she would love to connect with me.

And strangely, of all the people I met in the last years, she is the only one where I would have no feeling of any resistance.

So yes, we'll visit each other. She lives like ten minutes from where I live.

We'll see.

Her attentiveness and niceness appealed to me. She said I had a "big aura", well. There.

(Later)

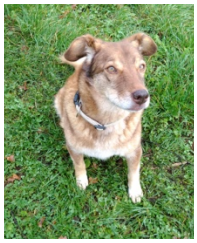
Made a small nature bouquet for Edith and put it on her grave along with a rose candle that was given to me years ago by my a friend in Vienna.

Forgot to mention for a while:

A few weeks ago, during some kind of "closeness" with the disca, I "saw" a boy with a typical Austrian ***folklore hat***, in ***gray "Filz",*** *light gray felt hat,* with a green or black braided band around it, something red, too, and something like a flower or a Gamsbart on it … that kid appeared several times in my mind.

Then, I saw the former owner of the pub that's next to where my mother lives, a nice man named "Tonitz" (last name) who walks on crutches and has a nice white haired wife, who used to be friends with my mother, wear exactly that hat! Gray Filz (felt), with the band and something on it! It's an unusual shape of hat … so I was very baffled to see that man with that hat! *(**Note**: Something interesting would happen about that hat on November 20!)*

Here, at my new place, it's nice to be out in the forest and on the meadow so quickly … but somehow it gets old quickly. I feel okay here … but I also feel kind of restless in a strange way. Not home here.



November 4, 2021 **– Lights Out!**

Bob's death day.

I don't want to think about it. I came across a ***sticker*** right in front of my feet on the ground next to the street, the other day … how cynical.

Drove mom to hairdresser and picked her up. She was happy and looked great. Heavy rain, changing weather.

Took a walk with Jacqui up the meadow close to where my mother lives, and I had such an intense feeling and sense of Bob's presence, as if he was right there. I could almost see him. I played the game of „put your arm around my shoulder", „hold my left hand" … „and prove to me that you did". Also found a *marking stone* (hahaha, funny) there …

I asked him to *put something into my hand*, and weirdly, the first thing that came right away, was an „*Enzian flower*", a „***Gentian***". I doubted it, asked again a bit later, and it was some *pastry with „cherries"* or *some round and reddish things*, a few of them in some kind of row or assembly, can be that there was also some white on it. They were on something, like a cloth or in a bag, or on a cake … not sure.

Then, one more time, this time I asked Edith, and I received a *big wool ball of multi colored wool.*

Oh well.

I don't want to let myself get into the „how was that when Bob died" and shit.

Don't want to.

I received an email from birdwoman Michi who didn't go at all into what I had written about the strange feeling I had about her and before that about the fact that I had a sense of her dead father and received a „garden dwarf" in my hand, and later, didn't tell her that, but it occurred to me, some fabric that was yellow and brown striped or similar.

She didn't get into anything I wrote. Oh well.

She has two tiny kitten in her care now, but she hates cats.

I really don't know what to think.

So I'm working on editing jobs right now, *it's shortly after 8 p.m.*, and I realized earlier that the intense Bob feeling must have been around time of his death, it was some time in the very early morning hours of November 4, 2018, but I was on that meadow around 1 p.m. my time, which is early morning Hawaiian time.

I just can't get into this.

So I took a short walk with Jacqui now, it's not raining … and as soon as I stepped out onto the village path that leads up to the small meadow and the fence where I usually turn around, ***one light right next to me went off.*** A street light, yes. It was strange. And I said „Well, that's not funny". So I walked a bit, ***and the light came back on again!***

Of course I thought it there was a way the disca …?

Well, I walked to the fence – and ***all street lights went off!*** And they didn't come on again!

I had to find my way back in the dark.

That was very weird.

Why did they do that exactly when I was out there! It's the time when I had received the news from Joyce that Bob had died … around exactly this time in the evening of November 4, 2018.

That's when my life went dark.

I just had to think about the song from that silly movie about the Euro song contest, where she sings „I saw you and then all my nights turned into morning." And I kept singing, instead, „Then you died, and I … fell into some stinking dark hole … all my days turned into some shit night".

Was Bob reminding me?

I mean – ***THE LIGHTS WENT OFF WHEN I STEPPED ONTO THAT PATH!*** First one, like a "heads-up". It came back on. Then all went off, and didn't come back on!

Wow.

That's … unusual in itself, but even more unusual because it's the day it fucking is.

All I could say out there was „Not funny. I don't want this. Fuck you."

There was some „electricity" around, I could feel this in my tooth that I'm nursing now, because the electrical sting went right up my cheek …

Did someone try to get my attention? Got it alright.

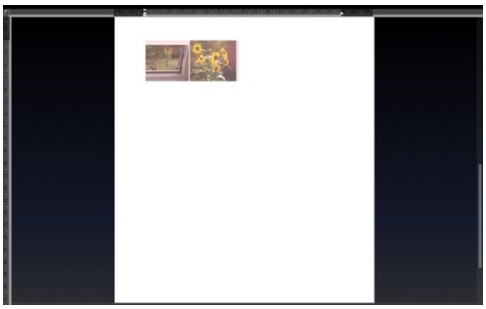
One of my favorite „disca interact with humans" scenes of all times is in the series „***Forever***" where the invisible (of course) disca are in a home where a family just moved in, and ***they teach one new disca how to switch the light off*** … spooking the shit out of the inca.

So was this a homage of this, my favorite thing that I've seen in all the many things I've seen disca do in films in the past two years?

Like … not just switch off a light in a room, but switch off a whole row of street lamps?

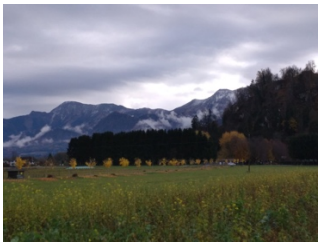
Good one. If they did it – chapeau!

*(**Note**: Just a few minutes earlier, when I had started working on this contact diary, putting images in, something strange happened: **"The lights went off"** on my laptop display, too! I have not the foggiest idea, how that "black" background and strange setup of my screen happened. I did nothing! I couldn't do it if I wanted to! It happened by itself! Yeah, right! I had to exit to get rid of it! It appeared again! And again – I did not click anything that I hadn't done a million of times before, just opening a jpg or dragging one onto the word-document surface! Wow! This is exciting!)*



November 5, 2021 **– Candle in the Sand & Hot Black & another Lady Bug**

Took a lovely walk at Rosegg close to the animal park with mom … I think she liked it. We came by a chapel, and as I went inside: a **candle** in the **sand** (!) and a **lady bug**! With a lucky clover! Like I had found the day I had left Griffen! Like "*toes in the sand*", of course … and I felt so so so spoken to and greeted from "the other side"! Oh – looking at the pictures I just saw, next to the sand, a match box with "*Regio Kaffee*" on it – ***coffee! Bob's and my beloved "hot black"***! Oh my!



Late evening walk again with Jacqui – *all the lights are working!*
Plus – ate a can of fish – and there was a piece of *glass* in it! Wow!

November 6, 2021

Took a drive with my mother, she drove … wow, along a country road she kept stopping in the middle of the road whenever another car encountered us … she got scared and not sure about the distance … and once she almost stopped at speed 60 on an actual road only because someone came at high speed down a highway exit … Well. She did go on a walk with me, but she could not remember that we had walked there a week ago … that was when she was intoxicated! I got her to remember stuff … and I "walked her through" her impending visit on Tuesday at the gov-doctor to check her ability to drive.

It's just fucking heartbreaking. If we had done that even two years ago, she'd be so much better now. And why didn't I insist in 2016, when we had contact and instead let myself be scared off by her angry rejection of me? Because I got "psychological advice" from smart psychologists to "accept that my mother doesn't want me and wishes to be left alone". She was already in alcohol dementia! And somehow I "knew" it … but didn't react. That's a fucking pattern. I did something similar with Bob. I rather believed in his mental prowess than trusting my own feeling that something was wrong …

Now that's where we are at.

Nothing to do about the past.

The future counts right?

Talking about it … I have started to take "Una de Gato", Cat's Claw today, because I know "something" is "in" my left breast. Has been for a while. But now, when I lie on my belly, I feel it. Not ready to rot from cancer.

Yesterday I read up on the COVID-19 vaccination craziness: Even the official pro-vaccination (which is really a genetic experimental treatment) websites states that there is no actual protection from being infected or from handing on infection! And millions of people allow virus-protein or virus-rna to be injected into their bodies! Hundreds of thousands experience such strong side effects that make them more sick than they would have ever been without vaccination! They may have never gotten sick, but the vaccination gave them the virus, and they got forced sick! And that doesn't even "protect" them for good, they must get more of that poison into them!

Jesus Christ! It's really very disheartening to see how thousands are "infected" by that mindset that they must let them be "vaccinated for protection" when that is entirely not true. They do not read up what the injection really gives them! They just let them be scared into obedience! It's a whole mess. In a few years those people will be the best clients to the medical system = pharma industry!

What a fucked up human world. So I don't want to die too soon, because maybe I can have some kind of effect on how these things will develop?

November 7, 2021, Sunday **– The Origami Bird from August 6! The Dwarfs! Edith & Betty! The Red Thingies and another blue-white Ball!**

First anniversary of Edith's graduation.

I took Jacqui on a nice walk this morning, it's clear with sunshine … and I thought of Edith and asked her how she was doing. Then, of course, I asked her to put something into my hand.

It was very strange, because things came that I had "seen" before, so I thought, well, so my memory is playing right now … it was a *colorful ball-shaped* ***pin-cushion,*** and then, an *"**Origami**" thing in white paper.*

I said out loud "Origami, really? Well." At that moment I did not realize that I had "seen" Origami before.

So later, after breakfast, I started working on putting in the pictures of this contact diary, and I picked one of the many picture folders and began to clean it out.

And there were pictures of "Poldi", my magpie with the date ***August 5***. And I went back there … and there it was! In a tunnel *on that day* ***Bob had shown me – an Origami bird!*** On that date! And today I had received it, the Origami thing, but I didn't "look" closely, whether it was a bird or a flower, it was just white paper Origami on my hand just an hour earlier!

Feels like a greeting …

I couldn't make myself call my mother … I just don't know anyr tomorrow.

August 6, 2021 – **Poo, Origami & the Harp**

I try not to think about August 2018 … Poldi took his first real l himself like crazy. Hot sunshine today after several rainy days. Ma high easily and maybe fly off and come back and land again?

Must drive to Velden later.

And as I pondered along, also how Jacqui likely feels a bit undervalued and neglected these days, a car drove by with „***POOOO 1***". And I said spontaneously „No ***shit***!" Because my life has been about bird's poo(p) in the last week!

So that was a definite hello!

Then the tunnels came one after the other … but like many times before, I barely managed to „feel" myself in „housie's hallway", I also only had the tiniest glimpses of … well, ***an origami bird***. I thought „well, bird, I get it, but origami" … and as I left the tunnel, two very strange planes flew very low, they did look like origami birds, being some kind of special build small planes!

*(**Note**: Only on November 7, the first anniversary of Edith's death, would "**Origami**" make the most sense: I had asked Edith "to put something into my hand" … and it was "Origami"! She knew that an hour later I would end up revisiting this date! And she let me know. And I picked it up!)*

And there it was again!

Edith has responded to me. She "knows". She is here. I wish I could tell my father. He'd not even listen. Besides, he doesn't want to see me.

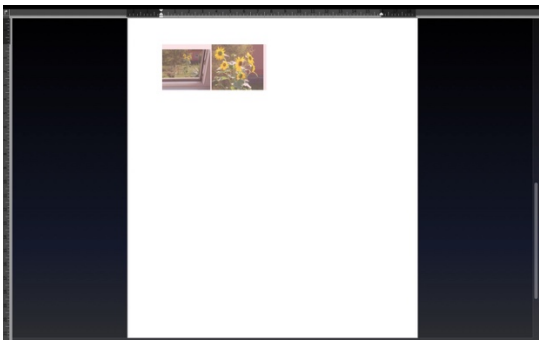
But then – I'm "celebrating" her graduation in my way.

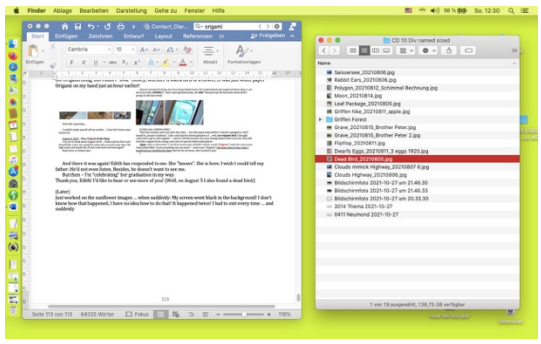
Thank you, Edith! I'd like to hear or see more of you! (Well, on August 5 I also found a dead bird.)

(Later)

Just worked on the sunflower images … when suddenly: ***My screen went black in the background!*** I don't know how that happened, I have no idea how to do that! It happened twice!

I had to exit every time … and suddenly it went back to the normal light background screen (screenshot from just now)!





And just now, I returned to November 4, ***when the lights went out*** when I was standing under the lantern with Jacqui at the path up where I live! See … what I mean?

"Time" for the disca is not what it is for us! It's all about the essence of time and space and motion! It's "conductivity" and "receptivity" and: "frequency!" Oh, shit, I must read it up in "The Unobstructed Universe" … but I just don't have time!

(Later)

Just now … I also realize that the ***„garden dwarf"*** that I received as a *„greeting evidential image" from Michi's dead father for her, about a week ago* (I didn't write about it, just didn't get to it …) *just came back full circle to me!*

I found a dwarf sticker on August 11. On August 24, I found the actual look-alike „dwarf", and again another one on September 16. But only today, working on putting the pictures for this contact diary in, **did I realize the connection!**

Michi hasn't responded to me … and she kind of cut off contact in a way … and just tonight I thought, wow, maybe it's because I gave her the „garden dwarf" image as a greeting from her father? Maybe it rings totally true? Or it wasn't for her at all … but for me?

It's a topic today, the dwarfs, has been on my mind already yesterday regarding Michi's behavior and withdrawal … and today they are „on my work schedule" … I remember exactly finding that sticker on the street in Griffen, and I hesitated to photograph it, but then I did, felt urged.

Oh – another realization! ***Was the "garden dwarf for me, not for Michi?***

I mean, just now I'm sitting baffled shitless in front of the dwarf images! And the year number "1920", that's part of Betty's and Stewart's story. **Oh oh oh – now I remember!** ***(Literally, it just came to me as I'm writing, right now, at 1 p.m. Sunday …!)*** Betty White had "garden dwarfs" in her garden! I think I read that about her! I must find that passage in Stewart's writing! Is that why I "saw" the "garden dwarf" and thought it was for Michi from her father?

Betty White was an avid gardener and loved her garden – EXACTLY LIKE EDITH, whose death anniversary is today! Edith also had garden dwarfs! Maybe they still are in her garden?

My father told me weeks ago he doesn't want me to help, he has no time for me to come visit … so, fine! I stayed away! Today is Edith's day … and I know that my father is miserable. But I also think that there are people around him today … who know Edith and know that it's her dying day.

Is that why I'm picking this up today, that my mind seems "open" "to get it" today?
Wow!
I searched a bit through "The Betty Book", "Across the Unknown", but didn't find "dwarf" or "gnome", but I did find a segment about a "garden", that could be ***Edith "speaking"*** … because she loved her dogs, first Gipsy who is with her and then Sandy, who is with my father and needs my help …

near and embraceable. A great heart hunger for it is possessing me.

INVISIBLE: It's the great and simple secret of further progress, and true
possession of what has been developed.

BETTY: It would take a poet or an angel to express it, because we do not
know how to partake of this superhappiness. I get just a breath of it
when I lie down next the earth and sniff it; and I get just a taste of it
when I come in on the waves and the salt is on my lips; and I get just a
whisper of it when I stay still in the woods and listen; and I get the
most of it when I love something, even my dog or my garden. Don't you
see; I want so much to sink deep, dive, be absorbed in this intense
reciprocity, this thing I can't even name. It must be experienced and
entered completely in order to have practical understanding and sympathy
and accomplishment in the material world. It gives an endless vista....

when I love something, even my dog or my garden.

: so much to sink deep, dive, be absorbed in this

(Later)
Oh, now I got it! **<u>THE ESSENCES!</u>**
I was writing before about how "time" is not for the disca what it is for us, and I wasn't sure about the facts of the "essences" of everything that the disca are dealing with. And just now I searched for "garden" in "With Folded Wings", and I ended up at the complete summary of what this is all about … also today, the realization of findings spread out over weeks … it's the big learning of today:

"I told you once that over here I worked in essences," said she, "I spoke of 'going around my garden collecting essences.' You will find it in one of the books and in the records. That is how I work now—in essences. But I live, as always, in an actual world. Now:

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trilogia—receptivity, conductivity and frequency—have been manifested in the obstructed universe as time, space and motion, precisely as consciousness itself has manifested in the obstructed universe as man, nature and matter."

These "essences" of the things with which we are already familiar here in our earth life, Betty assures us from her present vantage in the unobstructed, are the everyday material for activity in the invisible life.

"I told you once that over here I worked in essences," said she, "I spoke of 'going around my garden collecting essences.' You will find it in one of the books and in the records. That is how I work now—in essences. But I live, as always, in an actual world. Now:

"The *essences* of Time plus Space plus Motion equals created matter of some kind, depending on their proportions, etc. Thus we have the constituents of a world—yours or mine, or other worlds beyond ours.

"The essences of Time plus Space equals duration." (If you inject Space into pure Time you get the extension of time to duration.)

"The essences of Space plus Time equals distance." (If you inject into space the "slowness" of getting there, you lave distance.)

"The essences of Motion plus Space equals pure communication." (There is in radio a slight injection of time, of course; but that comes nearest to "pure communication" with us.)

"The essences of Motion plus Time equals pure Being."

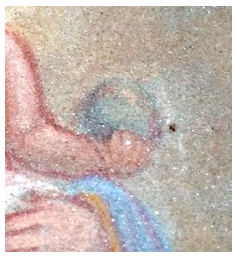
She went on to explain her manipulations in dealing with her kind of space and time, but that aspect of the subject is complicated and beside our purpose. The point is that she can manipulate them according to their nature and her own skill. What affects our present argument is her conclusion.

And the ***red „thingies" & the blue-white ball!***

I took Jacqui for a walk to Rosegg, because of the nice long wide spread paths between the fields and along the river … and I came by one of those "Marterln" that are so typical for Carinthia, they are some kind of Christian memorial shrines … and there were the "*some round and reddish things*" … like "on something" that I had received together with the "Gentian" flower on November 4?! There they were! ***Red round thingies! Like berries,*** but not really – because rather ***flowers?!***

I mean – I don't run around looking for those things! Not at all!

Plus … as I walked around and looked at another image: The ***blue-white ball*** was there too! Wow. I was kind of baffled, standing there. It felt so … odd to see these things. I have realized that I keep them in mind when they are significant. So my path lead me by that "Marterl" to see those manifestations of things that "Bob had put into my hand" *on October 29!* He had put ***<u>two</u> blue white balls*** into my hand! I had already seen one on the Christian memorial shrine close to where I live! And here is another one!



the glasses. I turned out it was the same with the old glasses, just I didn't notice it, because they were so scratched.

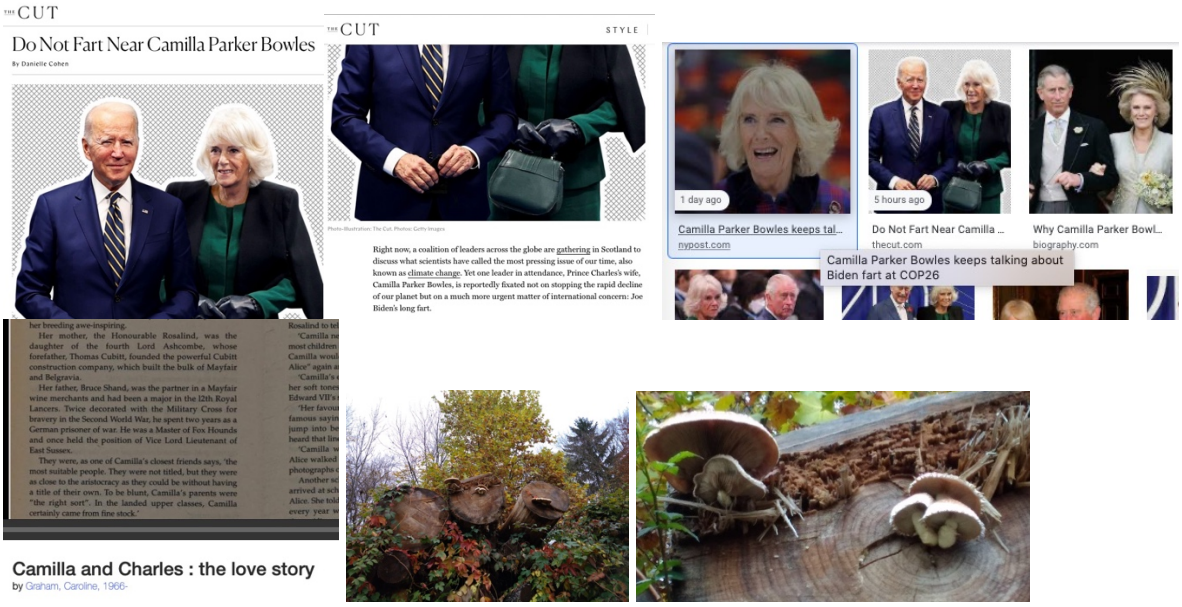
And just now remember that I did ask Bob in the yellow-brown sunny fall forest to *"put something into my hand"* to let me know if he was with me during my fall-hike today. And immediately I had *two light-blue and white balls* in my hand, could have been *big eye balls* or *marbles* or *glass bulbs*, but almost like billard balls big. The white and the blue were kind of merging or seeping into each other, like eye balls, I thought spontaneously. Of course I flashed back to that when I saw that big eye-picture just now …

Oh so funny!

November 9, 2021 **– The farting!**

Today I had great ***flatulence*** with very stinking farts, which is *highly unusual* for me. I was ashamed even in front of my dog. I even apologized to him – and to disca potentially present – about the fowl smell from my butt. I took a shower pretty late and then sat down at my laptop to do some reading before going to bed as I felt so wired.

I felt like googling Camilla Parker Bowles, as I've been reading about her and Lady Di at the archive.org in the last two days. So I googled her name - *while I let out another big* ***fart***, and it felt good. And lo and behold, immediately the headline came up: ***Don't fart near Camilla Parker Bowles!*** Jesus Christ! That's something! What are the odds? What „made me" google her only to find my own behavior reflected?



Also, during a walk along the usual path (where everyone and their brother walk in the area with their dogs) I came across those mushrooms on the logs, and they matured meanwhile. Somehow it was interesting to see them "look down" on us …

And then the "Pyrite" stones also attracted me … I received a Pyrite in Hawaii, I wrote about it in this contact diary, even … and here was one right on my path too …

November 10, 2021 **– Dream-Message from Bob as Encouragement**

Took my mother to the gov-doctor yesterday, and she did fine, but he ordered a psych-evaluation by a doctor of psychiatry. She was impatient and pissed off as I was driving her car, and she scares so easily, she made me nervous entirely.

Back home, when I told her that I don't think she is fit to have the car key and that I worry that she will drive by alcohol again, she broke out in the utmost hatred against me – and she was entirely sober! I had always thought she did that in her alcohol stupor, but no, that's real. She has nothing but resentment against me. She behaved like a stubborn brat, not wanting to talk to me … and her glances at me were pure hatred. I had to flee, I was kind of heartbroken, because it became clear that she really does not see how and that I'm helping her.

So if she doesn't stay sober and improve her mental capacity, she won't be able to pass that psychiatric evaluation. I will take the day off today and visit her again tomorrow and see what can be done.

But I had a shit afternoon. Took J on a longer walk, cried a bit and the realized that she can't help it, and that there is no point for me to be all desperate, it won't change anything.

I texted my uncle and asked him to call her and ask about the doc appointment, and he later called me back and said that she was kind of happy about how well it went. No word about me or that she said to me "you were and are a evil witch in human body". And that after all the efforts of the last months and years … and I actually spoke for her to the doctor and lied to him. Anyway. That's just my ass card that I pulled in terms of personal story in this mortal go-around.

I fell asleep on the couch in the evening, that's how exhausted I am, then worked on putting images into this c. d. until way past midnight.

And I had a **dream** … it was *Bob telling me that what I'm doing is the right thing to do.* I woke up with that dream, and I tried to get back into it, but I only managed to hold on to the "setting" while staying away.

I was in a kind of village, outdoors and indoors at the same time, kind of moving about with at least two other people, I think friends that I had back in the day, before I even went to Maui, but I don't know who they were. At the same time there was an element of "housie" in the place, and I kind of "knew" that I was on Maui. But I did not live there anymore, and I knew that Bob had moved on to another woman. The dream kind of skipped between me being out and about along some country road with hedges and trees along gardens and me watching out for Bob. We were in some kind of contact, but we were not together again, just lived in the same neighborhood. So at some point I was on some kind of elevated spot like a lookout or scenic view point … and suddenly it was more winter than the autumn atmosphere of before, as there was snow, too. The "knowing" of Bob being with somebody else, became nagging and painful … and suddenly, as I looked down from that *lookout* – there was ***Bob walking!*** But he was smaller and shorter and went in a kind of bent way, like a really old man. And I thought to myself in my dream ***"Wow, he looks so old and like he is in pain"***, and he wore something white and turquoise and black, and his hair was white … but I only saw him from behind.

The person who was with me, kind of behind me, a woman, I think, a scrawny one, tried to distract me from Bob … who didn't know I was watching him. And somehow, his new partner showed up, too, but in a distance, a tall and blond woman, kind of pudgy and in a way elegant. She caught up with Bob as they walked up that country path … and I felt so heartbroken. ***I knew that they were going to do winter sports*** … and there was an element of that in the dream that it was some kind of ski resort nearby, and I thought over and over in my dream how Bob had never taken the time to do things with me, and with his new partner suddenly he was all active and such? (This has a very deep real-life element to it.)

Somehow the dream shifted to me being in "housie" or the home of Bob that was similar to housie, and time had passed. And I snooped around in the home, feeling so strange knowing that the other woman was in there … Now, here I must note that I think that all that stuff what I told until here, has to do with my real life experiences with Bob and his "partners", women he dropped again right away, and my heartbreak and the feelings about it all. It seems like my subconscious got me "on alert" saying, hang on, Dany, this is proof that I am who I say I am … <u>Because then:</u>

I ended up in some kind of storage room and saw a type of ***blue and white plastic snow shoes***, and I knew that Bob and his partner had just been ***snowshoe hiking***.

Now that has to do with texts I'm editing a lot these days about winter sports including snow shoe hiking. In my dream I thought about that! I thought "*well, that's interesting, because I'm editing snow shoe hiking texts these days, and here even Bob is doing that now".* I knew that nobody was home, or I thought so, and I moved about the house, which was in a way "housie", some more, as I felt entitled to it.

That woman and friend of mine was around and asked me what I was doing. And there was some room, like a mix between kitchen and leisure room, but not a room that had really existed in the real housie, and there was a table or display with plants. And a lot of small dry leaves were on the floor. I proudly thought that I knew where the dustpan and the small broom was, and grabbed them. At the same time I thought "Oh, that's the set I have now, back on Maui it was brown". Serious, I thought that while dreaming! That's why I know that I had "evidentials" in the dream, too! Because the thing about the leaves, again, is my subconscious memory from real life, as yesterday and this morning there is the yard cleaning company active where I live, and they've made big heaps of leaves and cut off brushery and branches … In the room and the adjacent storage room where a lot of new things that Bob had bought and that he and his new woman were using, and I was so heartbroken some more realizing that I had given everything to do these things with Bob. But he never took the time or would be interested in anything aside from his editing work … it was a big real life problem. Yesterday I had thought about Bob having spent ten (!) days (!) in a cabin in winter at Friday Harbor with his then "love" Patricia, while I hadn't even spent half a day with him, just him and me, and we hadn't even made it to the Olivine rocks on Maui, that I longed to show to him … and we never were at a lu'au or did a hike … fuck.

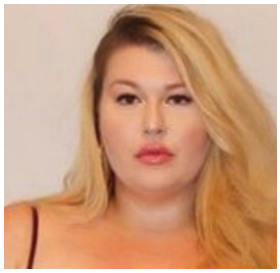
So in my dream I knew that I was not supposed to be there, in Bob's home, but it gave me so much pleasure to clean up that room, as it made me feel like I "owned" it or like "I belonged" there. In the process of me crawling on the floor and swiping more and more leaves and also soil landed on the floor. I realized it was way too much for my little broom and dustpan, and I dug right into the mess, a big heap of stuff, and that's when I realized that ***Bob was coming.***

So I looked up, and **there he was.** And he just looked at me in a welcoming way, and he was now tall and handsome and in a way "serious" in his appearance and outfit, some winter outfit with a warm woolen pullover, maybe in grays and dark reds and black and dark pants, and he had a nice hairstyle, his lovely real life brown hair, but no beard. I couldn't help but think that this man used to be mine, but now he was having sex with that other woman.

We didn't really talk, we simply "met" each other, and looking at him and slowly getting up, I kind of expected him to scold me or ask what I was doing there, but I felt that he was happy that I was there, and I also felt that where he was now, he was not truly happy, and the situation likely was not going to last.

So we looked at each other and enjoyed each other's closeness and company … and in the background was that friend of mine, but quietly … And Bob expressed a relaxed contentness to see me or be with me. And I kind of sucked in his being there … and while dreaming I thought "I am with Bob again, he is right here, I want this to never end" …

And suddenly, ***a tall very blond curly haired woman*** came walking into this room, and her face was very chubby, and she looked at me so grumpily, that she almost was ugly. But ***she wore a long white-fur-bathrobe and held it closed around her***, so I thought "She is naked underneath, and they just had sex".



(A mix of all three photos that I found online would express what she was like, *expression, posture, attitude*, but with only ear-long blond hair and a bright white short fur bathrobe.)

In my dream I think I looked for or noticed her painted finger and toe nails … and it was so intimate and so horrible and so heartbreaking, and I couldn't help but think "Seriously, that's the woman he prefers to me?" But they felt very close and well acquainted, and that was even stranger, because the feeling that I had, anyway, was, that Bob was closer to me than to her.

And she looked at me grumpily as I was kind of half up and half still on the floor, then turned to Bob and asked him, maybe only in her thoughts "What is she doing here? Don't you want to get her out?"

But Bob only smiled, and then came the message that this, I think, the whole dream, is all about:

"That's fine. Dany knows what she is doing."

And just as he said that, I realized that this was no reality, this was a dream and that I was supposed to hear this sentence, the only one that was spoken in the entire dream!

But it was spoken so clearly, and by Bob with his beloved Bob-voice that it felt like it was worth "the effort" of that entire dream … for me to get to hear his words.

Deep inside I know that I'm exactly right.

That the setup of the dream was to prepare my subconscious to receive a very clear message.

So I woke up with the thought that "There are evidentials in dreams, too!"

And that's what I take away from it: First, Bob is telling me that about all that horribly difficult situation with my mother – I'm on the right path. I'm doing the right thing. I know what I'm doing. I am to trust my inspiration and my decisions. That's what Bob told me. Let me know, using my own subconscious, my memories to prepare for that sentence to come through clearly.

I had fretted about it last night … that I didn't get any message or evidential, that I felt so left alone. And my longing for being back on Maui had peaked several times. Like after taking a nap I woke up and kind of felt like I was in "housie", and the view out of the window and in the room was so clear, that I just caught myself before I reached with my real-life mortal hands for the surroundings expecting to feel the Maui table and the Maui screen door …

I could break out in tears right now … doing it … because I miss it so much.

It feels all so desperate. It's a time when I just can't believe that Bob died.

And yet …

This ***dream*** … there was his calm and reassuring presence. We were together, he and I, even though the woman was there. And I looked at her fat face with the double chin and the very soft and smooth and light skin and the blond hair and thought that he was touching her, and that he was doing things with her … and I'm not sure if it hurt me or if I was happy for him – as I know it was not going to last. On the other hand there was the disbelief in me that he was with that woman, and I couldn't for the life of me understand, why he was with her or what he saw in her. The fact that she claimed his home as her home, was painful. But that's a real life matter too, that happened …

Anyway.

"Dany knows what she is doing" in Bob's voice, said by Bob the way I knew him while he was looking at me in a friendly and loving and reassuring way with the attitude as if he was happy that I was there … that I consider a gift.

Accepted, Bob.

And: **There are evidentials in dreams, too!**
I just wrote this to Alice, the medium, on a whim.

Took Jacqui to the *wondrous* ***bridge in the forest*** … that leads into well … the water. But it still looks like it's "bridging" something. How strange that I end up living somewhere where ***this bridge is close by*** and destined to be my favorite place to walk, as just across the hill is the lovely tree with the bench exactly in the direction that Pukalani housie was, with a wide view just like from "housie"! You wouldn't expect this at all walking away from the house where my apartment now is … but just ten minutes through the forest – and this wondrous "Dany & Bob"-world opens up. I should be … well, don't know what I should be. Accepting that I'm in the right place yet again? With a big stone to sit on and all …

Also I found a true beauty of a Parasol mushroom … and later fried and ate it. On the way back from the bridge, an older man with a cane as it seemed was sitting alone on a bench at the rim of the forest. And he asked me about the mushroom … it was kind of weird to chat briefly out there in nature, total strangers. But it was also kind of nice.

November 11, 2021 **– JO MEMO 1**
Drove to Villach today for some shopping, after having gone shopping with my mother. I didn't see her yesterday, didn't call. And when she opened, she behaved like nothing had happened. But the lovely coffee plant that I had given her to welcome her after her rehab, was gone. She claimed that it had had "mold". Yeah, right. She immediately began to talk that she wants to drive and needs the key.
I made a deal that we'd go for a walk tomorrow, and then, maybe.
I just don't trust her. She is so easily scared, only sitting in my car, where there is no danger anywhere, and I do remember that she stopped on the road several times when I drove with her the other day when cars came towards her. So … no, I do not want her to drive yet.
I gave her new Bachflowers today, for more self-reflection and to get rid of the urge to blame someone else and for coming to peace with one's own limits. I wish she wouldn't drive for at least another week. But I am afraid that her resentment against me would destroy any progress her soul would make.
So I drove alone (without dog) on the highway to Villach, and right away, *a car passed by me*, with the license plate number "***JO MEMO 1***". Now that's a special one.
Jo, that's me. Then I tried to allow impressions to come what "memo 1" reflects to, in relation to my mother. I'm still not clear, but one thing that kept coming up while I was pondering upon

the driving situation with my mother, was, that the advisor I had had right at the beginning of the ordeal in September 2019 had said that I should not worry so much about what my mother does and what could happen to her. I couldn't prevent it anyway. I could keep her save and turn around, and five minutes after I left something could happen. She also said about my mother driving (and back then I thought she had bad dementia, but I just felt that it would subside, and I was entirely right, because it's Wernicke-Korsakow syndrome, based on alcohol abuse) that "this will go well for a long time" because it's automated behavior.

Was this supposed to help me trust more?

I just don't know.

I must speak my mind to my mother tomorrow. I'll see how that goes. I have no reason to trust her, but I have reason to believe that soon she'll be fine to pass the test at the psychiatrist, for which we have two months to prepare.

The astrologer wrote that from November 12 on there will be a time of total relief, especially compared to the dates of November 9 to 11 … no kidding those were hard.

November 12, 2021 – **Bob's Image & "Memo" manifested!**

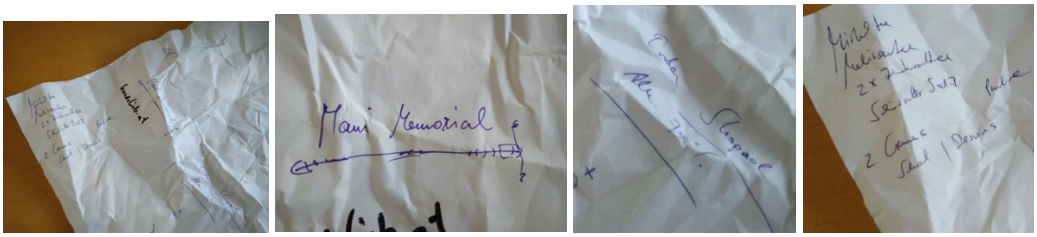
It's strange to see myself and Jacqui in yet another environment that for sure is not "home" … but the closeness of nature kind of comforts me. Found a "Bärentatze", a "bear's claw" mushroom in the forest – again! The third huge one in the area. Thought of picking it, but then left it for the animals. This is really like my childhood …

There is an obviously mentally ill young man in one of the apartments around mine, and he shouts and screams (with excitement) for hours on end, nearly every day. Well, I don't mind because I kind of "like" the guy, I think I saw him outside, a dark haired kind of exotic looking kid … but if someone were "sensitive" to that kind of obtrusive noise every day, wow, this is a stressful place to live!

Today I saw myself "in the light" in the mirror for the first time in a long time - wow, I have aged by years in the last few weeks. It is already clear that my soul shows itself outside, I am simply so emotionally exhausted. And I also bend over more often because my body is already showing me that I should either recover or that I will now lose more and more. My stomach is aching so much, my heart very often, and my joints …

Yesterday, when I drove to Villach and was thinking so intensely about my mother and what I should do and wondering if Bob was sitting next to me and when I would get the next interesting "sign", the car with the number "JO MEMO" overtook mind 1, like described. So Jo, that's me, Jo Danieli, and in the US everyone called me Jo …

So today, just earlier, I was just looking for a ***piece of paper*** to write my mother down on what she had to do to make me consider letting her drive again (first and foremost to learn to use her cell phone and always take her cell phone with her. She refuses to take spare glasses and cell phone with her while driving ... !!!!) And I turn the piece of paper that I found in a basket over – and it was from 2018, from the day Bob called me from the hospital, and I realized that this could be his end ... and on the sheet it says: ***MAUI MEMORIAL***, the name of the hospital! ***It was the piece of paper I scribbled on while talking to him on the phone***, sometime in September 2018, … and when I realized that this was bad, very bad what was happening at the hospital (and it killed him subsequently) … and there was also what I wanted to get for him at the pharmacy and send to the USA, *cell salts, Shogaol* and such ... brr.



I still had so much hope then.

The tumor was already smaller and withdrawing from his belly, Bob was fine, and then he let "friends" persuade him to go to the hospital for a "check-up", the doctors only saw a terminally ill man, not one who had already recovered so much. And they poisoned him with antibiotics and he got antibiotic shock and pneumonia from the hospital ... and from that he died.

So:

This morning, when I was half asleep and I was already aware that I was awake ... it occurred to me that I had dreamed something intense again ... And I was so longing for Bob and I thought to him "I really miss you "... and ***a picture of Bob flashed*** in this diffuse tangle in my head**,** which was not a memory, but ***a new picture of his face,*** with short hair, somehow *a strand of hair stood up like a small feather* in the back, and he smiled to me like “Here you go!”, in a way assertive and also kind of teasingly. I thought back at him: “Wow, you look different, like 30 again …” You may know this sensation when you realize that it wasn't a memory or a dream, but something else. I think it’s only possible for me in the time between being awakes and the dream state to perceive direct pictorial energetic impressions from other consciousness existences, like Bob – and which do not originate from my own subconscious, not even as interpretation, but as a “real” and direct impression. It did not linger, it was there for a glimpse, like an effort … and I was awake completely. I used to learn many shamanic techniques back in the day, so I can now distinguish between “occurrences in the mind”. Emotionally it was also such a ***tingly-piercing impression*** ... so I know that it was Bob.

And now the sheet with "Maui Memorial" ... but only writing this down do I notice the double meaning: I was about to ***write a “memo” for my mother*** about what she must do, on a paper with “***Memo***” on it after I saw “***Memo***” yesterday!

It’s so direct, it's like me would have just talked to him on the phone because this piece of paper was there at the time – and it is a symbol of our real, earthly connection back then. And of our real connection now.

Wow.

(later)

The dream image manifested!

I did not drive to visit my mother today, even though we had made up the appointment to go for a walk today. It was fog all day, likely she would have refused to go out and only wanted to get her car key, and I was not able or willing to fight with her or take her abuse today. Took Jacqui for a long nice forest walk in the fresh fog … very nice. I visited the bridge that ends in the water … it looked eerie, like the landscape around it, I like it so much.

Then … I had communicated with Michi a few times about trying to find a place to live where there is space and a shed and a garden, and I could keep animals and adopt all the cats from Griffen and her two, too … and I was supposed to do some editing work, but I felt driven to open “50 plus Treff”, an online meeting spot for people over fifties, I had heard about … I was surprised about myself doing that … but maybe it’s because Michaela had told me about a friend of hers who had been using a dating app, and that it was just for friendship to find someone to share interests with or even find a place to live … and this theme may have “caused” me to open that site (instead of going back to work, which is very unusual for me) But until the site opened, I wondered why I was going there. But then: ***There was Bob! The image of him from my morning moment!*** Tall, short hair, exactly his body type, his face, the ears – with *hairs standing up in the back like the small “feather”* I had seen in his image this morning, smiling, ***Bob*** with a

woman a little bit type "me", ***on a beach***! Like we had been so often! This man could be a twin brother of Bob's! The special thing about his hair style is, that in our mortal past, Bob had not often worn his hair like this, and even walking in the forest today I talked to him and said that I liked his youthful hairstyle, but that I loved his sideburns … the man in the image has his sideburns cut off straight, but it looks like they had been there …

Wow!

That's exactly what he was like in the morning impression – where he did look at me straight on, though! That attitude and mood! That's how it felt, this morning, that glimpse of Bob's image, so joyful and assuring and energetic just happy! And it was now reflected back at me right away.

So now I know that what I saw in the morning, was not a remainder of a dream sequence, it was what I identified it as … something real coming from Bob.

That's just … well, amazing not, it's kind of what we have now.

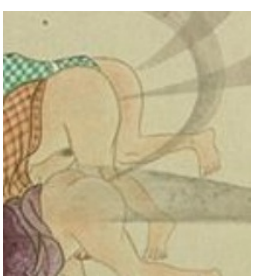
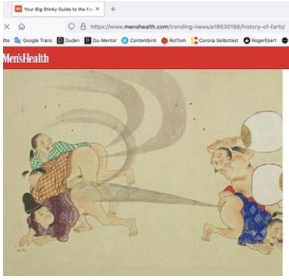
November 14, 2021 **– The Butt & Farts Synchronicity**

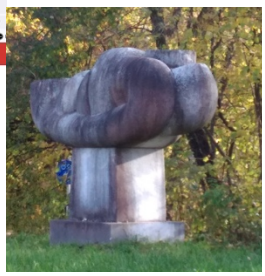
Wow! Something amazing happened!

First, I took my mother for a walk again today – but she was driving to Föderlach, and we walked to the Biotope at the river Drau. She liked it. She was so clear that there was no way for me to refuse to give her the car key anymore. She was amazingly alert and eloquent and interested, and chatted away … she was even in better spirits and "smarter" than she had been twenty years go. Of course, if there wasn't the problem with her short term memory. Anyway. Her driving is not great, and she scares easily … but again, no way I could have refused. Our relationship would have been broken for good. So I trust in God.

I don't know what else to do. Of course I'll be there tomorrow and check on her in the afternoon … and if I find her intoxicated, well, that was it then. Bus riding will be the future.

So I was working on putting in photographs into this contact diary … but ever again I distracted myself by reading stuff. And I had to ***fart*** again. And it smelled. And I was curious about it. ***So I read up on why we like to smell our farts, using Google.*** I found a funny picture of Japanese people, with the credit line " (*From a Japanese scroll, titled "He-Gassen" – translated as "Fart Battle" – dated approx. 1846*). Then I opened the next folder for pictures … and I thought I'll continued with the picture of the walk I did with my mother on October 31. And what did I find! **The butt!**



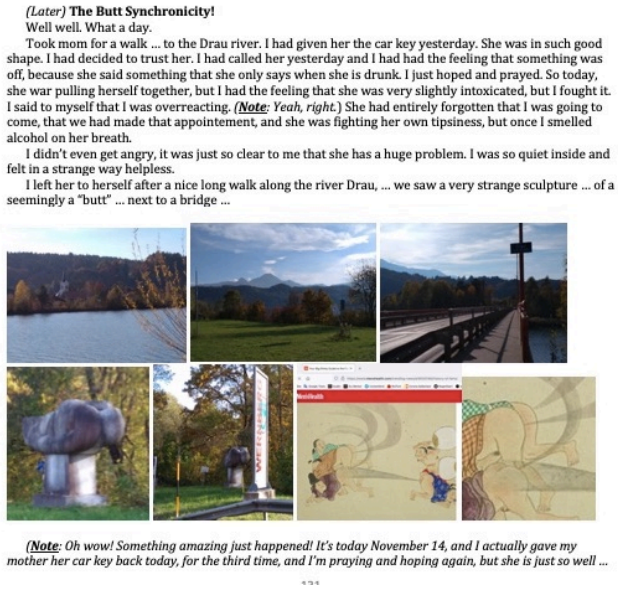
We had encountered that strange ***artwork*** next to a bridge along river Drau, looking like a ***butt***, and I remember that I wasn't sure whether to photograph it or not, but I did. And just

today, right after I had taken the screenshot of the Japanese asses, I end up with my own picture of the butt!

That's no coincidence! And even the ***question mark cloud*** that I photographed just minutes later that day, fits perfectly! Wow!

Time is nothing for the disca. Do they really know in advance what I'll be doing? Is it me myself who knows in advance? How do things like this come about?! Just fascinating.

Here is from October 31:



(Later) **The Butt Synchronicity!**
Well well. What a day.
Took mom for a walk … to the Drau river. I had given her the car key yesterday. She was in such good shape. I had decided to trust her. I had called her yesterday and I had had the feeling that something was off, because she said something that she only says when she is drunk. I just hoped and prayed. So today, she war pulling herself together, but I had the feeling that she was very slightly intoxicated, but I fought it. I said to myself that I was overreacting. (**Note**: *Yeah, right.*) She had entirely forgotten that I was going to come, that we had made that appointement, and she was fighting her own tipsiness, but once I smelled alcohol on her breath.
I didn't even get angry, it was just so clear to me that she has a huge problem. I was so quiet inside and felt in a strange way helpless.
I left her to herself after a nice long walk along the river Drau, … we saw a very strange sculpture … of a seemingly a "butt" … next to a bridge …

(**Note**: *Oh wow! Something amazing just happened! It's today November 14, and I actually gave my mother her car key back today, for the third time, and I'm praying and hoping again, but she is just so well …*

(**Note**: *Even this "question mark" cloud fits to my googling up about why we like to smell our own farts!)*

There was also a very large "*shark*" next to Gerlitzen mountain

November 15, 2021 – **The "NUII" Sunflower**

Visited my mother today, found her drunk with four wine bottles, three empty.

So likely she drove to buy booze even yesterday after I gave her the key, and she swore she'd never drink again. I've been thinking that she can't help it … likely, but still. When I left her yesterday and when she went shopping, whenever that was, she was entirely clear … like she had been during our walk yesterday. So … well, voluntary decision based on a malfunctioning brain.

That was it for driving for her.

I'm just so happy that nothing happened. I almost wished for it to be like that, that she'd drink on the first day, so that I wouldn't have to let her drive more …

I had the most horrible sad **dream** tonight, with my mother … I was somewhere in a strange land with her, maybe on a holiday, and I tried to explain to her how devastated I was because Bob was dead … and I was crying and trying to make my mother understand, who was close by … but aloof in a way, and to my left and not really visible. But I was so so heartbroken, and I took a *turquoise colored thick marker pen* and began to write everything down in *thick turquoise letters* on some kind of white board with a smooth and even too glossy surface, that it was hard to write there …. To make my mother understand. It was so hard to write … but I struggled and kept writing, while crying over the loss of Bob … until I woke up.

So maybe this was Bob telling me that I won't be able to change my mother's mind (about her habits) but that he knows and wants to support me working on what's important to me, my writing … and actually my films. I can't help thinking about that.

So today, I took Jacqui on a walk ***around lake Saissersee*** before I went to see my mother.

I saw her red car and was relieved. So nothing happened. Then, when she unlocked her apartment's door and I heard it from outside, I could tell by the way she handled the key somewhat clumsily that she was drunk.

She was.

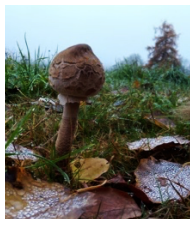
But she also was sweet, and I didn't get angry, I just calmly took her key and talked to her about this, and she shrugged her shoulders and said she didn't know why she bought the booze. I asked her long enough to have her admit on my handy "tape" that she bought it at a store rather than at the gas station … and the store is five minutes from where I live. Too bad that it wouldn't occur to

her to visit me to surprise me instead of immediately breaking her promises and my trust in her. I brought her a piece of *freshly made cake* that I had received as a gift from my sweet neighbor, whose name is Gabi, she told me, and my mother really loved it and ate part of it already.

*(**Note**: Later I noticed, that the plate, that the cake was one, was the same like the first time … and it totally resembled the "sunflower petal" impression I had received from Bob before the "NUII" manifestation on October 27!)*

Now I realized once for all that there is no reason to trust her, she has a severe addiction disease, and that probably won't change anymore. I'm feeling a sense of relief, though. It's all clear now. No more discussions about my mother driving or not.

I'm very aware of my surroundings when I'm out in nature and try to be in the "here and now", even though my thoughts often just go berserk, and I keep talking to myself and to Bob. This moth on the ground looked like a heart right while I was in one of my rants while walking with Jacqui … And that strange stone … or the fresh and lovely Parasol mushroom (that I didn't eat, even though it was so tempting).



November 17, 2021 **– My great-grandfather**

Took Jacqui for a walk near the church of the village next to the one where I live now, Selpritsch, and I intended to find the grave of the mother of a friend of mine there, but didn't. Instead, I found the grave of my great-grandfather, *Matthaeus*, the father of my father's mother Johanna, who lived to be 101 years old, and I remember talking with him only a day or so before his passing, and his mind was crystal clear. I had just mentioned him, and suddenly I stood facing his name. I had been thinking of him a lot, as I now drive by the house where he lived and where I was often as a child, nearly every day.

Wandering across that cemetery I was delighted to see a "Auf Wiedersehen" on a tomb, which means "Until we meet again", and a small wind wheel … sweet.

I realized that I know very little about those people, would love to talk with my father about them … like that my grandmother Johanna and her sister Mitzi, who died long ago, happy to join the love of her life, who had died of cancer, and I have only one memory of that man, Rudi, that they were Matthaeus' kids from his first marriage. He then married a woman 3 decades his junior and got Hubert and Agnes, who also are already dead … I don't want to think about that my own parents are at an age where their passing seems … well, a theme. But that said … anyone

can die anytime. I just hope that there will be some good times left for all of us. In the mortal realm

November 18, 2021

Dream of swimming in ocean with giant tidal wave like conditions ... like big beach ... so dangerous, thinking of going in when the water is low and swimming out quickly like I used to do and then be above the rim when the wave builds ... but didn't dare, knowing the waves will be way too high. Watching the wave crash straight down ... wow. Someone else there ... we should have moved away from the shore ... there was something like a boats house or some shore restaurant or dwelling, we were kind of under a roof ... but I was so drawn to the ocean.

At some point I was at the wide beach ... the ocean roaring ... and I realized that I was in Hawaii and didn't know how I got there. And I remembered that I used to live in Hawaii with Bob, and that he was dead.

And again ... *crying crying crying* for the time with Bob in Hawaii ... I cried so hard, that it was exhausting in my dream ... and I said to someone that I can't bear being without him ... and I cried and tried to make them understand how painful it was ... only to think about the past.

In my wake life I have the hardest time, too, right now, to accept and understand that there is no more Bob.

He is so close, like in a flash I feel him here, as if I only had to turn around and he'd be there smiling at me ... maybe he is.

I've been reading "The Unobstructed Universe" about the essences of our obstructed realm that are the law and facts in the unobstructed: motion here, frequency there, being the essence of motion ... I now am able to "read differently", I "get it more", I realize that me reading that book was, until now, kind of superficial. I am reading differently.

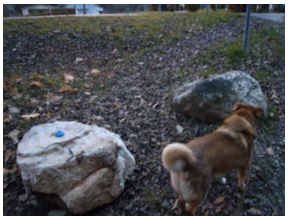
It's hard, though ... but I read a bit every day now before going to sleep.

With the effect that I wake up in the middle of the night, tossing and turning ... and I've slept in a few times now, until almost 10 am! That's really way too late for a work day, because I have already jobs by then but must walk the dog first and have breakfast ...

I took Jacqui on a short walk today on the way to my mother ... into the forest, and I realized that I had found another path to a place that I know already. And on the way - a wondrous **green and red flat stone** that almost looked like a ***big shell****! I never walked that path before.* It was like I was drawn there. Also a wrapping paper with four laughing strawberries was there.

The other day, on November 14, I was stunned to find a **deep blue stone** with a **flower** painted on it. I'd been thinking about what it was about that ***"Enzian" flower that I had "received" from Bob on November 4,*** his death day ... and somehow, when I saw the blue stone with the one single flower on it, that this was the *"Enzian", a blue flower! On a stone!*

It was that, I'm sure!



Also, the other day, actually, yesterday, I told my mind to Michi the bird lady about her attitude towards life, killing herself chain smoking with a heart condition and being overweight and having ear implants, hurting herself all the time and being sick all the time ... and her bitching around about people who want to adopt the cats who she is taking car of, and nobody is good enough. But she adopted a puppy a year ago, a Collie named Ally, and she barely walks her and has made a deal with the breeder that she'd take Ally back if M. dies ... so she adopted a dog who might end up an orphan in full awareness. That's just so shitty for such an "animal lover".

And I told her that.

She went all angry, denying everything ... oh, I'm so fucking tired of these people denying everything all the time ... and I didn't read the second response anymore.

Fuck her. That was it for me. All her weird stories … Bob's warning comparing her with the birdman … it's all good now. We could never have been friends.

I wrote a letter to my father yesterday, offering to visit him and my help.

And my mother ... well, she is showing some severe sign of memory lapses now ... I don't want to go into details. She is kind of content not driving now, not sure if she is aware of what happened, that discussion we still need to have.

Today we brought the leaking fridge back to the store, and she was happy to buy a new espresso coffee machine. And tomorrow I'll get us some "Kirchtag suppe", a special folk feast kind of meal ... so that she'll eat something warm.

Her brain wants carbs and fat, and that's what she is eating. She is very clear, and in a good mood, almost always ... just she doesn't remember stuff from one moment to the next at times ...

But my uncle told me on the phone that it's the same with him.

Well, one day at a time is the motto right now.

Inge told me that she had seen my former landlady Andrea walk Marshall. That gives me hope for him.

November 19, 2021 **– *Chain of stars, sun and moon***

Something nice ...

Got home from a shopping tour with mom ... which included picking her up for walking (!) to the nearby restaurant to pick up a certain Kirtagssuppe (folk fair soup) and pastries ...

And as I unpacked my car, a man got out of his car parked close to mine. And we greeted each other, and I thought he looked nice, very heavy-set, but nice. So I saw him enter the house, and I thought geez, I'll have to open the door with my hands full, should have left the door ajar ... So he disappeared in the house, and as I schlepped my groceries to the door, he came back and held open the door for me. It was so nice. I noticed that he had some kind of very attractive hoarse voice, and we chatted a bit. I realized that his name was "Jäger", which means "hunter", and that he lives in the apartment a story deeper where there was continuous noise like water rushing for a while when I first moved in, until someone told me that he had to use an air dryer because of a water break in in his apartment.

Oh shit!

Lockdown for all from Monday Nov. 22 on – and they want to install a compulsory vaccination for everyone! Unthinkable! The COVID-19 "vaccination" is not working, and everyone knows it, who isn't a dumb "sheep", and there would be no need at all for any measurements ... the current government, new, after a "scandal" that demounted Kurz (I'm sure it was all planned) is detestable.

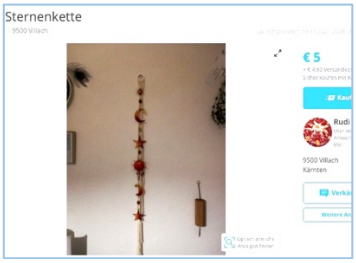
I will never "vaccinated" with that poison that's but a genetic "therapy". It's a fucking experiment.

For the first time I'm nearly content that Bob isn't alive anymore.

Speaking of who:

Right away, when I drove to pick up my mother, a car with "***910 DW***" came towards me! Bob's license plate number and my initials!

And then: In the evening, I felt the urge to browse for furniture online again ... and I went into someone's stuff that *I certainly did not need*, I just felt "urge" ... and there they were:



The chain of stars! Kaleilauhoku! With the sun and the moon – talk about "Play me!" It felt absolutely like an "alert", like "Dany, wake up, keep working on the bridge, take the time for it!", because right after I had said "Good one, Stoneman, I get it", there was also "the ***sun***" that the guy was selling, on a keybox!

And just a little later, I browsed cats for no reason again, there was "***Kimba***"! My beloved dog, who hopefully now is with Bob and Edith and Peter and Gipsy ... And "***Betty***" with him! Like "Betty White" … yes, far fetched, but still came to my awareness, and this always means something.

It was very clear. Hard to describe, though. But the reason for me to go to those sites and browse the way I did, were so diffuse and not even understandable for me ... but now I know: I had to get to those pictures and that name.

As of my mom, I managed to put more Bachflowers into her water, and generally she is very clear and well. We keep meeting people in stores and on the street, and she recognizes them immediately. But at times, she has a memory lapse that makes it clear that surely she is not fit to drive.

November 20, 2021 **– The Dog, The Hunter & the Hat**

Walked Jacqui in the very dense fog ... the long trail, because I was about to drive to Villach, because of the lockdown from Monday on, need tarps for the cars and a bird feeder house.

Mom was in a real good mood, I didn't announce my coming, but she was so alert and said she'd like to come to Villach because otherwise she feels lonely and bored! That has pretty much never happened before! She always says she is content and doesn't want to do anything and has enough to do!

Wow. The Bachflowers are working. I hope that she will pick up walking by herself, too, and I shall get her a puzzle game.

Before driving to my mother ... So I was at the car, making space in the back, thinking about little Marshall, and I think I even said something ... when "Marshall" came sniffing and trotting right by me! I was stunned shitless – it was *a **golden Cocker Spaniel** exactly of Marshall's size and type for real trotting and sniffing right by me.* He was held on a leash by a man who looked like he didn't do that very often. So for a very short moment I believed in a very strange twist of fate and thought,

maybe someone adopted him and is visiting someone where I live now and it's really Marshall ... but he would have recognized me. But still – it was a wondrous moment. Breathtaking. Very very odd feeling. I wish sooo much it was the real Marshall.

The trip to Villach was okay, mom wants to go into every store with me "to look", even the dog food store ... wow, what a change.

I did notice, though, that she gets upset with me ... and I'm sure she is not with me because she likes it so much, but because she hopes that then she'll get her car key back. She even said something to that theme ... and it gave me a sting. I can't let her drive. She even enjoyed walking through the huge Obi market with all the building materials, where I go the tarps. She bought herself a sweet small Poinsettia plant!

I'm still sad because she threw away the lovely coffee plant I had given her, just because she hates me.

Back home, Jacqui was frantic ... and I took him for a walk. We walked up the street, where the big Doberman dog bitch "Nadia" was again, barking and Jacqui, and a couple walking and a young woman on a horse came right at us, which was strange ...

Saw to completed bird's nests on the ground next to the bus station – how sad! One had four eggs in it! I put them into the bushes, but there is no point, I don't think!

So Jacqui and I walked up the street, where we always walk ... and there it was: ***A sculpture of a hunter!*** I had not seen that hunter (consciously) yet, had literally overlooked it all the time! But there it was! I first noticed that very "hat" that I had seen Bob "give me" (or was it in a tunnel?) and that my mother's neighbor keeps wearing, some felt hat with a feather or something to the side with a green cord around it ... ***this hunter wore a hat just of that style!***

And I must admit ... only on the way back from the forest I realized: the hunter! "*Hunter*": That's the name of the nice guy who opened the door for me yesterday! "*Jäger*" in German!

And then I was reminded that I have to be way more aware of my present surroundings and make better decisions: I wanted to take Jacqui up to the sunny meadow ... and I tried to take a short cut, but twice it lead into the brush. So I realized that given the direction I had taken, I had to walk up the steep path ... and I uttered some bitter cursing, and I don't know what else I was bitching about - when my right foot got caught at a bunch of wet wood that I was actually looking at and wanted to step on. Something was not right there, and I slipped and hit my right chin bone (now that my left one is finally getting okay again after the table incident sometime in September) - and ***I fell full length forward.*** I landed propping myself up with both hands ... and I was really lucky, because had only one hand been in my pocket, I'd have landed on my face. But I landed in a way that my wrists were very bent ... and I felt the pain a while afterward. I was very lucky. VERY.

So yes. Got the learning. The strange "*bridge*" was an eerily beautiful sight to behold, too. And there was a leaf, green and "alive" one half of it, and "dead" the other. I felt spoken to: We are always connected to being "dead" while we are alive.

Actually, a lot of learnings right now.

Yesterday was the Taurus Full Moon that's so totally significant, I learned from the astrologer whose texts I'm editing ... and it is also the time to think about what happened in 2013 and 2014 she wrote and ask oneself whether it still has relevance ... or what of that is still not finalized or clarified ... I asked myself that a few times ... In summer 2014 I saw Bob for the last time. And looking back, yes, I decided back then that I might have to let go, because he did not show any interest in me at all. I had to ask him to touch me, several times ... oh, it was so bitter, working on the Rwanda film, spending all my time and effort instead of making the movie "Ka Nui Puckerfiddle" with Bob like I had intended ... and then the disaster about that Rwanda project ... and Bob always stressed. I did see the signs that he was not capable to make that Rwanda job himself, his mind was so scattered, and his nerves were raw ... because Taylor Camp was still a topic, because John Fuckhead wouldn't call it done. But towards me as his "partner" and friend and "love", Bob was indifferent ... and when I was back home I wrote a long list of questions for him to answer about our relationship ... and I think I never sent it to him. I do remember often, though, the last kiss I gave him at the airport, and how surprised he was about its intensity, and he did kiss me back. The next time I saw him was four years later, and he was dying. But my things were still in "housie" exactly in the same spot like in 2014.

I can't even say how heartbroken I really still am about having lost all of this. I do doubt, at times, my "calling". What is it really? I did read in "The Unobstructed Universe" again last night ... and shit, Bob and Betty and y'all, it better be exactly like you were telling us.

After a long time I also felt like masturbating again, this afternoon, just briefly. It went very fast, and even though I tried to prevent it first, my *climax* ***energy*** *went in that very strong tantric way* ***right into Bob's image,*** the one where he is sitting on the bench behind me, at the beach, where I'm test-handling that HiDef-camera that he had received from Willie K as a borrow ... and yes, Willie K is dead now, too ... and I remember the chill when I looked back at hi, back then, all happy, and Bob looked at me with a cold distant almost disdainful judgmental gaze ... I knew right then, that he didn't love me and probably wanted to get rid of me ... and I thought to myself why exactly that image is so clear and keeps coming up, as if I could reach him best through exactly that one. It is, because I really "saw" in that moment ... him and the situation ... and I tried to change and overcome that ever since. Not true ... until his passing. Because our relationship now is different.

So I asked Bob if that energy from my self-sex had reached him ... and to put something into the palm of my hand if yes ... various impressions came, but the one that was entirely out of the ordinary or the expectable, was – ***a peacock***!

I said out loud "*Seriously, a peacock?*" And as soon as I said "cock" I realized that I might be on to something here in terms of "getting" the image in my hand .. and I'll be very curious if a peacock comes up, soon.

Bob knows that I'm a language person, and that I'd detect the sexual aspect of that word in the secondarily meaning of one part of it. So he can't say "Yes, Dani, I have part in this kind of sexual activity" or "Dani, I wish we could do something like this for real", so he must give me an image that he knows I will interpret properly. At it showed up, like always, as an impression with an "alien" feel to it, some image that comes up without relation to the suggestions my own subconscious presented me with first, things that I saw or thought lately ... in between is that one glimpse of something "not me" - and that's the message.

*(**Note**: I looked for puzzle images for my mother earlier, and there was a beautiful peacock.)*

But that image ... it's just so clear. The way he looked at me ... I was surprised, I remember. I turned away from him so that he wouldn't see my shock about his loveless expression toward me. He did borrow that camera for us to use for making our documentary "Native of Owhyhee", but I ended up using that camera mostly. And he tried to sabotage that production many times ... he was such an asshole.

He was in 2013 and 2014 too, but I know now, he couldn't help it. Where he was at back then ... oh I could have helped him, had I returned. But in October 2014 I felt so lonely and unloved and emotionally challenged, that I adopted Jacqui. So there.

That's what changed back then. Jacqui has been with me ever since. I owe him so much. So does my mother, but she doesn't know.

So yes ... it's that kind of constellation as of celestial matters ... that wants us to reflect and ... do what? I'm not sure.

The situation in Austria, where politicians threaten us with force-vaccination seems to make a lot of project ideas look very silly. Making films? Really? For whom? What films?

Sometimes I think that Bob died because all this was brewing. We were never supposed to make those films. I'm supposed to do what I do, I guess. The further "The Bridge" with the contact diary?

I also had an intense impression of Dr. Barbara Thiering of "Jesus The Man" last night ... as if she was with Bob. That's an immensely important project ... to get her work out. But how am I supposed to do that without Bob?

Well ...

... I've been telling them, I want a lottery win. And I can be on top of it all. So yes. I will. I need the money. This is the kind of world where money is very necessary.

Yes, the situation about Corona scares me. It shows what "those in charge" can do with us. They can make a law to force-vaccinate us with something that is not a vaccination and that is not working to protect anyone from the virus? They might as well put us all up against a wall, then.

November 21, 2021

Managed to get my mother to take a walk in the area with me … I was very touched seeing that she had a hard time walking, being unstable … and her foot is probably hurting like hell, where she has a big hallux. I brought her some help with that, but she refuses to wear it, yet, I insisted.

Walking back we took a shortcut through a sports area … and I realized that it's also some kind of art path … with an odd looking "***sun***" and ***a group of stone people*** that looked really weird on a base adorned with ***two leaves***, maybe plantain … It was so nice with my mother, but I couldn't help thinking that it's such a waste of time, all those years that she was left on her own – because she insisted – drinking and fading away. Had I not intervened, I doubt she'd be alive today. So this to me means that her spirit wanted help to keep her body alive and to perhaps have a good time after all? I wish for her to find a friend … but that's rather unlikely. Yet. Still, she never had a partner who really and truly loved her and was there for her. Neither did I. Not even Bob. I think that in the first year he loved what he thought I could be for him. But was he really ever into me, the real me? Did he even see it or want to see it? Not sure.

November 22, 2021 – **The Round Thing & the Leaves**

During a walk with Jacqui along a small newly discovered creek, I came across a spot where a ball of foam was trapped in some eddy … and it was driven and directed by forces incessantly … and I was wondering what would happen to that foam and what it would take for it to be dissolved or dried up … I videotaped it with my hand for a little while …

(Note: A few days later, a foam ball was still being turned round and round in that creek at that spot …

*Oh, I just notice the strange incident that the close-up of the **leaf-images** in the entry above are just as round and also of the **same color** as the **actual leaves** around that white foam ball! And doesn't the concrete pillar on which those round "balls" are, resemble a "stream", in a way? Does that give you a*

small chill, seeing it? It does to me. Again a kind of synchronicity that's actually stunning. I'm writing this note on November 28, Sunday.
Even stranger:
***Both themes**, the art sculpture and the round thing in the stream I almost omitted from this contact diary, as they had not really a meaning as it seemed … only when I had placed them onto this page, suddenly did they "connect" and the "meaning" happened! So to me this means – Everything is connected. And yes, I'm following my "gut" alright.)*

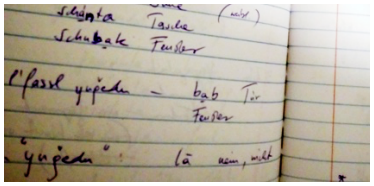
November 23, 2021 – ***BAB!***

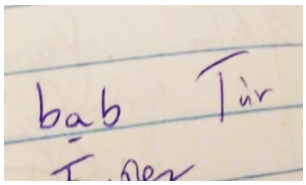
Oh my: A word play last night was reflected right back to me!

I had dug out my old Arabic language study papers, and while reading vocabulary, I came across my notes about "***bab***", which means "***door***" in *Arabic*. I began to say it out loud, because it's the actual pronunciation of "Bob" for German native ears, "Bab", like "***Buh-b***". And that's how one says "***bab***", door in Arabic.

So the place where we lived, where beloved housie was, is ***Pukalani***, and this means "***door to heaven***". So I played around with "***Bab / Bob to heaven***" or ***Bob having been a door himself – to heaven!*** Which actually, made spooky sense all of a sudden, thinking about "heaven" being the realm where Bob now is, and me kind of gaining or wanting "access" to "heaven" *through Bob, the "bab", the "door"!*

I was lying in my bed, book in hand and fell really quiet, because it felt so meaningful all of a sudden … the BOB – BAB – PUKAlani connection!

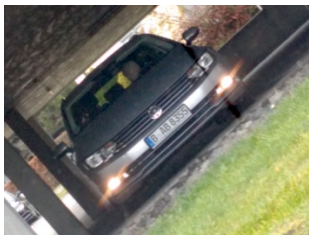




So today, before visiting my mother I went to a store to get something against her hallux vagus, and as I parked close to the store to then take Jacqui for a walk in the area, to walk under the garage, I faced a car, parked right there, with a striking license plate number: "BAB"! How many times have *you* seen "BAB" in your life?

I have never … only right after it gained relevance for me!

Wow! And the best: Right next to my car was "**B 888**"! And "888" stands for Hawaii just like "808"! Also, on the other side, was a ***car with dots*** on it … and there was a "dots on a car" incident just a few weeks ago on the highway!



My mother was … a bit down. But she accepted my help with the hallux and we drove shopping.

Then I took Jacqui for a walk in *Rosegg* … so lovely, there, the long paths between the fields. I had seen a letter by my father this morning in my mailbox, and I was kind of wary of what's in there.

So back home … I received a parcel from my father! Who lives 10 minutes away from here! This couldn't be good, I thought. So well, I opened the letter, that kind of announced the parcel, and of course my father turned everything around again, said I hadn't even set foot to Edith's grave around Allerheiligen, and that I had never helped him … oh just the usual shit. And that Picej reads him everything I text that guy … And that he doesn't like my attitude towards vaccination, and that he wants me to get vaccinated … but not for my benefit, but only because otherwise he wouldn't have his will … he didn't ever use the red-light lamp, he said. Of course, something nice I had given to him and that he didn't accept. But he had told me that he had used it, and that it had done good to him. Well, so I quickly wrote back that I was at the grave and had left the bouquet with the red rose candle … etc. It's not even worth losing to much though on it. He is a crazy psychopath narcissist, and that's that.

My mom … I'm not sure what to think. Because today, as we were standing at her beloved store where she got some Hirschgulasch, she suddenly turned to me and asked what she was doing there. So that was a bit of a jerking sensation in my stomach and my heart … but well.

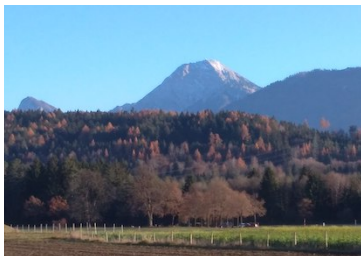
Tomorrow we'll go for a walk. She just didn't want to today, even though it was beautiful sunny weather.

November 24, 2021 **– The "Bab" Door & the Asian Person**

Drove with mom to Villach to pick up the fridge … and "**808 DJ**" came right at me. Okay. Great. We are together, "BOB" and me, "DJ". But shit, I can't fucking see, feel or hear you, Stoneman! "There is only one Universe?" Easy for you to say … you never had to deal with loss and a challenge like I have to … or have you?

Later, "**910 EF**" came.

Mom seems increasingly forgetful and strangely confused … well. I'm aware, responsive and patient. I "tricked" her into walking a few steps … actually we found a big horse riding facility close by … with a huge area to take walks … I got to take Jacqui there one day … close to "Warmbad" where the famous thermal springs are and where we used to go as kids with my parents a lot … It pained me looking at my mother and thinking that she is close to her eighties. I just have the feeling we missed out on so much. I keep treating her like she is supposed to be just like she was in her forties … and strangely, she kind of is at times. She doesn't look her age, and when she is in a good mood, she is so very youthful.



(Later)

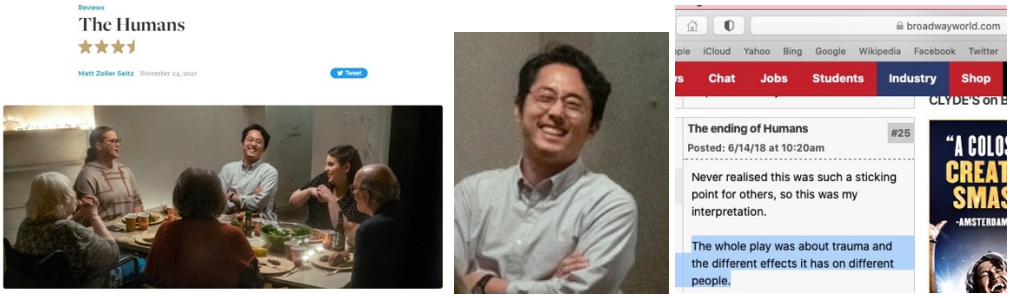
Called mom to remind her to do some adjustment to the fridge – and she had it done already! On her own! Had not forgotten about it after two hours! Happy.

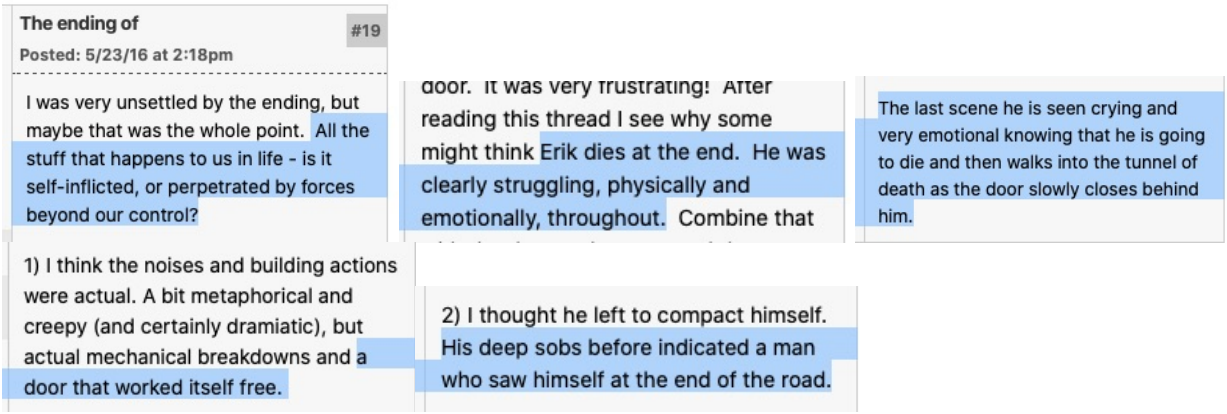
And then:

I felt compelled to read some movie *reviews*, and there was one called ***"The Humans"*** on Roger Ebert. I wanted to know about the ending and googled …. But only found the theater play of the same name. And in a readers' thread there it was: Bob's story including "***the end of the road***", the original title of the project that "killed" him and – a **door!**

And just yesterday I had realized that maybe I had felt so drawn to picking up my Arabic learning to stumble across the ***"BOB" and "BAB"*** connection, only to be presented with "***BAB***" yesterday, meaning "***door***" – and with a door today!

(***Note****: Today, December 19, that I'm putting the images in, "Pukalani" which means "door to heaven" seems to have even greater significance, Bob being the "door" … well, "to heaven" for … everyone, if people would read and study and try out this contact diary.*)





"… a door that worked itself free." <u>*Bob = Bab = door*</u> worked himself to death = free.

Also I had a strange encounter this noon, when I took Jacqui on a walk to the forest. Two very sweet little girls, maybe 9 and 10, hard to estimate, but extremely pretty and small, walked along the street – and turned into the forest too! They were about to walk up all alone into that area where I had stumbled and fallen the other day … they were going in a dense forest on their own through the brush home alone!

Geez! I feared for them. They are at home there and have no fear …. Not of animals. I didn't want to mention anything, but I felt chill watching those two sweet angels walk into the wide dense autumn forest.

Nothing will happen to them … I hope.

I also had a weird **dream** of Hans-Peter today, and I was so in love with him and he with me, we were much younger, though, maybe in our mid-thirties, and we ended up cuddling briefly for a moment … there was a place like Velden, and something about a movie set, but it was also just a tourist place, and I was there with friends and had to accomplish something, maybe even shoot a movie, but it didn't work out. It got dark, and everyone had to leave through what looked like some kind of mall gateway of sorts … and I was left to struggle to … well, I don't remember what I still had to do, but I felt so abandoned. There was also something about riding a public transport train, and there was something dangerous about that … and then Hans-Peter's **wife** showed up, like a celebrity visitor, and she was very slender and elegant and a black haired **Asian** person. There was a family element to it all … and I had to go home, too, but I knew that I had no means of transport and I was about to walk far far all the way to the place where actually my mother lives now … and it was so dark and late and cold … And in the dream I thought that I had been in that same situation many times in dream: When I had to go that direction, and I either had a bike or was on foot, and I had to be fast, but it was so strenuous, and I could barely think of even making it. Sometimes I tried

to take a shortcut through the forest, or I tried to make it up the hill and further to my mother's place … but I don't remember if I ever arrived. In tonight's dream I only felt left behind and was sad to see HP go, but I know that he wanted to return, but at the moment had to keep up appearances …

How strange.

I was really happy today to see how happy my mother was when I brought her own phone for which I had now gotten the battery … and then, when the new small refrigerator stood in the room again. Those small moments of happiness … I don't know what she thinks when she sees her beloved red car stand there … but given how frail she is in a physical and mental sense, no way she can drive. She winces every time when there is just anything approaching the car she sits in (as a passenger next to me), even if it only looks like it's approaching like some tree. So no … she does not have the capacity to drive.

I managed to give the new very intensely thought-out Bachflower mix into her water … and I hope for the best. She didn't eat her food from yesterday, again. Only eats sweets.

I was surprised that she was so eagerly ready to drive to Villach with me … and then, when I thought I'd stand in line in the cold for paying the remaining 9 Cents (sic!) for the fridge, she wanted to stand there with me. But it was too cold, and it was ridiculous, so I later did some online-transfer for that amount. Ridiculous, anyway, because I had the trouble because of the broken fridge, and I'm asked for 9 Cents!

What a fucked up world.

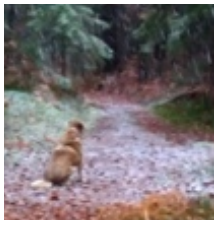
It's strange that the movie ***"The Humans"*** with the Bob and death and tunnel and dying situation and regrets also involves *just one Asian person,* the wife of one of the main characters!

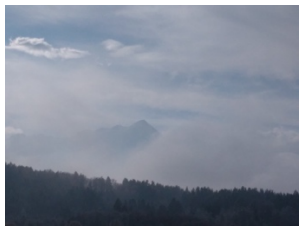
I never dream of **Asian** people, never. Except today, when I was to discover ***a film with an Asian husband*** being a major plot element … in a story that involves a **door** as a plot element and a dying man.

November 26, 2021

First snow of the year. Yesterday, I ate the left-over deer ragout that my mother had bought for herself two days ago but never ate. I intended to give the meat to J, but then ended up eating it myself. Tasty. Shared it.

I'm looking at a real "volcano" every day, called "Mittagskogel".





November 27, 2021

I'm asked by the state of Austria to pay a lot of health insurance for the *past* years. So there's no way. I have no money. Now what?

I'm getting really fucking angry at times at Bob and his folks. So how in the fucking world am I supposed to "imua" with everything and live strongly when there is one fucking obstacle after the other? There are millions of illiterate and hostile Muslim foreigners as "refugees" in our country, thousands of kilometers from their homes away, and they get free health care and housing. And I barely make it through and am asked to now pay health insurance – I didn't pay enough, they decided I eared too much money! – for the years back, when I wasn't even fucking sick. It includes the retirement insurance … oh fuck it all!

I have felt compelled to read spirit world related stuff off and on … even about Aleister Crowley and Oliver Lodge … sometimes it makes me very angry and frustrated that people just don't deal with the subject "survival of consciousness" – at all! I should try to find like-minded folks … but those around Dr. Alice are just such beginners, and Alice herself still hasn't responded to my

question if she will share my request to share the information about this contact diary for people to read it … this truly pisses me off.

November 28, 2021, Sunday – **Leopold twice**

Mom wants to be alone today, it's wet and rainy … and she sounded okay. So I just took Jacqui for a walk to Rosegg today, found a dog's harness reading "***Leopold***". Of course I had to think of magpie "Poldi"! I left the harness there to for the owner to find it … (Note: A few days later it was still there, in the dirt and snow and so I took it, but it's too small for Jacqui.)

… and other than that did some emailing. I was surprised to get a message from Inge with a phonenumber and she wanted me to guess who it was from? I had no idea. Turns out it was from "***Leopold P.***" after who I had named the bird "Poldi"! The older man who I had met in spring 2020 when walking Marshall and Jacqui and who had taken such an intense liking to Marshall! Oh how sweet! And I had found "Leopold" the same day! The name! On the harness!

Wow!

I seem to try to keep myself from working on this contact diary, though. I still have to read through part P and edit it and put the pics in small enough shapes. Then part O and only then this one, Q. I bought envelopes the other day and started making a list to whom to send the USB drives with an explanatory letter about this work. It feels so important.

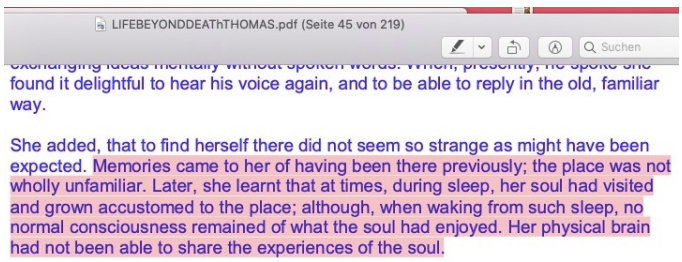
The Corona-craziness sees no end … more new virus variations.

And something interesting happened:

I saw a free cabinet at Willhaben, and I contacted the owner, who lives close to where my mother lives. He wanted to meet yesterday, later morning, but no way I could make it them. And it was snowing and mush everywhere, so I couldn't possible transport a heavy cabinet in the mush. So I said I couldn't meet. Today, I wrote again, asking when he'd be at that place again … and he wrote back that not before in two weeks, because he tested positive for Corona today!

Geezus fuck me! So glad we didn't meet! He might have thought he caught if from me, or I might have caught it from him – or, the worst part, I might have the whole quarantine shit on me! And my mother! Geez! How lucky I was about letting the mush keep me from meeting the guy!

I have been feeling do drawn to reading ***"Life Beyond Death"*** by Reverend Drayton-Thomas in the past days, and just now, before starting some evening session of editing this c. d., I opened the pdf … and it was just so encouraging to read a few passages again … like how we might ***visit the beyond in our sleep***, …


LIFEBEYONDDEATHTHOMAS.pdf (Seite 45 von 219)

found it delightful to hear his voice again, and to be able to reply in the old, familiar way.

She added, that to find herself there did not seem so strange as might have been expected. Memories came to her of having been there previously; the place was not wholly unfamiliar. Later, she learnt that at times, during sleep, her soul had visited and grown accustomed to the place; although, when waking from such sleep, no normal consciousness remained of what the soul had enjoyed. Her physical brain had not been able to share the experiences of the soul.

… which I really know I do … and so the many places that I keep recognizing in my dreams, may be real "over there"? I've read this book before and quote it, but today I just couldn't keep my thoughts at bay anymore and opened it …

grassy slope. While wondering as to his whereabouts he was joined by one who, in friendly conversation, made him realise what had taken place.

Not long afterwards he was enabled to return and view his earthly home. He could see the familiar rooms and realise the sorrow we were feeling. He longed to be able to prove to us, what he was aware we all believed-namely, that he still lived and that his love for us was unchanged. Fourteen years later there came the opportunity for which he had been waiting: I commenced a course of psychical investigation.

My sister died shortly after a serious operation. Being aware of her approaching transition, she discussed it calmly with me during our last interview. Having to some extent shared my psychic studies, she knew that she would be able to communicate with me, and this knowledge softened for both of us the pain of parting.

Some months later she described to me her awakening in the new life beyond death. It was, in substance, as follows:-

From where she found herself reclining she looked through an open doorway into a garden of flowers, and realised that she was in the home which had been described by her father in his communications. While gazing out upon the scene of beauty and light she became aware that her father was standing near. They did not immediately speak in words, but it seemed to her that they were thinking to each other, exchanging ideas mentally without spoken words. When, presently, he spoke she found it delightful to hear his voice again, and to be able to reply in the old, familiar way.

But we learn much more from those who, having finally crossed over, are able to return and describe their falling asleep and the subsequent awakening beyond bodily death.

My father once said:-

I wish you could come here for a week and remember it on returning to earth. But there is a subconscious awareness, even with some who have heard nothing about life on our side, but who are doing their best, notwithstanding absence of knowledge. I am certain that when they come to the end of physical life they have some intimation of what awaits them here, and this brings them a more wonderful knowledge than they had ever dreamed of, even if it comes only a few seconds before their transition. It is something like approaching a bridge in a thick fog, and the fog lifts suddenly so that the opposite bank is clearly seen. You will have known instances where those previously passed over have been seen by the dying, who exclaim, "I can see so-and-so." It seems unfortunate that so often there is no physical strength left to tell what they see. But I think they do see.

C.D.T.: Did you yourself see just at the last?

Father: (The reply was given with unusual solemnity and emphasis). I did. I felt not one presence only, but several. At the time one does not reason about it, and may be unable to ask oneself why it is so, being able only to realise, "They are here."

… or descriptions how the moments right after ***transition*** are …

Even the ***bridge*** and the ***fog*** in my new surroundings were reflected back at me! Random pages, I remind you! Also … I felt the urge to read up on the film reviews on Roger Ebert's website again and discovered an entry by his wife Jazz, where she shares how he declared his love for her, it truly spoke to me:

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HOW DO I LOVE THEE: SONNET 43: Elizabeth Barrett Browning

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways....I love thee with the breath, smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose, I shall but love thee better after death....

Well, *"I shall but love thee better after death"* … meaning when both are disca, or what?

… or the phenomenon of "Play me!", how discarnates can "listen" or "hear" from "inside" the incarnates … as Rev. Drayton Charles described it! ***I have been asking Bob what's the most effective way to have him partake on my mortal experiences*** and share the energy with him, or rather, whether it works in the two ways I'm doing it: The *"play me"* way when he "plays me", meaning, I imagine being him by immersing myself into my memory of his mannerisms and looks until I have the feeling that I "am" him, or by me projecting my experience on an image of him that I don't try to "live" at the same time! And there was a pretty good answer:

"It does not matter while your father talks mentally, but when he speaks in voice it does matter. Although you cannot hear his voice, it sounds like a real voice to Feda while in the medium, and it is more like your voice, because Feda listens to both of them from inside the medium. When controlling, Feda hears both the sitter's and the communicator's voices; not always equally well, but sometimes so.

"Your father says that this is because Feda has a double set of instruments to work with-her own and the medium's. He thinks these machines are occasionally interchangeable. He asks: 'Is it the medium's etheric brain or Feda's brain which is used?' Either can be used, and the same process does not hold good, even throughout one sitting."

But the most puzzling one was – "**puzzle**!"

"Ask Clara what has gone wrong in the cupboard; we got an idea that not been keeping well. We heard of it lately."

This was a puzzle to me, and my wife could throw no light upon it.

I've ordered two **puzzles** for my mother and have told her about it yesterday, and I was pleased that she wasn't totally opposed to playing it! That's why I was so drawn to it? I had scrolled to a random page – and there it was!

I read up on *"The Good Doctor"* since I can't watch films right now and I felt compelled to google "Richard Schiff" because he reminds me of a woman by the name of "Schiff" (Judith?) who Bob and I interviewed in Yale Divinity School for our "Native of Owhyhee" documentary … oh wow, such a long time ago. I noticed that Schiff's wife really looks a lot like Edith, the type, at least. I have been recalling, recently, that Edith was also a big asshole to me many times, she betrayed our friendship and our trust … but I know that she just couldn't contradict my father or her life would have been an even greater hell than it was. She wanted to get divorced early on, but it wasn't possible because of the matters of property and money … well, so she had to say and do according to what he expected her if she wanted to avoid being verbally abused day in day out … she said as much. But how much of her behavior towards me was a result of her giving in to her fate and her own ways of thinking … who knows.

More than that, today, I kind of stumbled over the amazing healing qualities of the ***rosemary*** herb! It's because I advised the cabinet-owner to use Melissa extract, and when I googled where to order it, I came across "rosemary acid" as a chemical component of Melissa or lemon balm! That helped Bob so much … I remember the tumor retreating from his lower belly area ... as soon as we had started putting lemon balm on it. I put Melissa essence on my two growing warts, one on my neck, one on my chest. And I rescued the rosemary plant that I had given to my mother as a gift, but

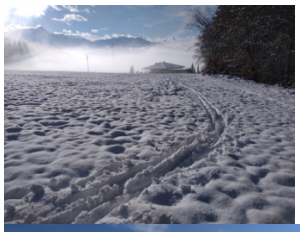
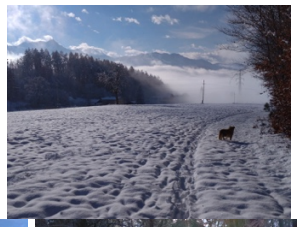
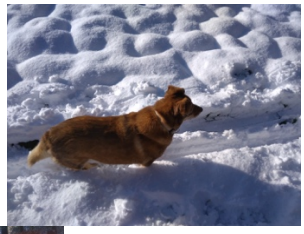
that she had let die with the other herbs … but it has recovered and is growing, and now I'm going to drink rosemary tea every day, because it's super great for mental health including memory and short term memory, and it's highly antiviral and anti-cancer.

So it all kind of fits together … like a puzzle, right, … me, cancelling the cabinet-getting, the communication, the reading of that old text … the puzzle story … And in the course of putting images into this contact diary, a very interesting case of synchronicity happened regarding the entries of November 21 and 22.

Looking at the numbers, the "222" year is coming up. And Bob is no longer with me in this realm. 222. The House of laughter. Yeah. Right.

November 29, 2021 – **The Puzzle!**

Lovely snow landscape. Took a walk with Jacqui … it was so quiet. I so wished Bob was there. Again, I had some very intense impressions of closeness.

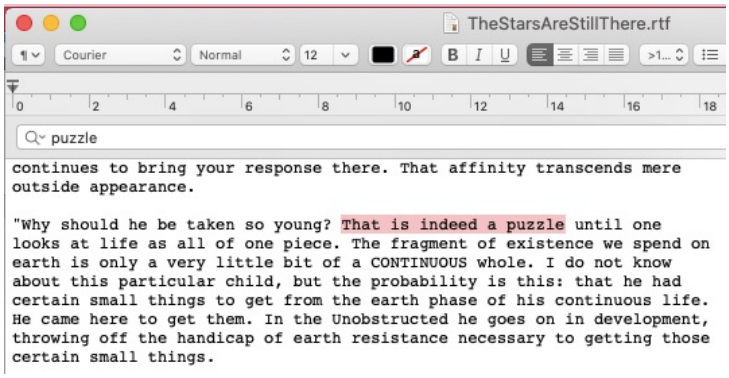




Shopping trip with mom … she is quite forgetful, really depends on me fully, when I'm honest. No way she could on her own handle shopping, pharmacy stuff, car stuff … I'm glad she is relaxed and kind of trusts me.

E. told me that her boyfriend's cancer had returned after surgery and hormone treatments. Shit. I know what's gonna happen now. For now, they think radiation will do any good.

(Later)

Just followed my drift to open ***"The Stars Are Still There"*** by Stewart White – and I opened it on a random page. And there it is again: "**puzzle**". In connection with the answer to the question whether in the beyond, a dead child keeps growing up. And today, I have received the two puzzles for my mom!



I scrolled on … and wow, there is a sequence about "**chunks**" that relates to a **dream** I had last night … a horrible dream. About me driving or even flying by a dissembled body, *chunks of human flesh*, and I think I was in an ambulance or a bus, and as I looked out of the window – it was in India, in some dense and dirty city, and I was in the area of some backyard market ghetto – I thought "Wow, this must have happened just now, and even the ambulance drives past." I think I ended up getting out of that vehicle and looked at the dead man's flesh from close, but could do nothing.

admirable NON SEQUITUR. This poor lady wrote me most kindly to warn me that I was surrounded by evil forces telling me all this UNOBSTRUCTED UNIVERSE stuff in order to snare my soul for their own fell purposes; that none of it was from Betty, as Betty herself had been unable to get through to warn me. Until now. "Betty has reached ME and wants me to tell you this," the letter went on. "I know that it is Betty because she came to my door in an automobile covered with ectoplasm, and I knew I must send you her message because the ectoplasm fell off in chunks."

One thing the great variety of letters have in common. Each indicates

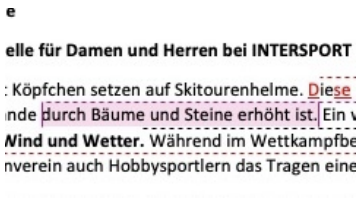
The whole story somehow was about a big accomplishment, I don't remember more than the atmosphere of it, it was strenuous and hard and difficult and there was a "Greek" aspect to it … I was fighting against some competition, had to prove, that I was better, and I was, but there was also that feeling of attraction to my enemy … I really don't remember. It was so intense … And then, that dead person's flesh, something terrible had happened to him, just in the minutes before I came by … and I do think I remember that I was able to fly, just take off and rise above everything, and it was grand.

(Later)

Wow, some amazing synchronicity just happened:

It's soon midnight, but I did want to work at least a little bit at this contact dairy. So I opened part P and went where I left off yesterday … ***June 18,*** when I had discovered the series "Forever" about that couple in the afterlife. Now … today, ***I did an editing job*** where I was a bit startled by a section that read (in an article about ski and ski-touring helmets) that it's good to ***wear a helmet because there are increased alpine dangers through trees*** and *stones*. And I commented on this that "why, trees are everywhere, why are they special dangers"?

And sure enough: The section I just dove back in was about the husband of the character "June" in "Forever" having ***died in a ski accident – crashing into a … tree!***



And lo and behold, I'm too tired to continue now. So it was really meant for me to experience this time-bending synchronicity again?!

Earlier I read commentaries in online newspapers about people who oppose the vaccination enforcement that's threatened upon us … even though half the world knows that the vaccinations against Covid-19 don't prevent infection or getting sick! The government threatens high fines for refusing … wow, who would have thought that a year ago. Well, turns out that the form that one has to fill out before being vaccinated actually includes a way out of the vaccination, it asks one to confirm that one has read the information about the vaccine and understood the side effects and reasons for <u>not</u> getting vaccinated … but with the same signature on the same form one is supposed to agree to the vaccination … Jesus Christ! If Bob were still alive, this outrage would kill his spirit.

December 1, 2021 **– JSU 910**

Last night I discovered that there are gaps (!) in the balcony door frame, and that's why it's always cold in the room and why it sounds like the door is open all the time! I wrote to the meine heimat renting company and asked to send someone – not a beep today! I am beyond frustrated.

My father sent me an outright nasty letter, denying that I ever visited Edith's grave and being just so mean to me … and also my mother, as soon as she is better, she shows her hostility towards me … and today is not a day that I can handle this well.

I drove with her to the shop where she bought her car to find out what the reason is for her car "peeling" … and just before that I had a hard time disciplining myself. I'm not sure how long I can handle her constant resisting everything … no puzzle playing on the table, no walking no covering up the car … but she wants to drive. I don't think so.

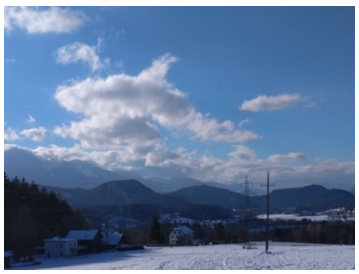
Yesterday I had told Bob distinctly that I really need … I don't know, money of course, and I'd take off like a rocket, and a message from him, a real one.

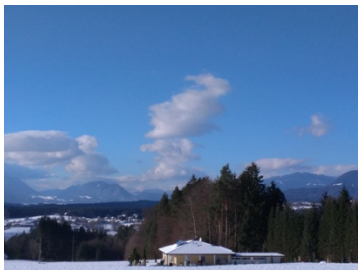
So at the car shop today, I turned around and there was a car with the license plate number "W **JSU 910**"! Wow, I spontaneously read ***"I See You***", and the "***910***" is of course our "magical number".

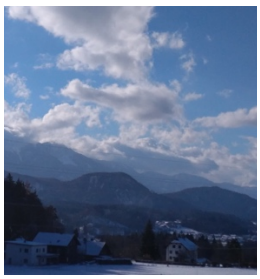
Bob's license plate "MEA 910" fascinated me ever since I saw it for the first time. And here it was: ***"JSU 910***". Equally as fascinating. Of course "JSU" can stand for "JESU". My gut says that it's Bob's way of saying "I know what it all means to you" and "I see the connection of it all, Dany" or "There is a connectedness and a meaning to everything about our relationship, Dany, in both realms." And it seemed to ooze: "Just trust". Because getting there to see "JSU 910" and turning around and paying attention and actually see it, that's ***synchronicity***. And that's how the disca and the inca communicate.

So that was profoundly touching.

Later I took Jacqui for a walk up to the meadow with nice bench under the tree where there is a view just like from Pukalani to Ma'alaea, and I talked to Bob, feeling really down.







And the most amazing **sky shark** showed up, right next to a perfect **rabbit!** On the other side, the clouds seemed to mimic the mountains … well, it's sure nice to have found such a place with a lookout view like from housie. And there is no better place to get some amazing cloud imagery.

I had to fight very hard to not cry … I do feel desolate and lost. I miss the feeling of being with Bob … there was always Bob on the other side of the world, waiting for me, and I was waiting for him to do what he had to do to get me over there, proving to me that he really meant it when he said he wanted me to "come home". A penis cloud formed … as trying to make me laugh, being there instead of a lifted index finger, reminding me of my "kuleana" …

Now … I think into nothingness.

Well.

I said okay, that's nice. Not sure what to think.

I don't deserve how my father treats me. I can't do this any longer. And with my mother I'll have to have a serious chat about what she wants. I managed to postpone her psych-evaluation for another month … but it's all me doing everything. She sounded really totally clear and normal today, of course, at the store she can't remember what she wanted, but still. So I keep forgetting that she is older. I keep reminding myself to be patient and understanding. Still, when she pulls her grimace and refuses to be out in the fresh air or refuses to treat her bad hallux but demands to drive, I can't help but get really really fucking pissed.

I wrote a glowing letter to Picej last night, announcing that I'll have a psych-evaluation initiated for my father. Enough abuse. He has no reason whatsoever to treat me badly … no reason at all, never had. And he is like a beast. Edith had hell on earth, I know it. I'm almost happy for her now that she is in a really better place. My father reminds me like a dog with rabies, even though that sounds horrible. And when I write "father" I know that there is nothing fatherly he ever was for me or did. He never did anything for me that a father is supposed to do. He earned money, yes, he worked for the family – when I was a child. But so? After that and aside from that – nothing.

I'm just done with being rejected and abused.

December 2, 2021 **– Seeing Bob As Desired! … and: the double 808**

Snow this morning. Feels soothing.

Had an amazingly vivid **dream** about Bob and Peter (Rosen, from Maui & New York): There was a project that needed to be done, in an environment that felt apocalyptic. It had to do with … I'm not sure, some kind of time-related device like a clock, and there was an evacuation going, and Bob was there, tall and in a light T-shirt and shorts, and he was busy doing something on a ***computer*** that was on a table with the back to some kind of hill or façade of a building? He was busy and aware of me, and I think we communicated, but I did not get to tell him directly that I thought it was a pity that we weren't on Maui together anymore or that we couldn't reprise our time together, because he was about to leave. ***I tried to get him to stay with me*** … and there was Peter who kept demanding my attention … to do something. Something about saving the day, rescuing someone … I'm not sure. It's a bit garbled in my memory, but it was about getting everybody out of some kind of misery. I tried to stay with Bob, who didn't address me directly but was so busy, and suddenly he was gone. I had the feeling that I was at times in a sort of elevated position, like hovering (the way Tinkerbell would hover and swish around) … and there was also an element of ***wetness*** like weather or ocean … and time and timing was of the essence.

I had a tough night, tossing and turning and thinking about how much money the state of Austria – it's in no relation to my income. I earned barely 25.000 Euro in two years, and even though I did pay about 1200 Euro insurance (basic health and accident only) they want more than 5500 Euro in addition from me! Social insurance! In addition to the taxes! There is no way I can pay that. Take from where?

So I got up in the middle of the night and emailed them back – because they only sent a letter with the amount, no explanation, telling me that I'll have to pay it along with the new amounts in February – that I want a detailed list to forward to social services and financial department.

I feel like working has no merit anymore. But what should I do? The thing is also, from 2024 on, we can't retire at 60 anymore as women, but at 65. So because of that one year they expect me to work another five years – under these circumstance? I don't think that this is an option in any way.

I feel close to Bob, though, remembering how tough it was for him so many times to even come up with the rent. He just didn't handle his business well. Neither do I, as it seems. Or is it the "rules" of the state that takes from the ones who have little and struggle, and the big fish get away with everything?

Anyway. I'll ask the county of Carinthia social services to help me out financially, there is such a program. For now I'll wait what the social insurance writes back … again, probably, in a letter without even a person as a sender.

(Later) ***Bob appeared!***

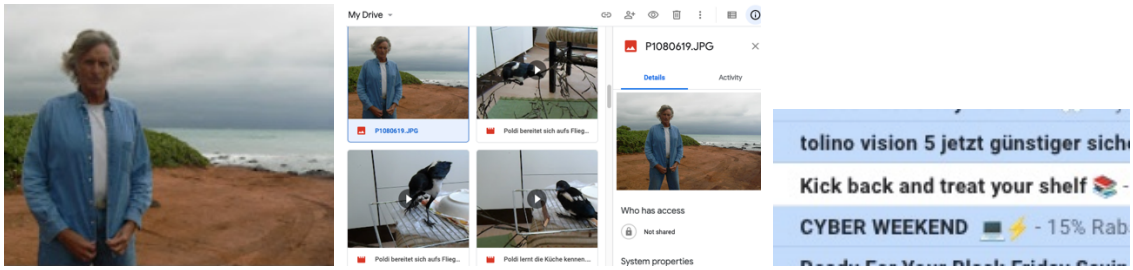
Oh my – it happened again!

I had said to Bob distinctly yesterday THAT I WANT TO SEE HIM.

So just now, I check one more time if a late job had come in (it's almost 10 p.m.), and suddenly I realized on my Google account that I have used over 9 Gigabytes out of 15 available. So I checked what takes up so much space as I just had thrown out a lot of my emails. And I saw that there were things on Google drive … among them a lot of videos of my mother drunk at home, really miserable last year and also at the psychiatric clinic in summer. And there was **one single photograph** – of Bob! He was there, suddenly, looking at me … very similar like in the dream of yesterday. ***And so I saw him when I absolutely did not expect to see him***. *I had no idea that the image was on Google drive.* Why would it? It's not big!?

So there. Bob got me to see him. I exactly remember that day. I took the picture. I had just arrived from Austria. He was so handsome. Miss you, Stoneman. So much.

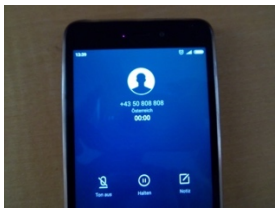
Just before that I had noticed a funny play on words in my inbox, from "Lulu.com", the self-publishing platform … "Treat Your Shelf" … that would have been something for Bob to enjoy. He loved plays on words.

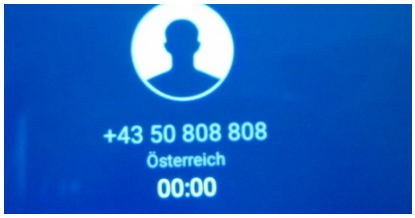


I just can't look at the picture to intensely. The Maui setting, the feeling, I can hear and smell the ocean, and I can certainly hear Bob's voice … and see him goof around. How can I live without him?

I just had this thought … that since we can recreate any experience in the beyond and go anywhere we like – is this also possible if it involves another person? I just asked Bob if he remembers that day, of course he does, and I asked "and can you go there?" But then, I'm not there in the beyond. So can he go there to that experience with me in it even though I can't really join him there … or can I? I'm really curious about how that works.

Also … I saw a missed phone call today, with the weirdest number! ***Twice "BOB": 808 808!*** I gazed at it in disbelief … but it's simply the phone number of the government health insurance institution (the ones who want so much money from me for the past 2 years that it will effectively ruin me). Just weird, with the "00" zero calling time! I did not call them back.

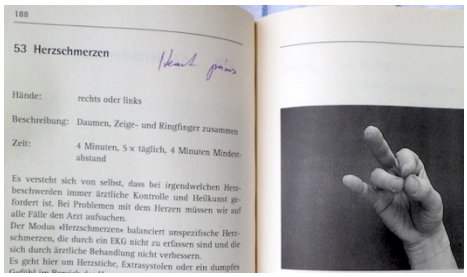




Oh yes, there it is … ***that Bob feeling*** that I've been longing for, that I talked to Bob about on the snowy meadow, twice in a row … so intensely … that was part of my life … a given … even when he was thousands of miles away, I knew he was there and that I could be with him. I begin to understand why people can stand it having photographs of their dead loved ones next to them … it gives them the "anchor" in that old "presence" … Still, I can't look at him for too long, or my heart will break … As I see the image and know … he really existed, and I with him … I was there, with him … it was my life and his life and our life. And now I'm sitting here and it's like … an abyss of circumstances that are just confusing.

So … wait a minute, was that the preparation for now? Am I supposed to "feel the same", "knowing" that he is there … and "seeing" him when I want to … savor that presence of him that I loved so much, even in our worst days … it's a quality to his presence that enthralled me from the first moment and hasn't stop affecting me since. So I'm kind of "ensnared by the Bob-ness" – and is this the whole point for my work? This work here, the Contact Diary?

Today, again, I felt my heart do such strange things with pain that I had to do the *heart-mudra,* acupressure to support my heart …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53 Herzschmerzen

Hände: rechts oder links

Beschreibung: Daumen, Zeige- und Ringfinger zusammen

Zeit: 4 Minuten, 5 × täglich, 4 Minuten Mindestabstand

Es versteht sich von selbst, dass bei irgendwelchen Herzbeschwerden immer ärztliche Kontrolle und Heilkunst gefordert ist. Bei Problemen mit dem Herzen müssen wir auf alle Fälle den Arzt aufsuchen.
Der Modus »Herzschmerzen« balanciert unspezifische Herzschmerzen, die durch ein EKG nicht zu erfassen sind und die sich durch ärztliche Behandlung nicht verbessern.
Es geht hier um Herzstiche, Extrasystolen oder ein dumpfes

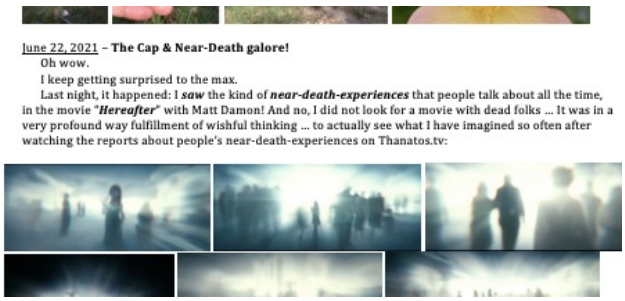
… and I thought, wow, I really got to figure out how to make the most of this documentation on this contact diary …

Well, I only stopped my editing the part P of this c. d. to share the "I did see Bob!" story … really on a whim going to my email account … only to end up gazing of an image of Bob.

I think it was in 2014, ***the last time I saw him "as Bob"*** … in 2018 he was half disca already.

December 3, 2021 – **All Fogged Up … Bob the Disca**

Just to round yesterday's entry off: I've returned to working on the contact diary part P, looking through the whole file, and there I came across the ***sequence with the near-death imagery*** … and yes, Bob's image that I happened upon yesterday is *truly* ***similar*** *to the one that I first saw on June 22:*


June 22, 2021 – **The Cap & Near-Death galore!**
Oh wow.
I keep getting surprised to the max.
Last night, it happened: I ***saw*** the kind of ***near-death-experiences*** that people talk about all the time, in the movie "***Hereafter***" with Matt Damon! And no, I did not look for a movie with dead folks ... It was in a very profound way fulfillment of wishful thinking ... to actually see what I have imagined so often after watching the reports about people's near-death-experiences on Thanatos.tv:

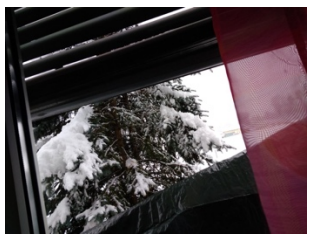
It was Bob's habit to say, playfully ***"It's all fogged up"***, instead of "... fucked up" ... and yes, it was, today, during my walk with Jacqui at Rosegg, around the Liechtenstein Palace again ... so much fog. All fogged up ... so suiting to the ***"disca in the fog"*** of the June 22 entry ...
Just fascinating.

December 5, 2021, Sunday

My niece's birthday. She is 33 years old now. I've tried to connect several times, no response. It's really strange, my life. I've always helped everyone, and they don't care about contact with me. My karma is just shit, I guess. Or I'm supposed to be alone? Must deal with entirely undeserved rejection – for the development of my individuality ...? What the ...?

I kind of stumbled across a story about bodies in glaciers ... and looking at the images I just get reminded so clearly that we "***have***" bodies, we "are not" bodies.

Snowing tonight and today ... my apartment feels "mine" already. Jacqui seems to be okay here, too.

Frozen bodies found on Mexican peak may be avalanche victims


I forgot to mention that a ***fly*** lived in my apartment for a while, surely longer than her "normal" life span. She kept flying around, following me everywhere. I fed her some honey, she seemed happy. Then I found her dead in the morning on the floor and vacuumed her up, before I could stop myself.

Also … took some walks with Jacqui in the eerie *snow-fog-landscape* … those impressions kind of soothe me. I wish I could share them with my mother, I mean, her being there, walking with me, but she keeps resisting going outside.

My father called me the day before yesterday … and he tried to be nice, but it's only because I threatened to forward my concerns about him to the judge. No apology for calling me a liar, no explanations for his behavior, just crying and telling me how poor and lonely he was. But whenever I said I'd be happy to help and come, he said – like throughout the entire year – that he wanted to be alone. Okay. He had just a few days ago sent me the red light lamp back and sent me incredibly erratic and aggressive letters, blaming me for stuff, when I did even have contact with him … he is entirely unable to see the reality. And I'm done being "understanding" and done "trying". I had written to V. P., his "caretaker" with the images of my at Edith's grave, because my father had claimed I hadn't ever been there … and V. P. had shown the letter to my father, like I had wanted him to … and last night my father again called, and all he had to say was "Now I know what you think about it, and it's over for good". NO INSIGHT! No understanding, no reality-check from his side.

I'm just appalled. Seriously. I don't feel like wanting to help him anymore. I want him to get help, as he had told me about his heart problem and he keeps saying that he doesn't want to live anymore. So I'll do the intervention with the officials. I have no choice.

Got a great idea how to deal with my financial problems, the insurance and the taxed I couldn't pay because I had to spend the money for my mother: I'll ask my uncle, who is my godfather and has never in my life done anything for me, but has rejected help for my mother when I had asked for it years ago. Yup, will write him a letter today.

December 6, 2021 – **Hawaiian Greeting!**

Took mom to pick up warm food again, pork roast with a nice dumpling … and she was nice, but I could tell that she could barely keep up the good façade when we were in the store. I know she wants to buy alcohol. She snuck a bottle in her bag the other day, and on Saturday she wanted to get rid of me that she could to "buy the newspaper at the gas station" … yeah right. That's where she always bought her booze. It's hard to watch how she gets so ashen and frustrated and dark when the desire hits her … I wish I could help her. Me being there and she having to drive with me in the car that stinks of dog (like she said today) is very stressful for her. It's hard for me to be always in a good mood and pretend that I don't realize her swings. She is really doing her best. She said so lovingly today "Mein Flocki" to her car, means something like "my dear Fluffy" or "Flaky" … her beloved car that she can't drive right now. It's at the point that I doubt she could drive, actually. There is something about her behavior … she seems so clear and speaks totally eloquently, but something is off in terms of keeping thoughts. And she is so easily frightened and scares whenever a car only approaches. So she would seriously bring her car to a stop in all kinds of situations, and her forgetfulness would maybe also affect her driving … Oh I must have a very clear talk with her, hopefully tomorrow. She wants to get rid of me right away, every time I'm dropping her off.

Why can't she just one time ask me in just for me being with her?

My father hanging up on me again … unable to accept reality, that mother-situation … sometimes I really feel very alone.

Took a look at my brother's grave … how strange, "*his grave*" … NOT! He isn't there. It's a place where the burnt remains of his mortal phase are buried in an urn … so strange to think that he once walked the earth with me … he is so long gone. Right now, feels painful and incredible … I do understand my mother that she doesn't want to go up there …

While editing I slipped right into a scenario on the island of Lanai in 2002, when Yolanta Marche and I were on a commercial shoot as extras, with Bob being the camera man, and Tommye Jones the account executive of Oceanic Time Warner Cable, and we played volley ball … and I fell so hard in love with Bob … I almost fell asleep editing right now, getting sucked into that day … so strange. I did not think about that for a long time. So I felt like I'm supposed to connect with Yolanta? Earlier I checked the Astrology Newsletter … I'm supposed to do things today that will totally bring me very close to the manifestation or realization of my biggest projects … well, mo' bettah I go figah out what that iz!

Quick thinking is the topic of the day …

It started the day before yesterday, when I woke up with the thought that I should ask my uncle to pitch in with my costs over the two years of gasoline and nutrition for my mother that basically ruined me financially so that I can't pay insurance and taxes right now. Got up, wrote and mailed!

This morning I woke up – after a sleepless night because I was so unhappy that I was supposed to drive my neighbor, who had always brought me cake on her account and now wanted a favor, very early in the morning, no less, to buy a Xmas-tree and get a doctor's prescription, and I had rebelled inside against it, even though I had said yes, having felt obligated – with the thought, that it's freaking Lock-down, and we are not allowed to be out and about with anyone else than a close relative or partner or someone living in the same household! If the police catches us or if someone reports us seeing us together, we'd be so fucked. I told her that this morning, she really wanted to just ignore the "law". But I'm proud to report that I insisted.

Earlier I opened the ***Kickstarter***-website. Closed it right away … pissed of to see – first thing! – a call for support for a ***Hawaiian comic***! GEEZ!

This stuff is following me around, isn't it?! It reminded me of the many times back in Hawaii when people were so arrogant to think they "know" about Hawaiian history when they never researched it themselves, just repeating the always same bullshit how the bad white people and yada yada! It was nothing like that. The bad Hawaiian chiefs, yes, who sold their own people of who they had plenty ("had", sic!) and let them work themselves to death in sandalwood harvest or sent them to gruesome wars for a neck pendant! The pioneer missionaries saved the culture by learning the language and writing everything down they could! The bad people were never the missionaries … oh I get the fucking heats and chills when I only think about this! Just looking at the Kickstarter Pitch and the "air" of "we, the natives, are so noble and so real and good" … fucking bullshit … Back in the Bob-Maui-days in a fucking flash!

And just now that intense flashback to the very very early days with Bob … I think we hadn't even kissed yet back then. But we were observing each other knowing that things would develop … during our Lanai-trip together for the commercial shoot … oh, so long ago. And yet so present.

Oh I remember spending the first three months in Bob's housie … that's when it already turned into *my housie,* too, but that's when it was already clear that Bob was not that much into committing than I was.

Oh fuck the past. I did love that place, I did, I still do.

December 7, 2021

Interesting finds … horseshoe prints … actually the ice that got trapped in the horseshoe … along the forest path where J and I walk all the time now. Starts getting old somehow.

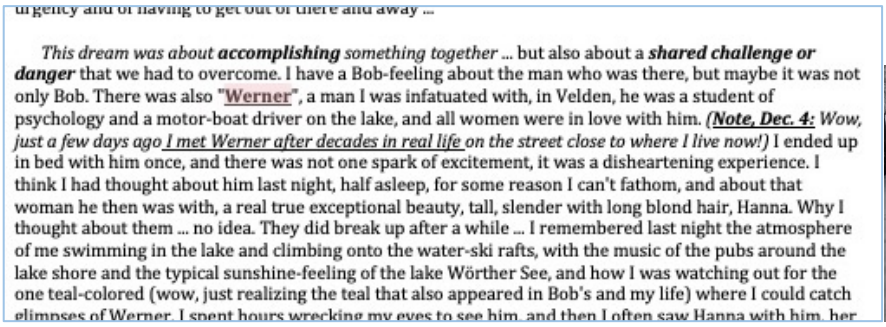
December 8, 2021 **– Dream manifestation: Werner**

During the morning walk I met a man from my past, Werner, who I was immensely in love with when I was barely 20 years old. He is all into geriatric psychology, and the few words we exchanged – he wants to meet up – were all about exactly the problems that my mother had, with herself and with the "doctors" who poisoned her with meds.

Interesting.

Good visit with my mom in terms of talking and clarifying things. I'm her interim-rep now, officially. But the court dismissed the application that my mother gets state care for her affairs. Yey.

*(**Note**: I meant to keep editing this contact diary for days, but only got back to doing it today, on December 14, and I ended up at the entry of September 8 – where I had had the first **dream** ever about – **Werner**! The man I had met today after, what, 35 years or something … Had I edited when I had planned to do it, I had ended up at the entry the day I actually met Werner in real life!)*



urgency and of having to get out of there and away …

*This dream was about **accomplishing** something together* … but also about a ***shared challenge or danger*** that we had to overcome. I have a Bob-feeling about the man who was there, but maybe it was not only Bob. There was also "Werner", a man I was infatuated with, in Velden, he was a student of psychology and a motor-boat driver on the lake, and all women were in love with him. *(**Note, Dec. 4:** Wow, just a few days ago I met Werner after decades in real life on the street close to where I live now!)* I ended up in bed with him once, and there was not one spark of excitement, it was a disheartening experience. I think I had thought about him last night, half asleep, for some reason I can't fathom, and about that woman he then was with, a real true exceptional beauty, tall, slender with long blond hair, Hanna. Why I thought about them … no idea. They did break up after a while … I remembered last night the atmosphere of me swimming in the lake and climbing onto the water-ski rafts, with the music of the pubs around the lake shore and the typical sunshine-feeling of the lake Wörther See, and how I was watching out for the one teal-colored (wow, just realizing the teal that also appeared in Bob's and my life) where I could catch glimpses of Werner. I spent hours wrecking my eyes to see him, and then I often saw Hanna with him, her

December 10, 2021

Discussed with my mother what kind of help she wants or needs, certainly not a representation! Went shopping, she was the clearest I've seen her in probably decades.

Today is my father's birthday, I received a letter from him. Could not make myself open it. I had written a card to him yesterday. Needed a day of a little peace.

December 11, 2021

My father wrote to me with such hatred and confusedness, that I now really have lost the will and interest to be any close to that broken person.

My uncle wrote to me that he will give me some money, and the rest when I can present a valid vaccination certification for me and my mother. Holy shit. I just can't fucking believe this. Seriously? I mean, they are old, he has Parkinson … but how fucking dare he.

December 12, 2021 – Sunday

Horrible horrible three-part **dream** … (amazing that I can recall all three of them, it's now midnight again)

First, someone like ***Jan*** (the Norwegian), but not really, only the type, had to travel somewhere in a ***helicopter***, it was a foreign country, but not Norway and not Hawaii, and there were two other men present, just vaguely, I think *one Asian man*, and I knew that there was an aspect of violence and even rape involved, what those men were to do with Jan, but he went there voluntarily to get paid for it. And I followed him and wanted to keep him from going, but ***I ended up in the helicopter too***. I tried to get out the whole time, even while we were flying … but we did land somewhere close to a big a bit mysterious city, like the entrance to an ancient Chinese metropolis with a big mountain in the background, it was the "Gerlitze", where my brother used to live, right in view of where my mother lives … and Jan and the men were about to re-enter the helicopter, we had to leave behind for some reason to be picked up by it a little later somewhere else, a place, where we were heading on foot, hill-up … and it was a desperate atmosphere, because I really wanted to save Jan, but I also wanted to get away and get out of there, and neither was possible, somehow …

It feels like I woke up at some point …

And the next dream started right away … it was a big meadow on a slope to my right, with a building like a multi-story hotel or rather a parking garage to my left, with big rooms … and the meadow was full of ***animals for adoption*** … cats and dogs and rabbits and birds, even ducks, I think, and some were very young, and kids played with them who walked around there with their parents like in a zoo. And it was about picking an animal and adopting one … and as I walked there along the fence I realized that it was more like a trader than an animal aid organization, as most animals were in some kind of small boxes or containers. To my horror I realized that once those people who had put on that "show" would pack up, the animals would just stay in those boxes and not really have a life!

I was so horrified … it affected my whole mood when I woke up later … But before that I think I wanted to adopt a dog, *but* ***Jacqui was with me*** *in the dream,* and I was worried I could lose him there … and I knew that there wasn't a chance that I could handle two dogs … or other animals … And I even went inside that strange house that had weirdly open levels, like a parking garage … and where those organizers of that animal show were, already packing … and there were huge cartons and cages … and I felt so sorry for the animals.

Again,

I think I woke up, maybe even got up … but it also feels like I dreamed on?

Because I think I was in the same area, just a bit down from that slope meadow … oh, now I remember, when I was in that strange house, there was a younger kind of ***pudgy man with*** sand colored hair, I think, and he did something to my arm …. There was an injury, I think, on my right arm … but when I looked at it I saw that there were large "craters" and long holes in the inside of my ***right lower arm*** … and I looked at them horrified. They were healed up remnants of injuries … and I realized that I had similar injuries on my left upper outward thigh … they were like black dotted bruises … and that guy said that the bruises must be taken out or cut out or something … and I bared my thigh to him for him to operate on me. But somehow I lost my trust and took off …

And I think that's when I ended up in the dense forest at the bottom of that meadow where the animals still were.

And there was a ***creek*** that turned into a roaring and rushing river that wound its way through the forest between the trees. And I heard laughter and calling, and as I walked a bit into the forest, I saw that there was a ***Nordic looking family***, the man tall and blond and with curly hairs, and several kids, maybe between 9 and 14 years, and a wife, also blond and pretty … but the strangest thing was, that ***they were all naked in that wild stream of water that was***

flowing at a hell of a speed through the forest, gushing and gurgling … and the family were in the water and swam in the direction of the stream, having so much fun. And I thought, wow, I would love to do that too, but how can they swim like this? There are rocks and roots underneath, that's so dangerous to swim in that water?! Yet, I got ready to go in, too, looking forward to the swim, and I thought if they can do it so can I, but ***as soon as I wanted to approach that flow – it dried out!*** It was just gone. No more water. I don't remember seeing the dry forest, I just knew that the gushing kind of brownish stream was gone!

And then I woke up.

Wow. I was really kind of exhausted by those strong impressions.

They three dreams are entirely clear in me right now, which is odd. But I do remember in the night, waking up I thought wow, I should write this down, but I didn't. But in the morning, getting up, I realized that I still knew all three parts, and I only wrote down key words.

Took a morning walk with Jacqui along our usual route … horse shoe prints again.

Today I spent the nearly entire day collecting information about the corona vaccination situation … wow, it's very very disheartening to realize how much information is out there that really speaks against the vaccinations … how much is not know, what a big game it all is.

I kept thinking several times today, wow, Bob would have been desperate. It also occurred to me that work would have dried out for Bob in Corona times, maybe. Or we could have made our films in peace … but then I wouldn't have been able to help my mother.

She sounded so nice and happy and relaxed on the phone today … just said that she can't muster up the strength to free her car from snow. That doesn't sound good. Because she always liked it, to work with the snow.

Well … we'll take it one day at a time.

I didn't even mail my angry response to my father after his nasty letter from a few days ago. Why do it? I must change my pattern. Can't expect him to. He must be scared, too. He won't ever be different, won't ever be able to admit his insecurities and weaknesses. I just don't know what to do about him. I feel sorry for him, being so alone in the big house. But I just don't understand why he treats me in such a hateful way instead of being happy that I keep offering my help. This is just not normal.

But I can't force him to be different than he is.

The next year will be so strange … the "222"-year … I don't know what to think anymore.

I have very intense painfully dense crampy feelings in my left chest … I've been taking Hawthorne again. And my two little warts, one on my neck, one on my chest, are growing.

<u>December 13, 2021</u>

What a **dream** – again! I live in some kind of apartment complex that was at the same time a ***care home*** or even a hospital, and ***Sigi*** was around. Sometimes there was a view at the ocean I think, but maybe it was just a deep feeling of longing, and I knew, that Sigi and I had to travel. I had to get a car, and I had my own, the light blue Ford Focus Ambiente C-Max, but I asked some car expert who happened to be around among the many other people in that "hotel" if I should get a "used car", and he said "you keep yours, it's a used car". There were people whose stories are garbled in my mind now, like a woman who I had intense relations with, owing her, or she owed me, mid forties, light hair. Then the story around Sigi, who I wanted to help but who had other associates … it was a lot going on. Something about a precious photo camera that I owned.

Something about my mother who I had to visit and who lived where she lives now. And the it happened:

We were all in the house, in my room or apartment – and suddenly ***the house tilted!*** Kind of to the South-East.

We were so scared and worried, but it was no earthquake … and as we ran outside, we saw that the ***entire house had been emptied and was about to he torn down***. At the same time, ***winter*** was coming, and we had only very little time to get our belongings. And there was no space.

And I was so desperate ***how I should collect my stuff*** and what, and I cried and *begged Sigi to help me, but he didn't react,* somehow, even though he was around there. I managed to get my car, I think, of some other means of help I organized, but I knew we had to get to my mother as that was the only space available. Yet, all my stuff was still in the house and I didn't know how to get it and what to choose. So I cried and raged and clenched my fists and was so ***desperate*** … while behind me, ***the house was already been torn down … workers went in there and I think caterpillars …***

And then it felt that the location was the local railway station of Velden, from the geographical site, I think it was.

I don't remember making it out of that horrible situation. I woke up.

Geez, Monday again. Just week after week after week …

After having read up on Corona so intensely last night, I'm kind of shocked that so many, millions of people, have been given those injections … which are purely experimental genetically engineered chemicals and actual viruses (vectors) ... Jesus Christ, what is really going on.

December 14, 2021 **– The Precious Things**

Got a board, a table and a small bathroom board from a couple in Kaltschach who are forced to empty out the husband mom Wilma's apartment after she moved to a care facility. Yesterday I took my mother to the place to check out the board first, nice to see her get out of the car and look around. Sad, though, to see how the furniture and the many personal things are just … useless all of a sudden, nobody wants them. Beautiful "retro" furniture, I wish I had the space. I can't help but think of the time when Bob's sister had to clean out the house … kills me to only think of Pukalani right now.

I also got another older board and two night stands and put them in my basement compartment on the old carpet that I threw out of my mother's spare room, as I intend to put some spare food there in the cellar. Also got two beautiful vases as well as a huge cup and a juice jar and a small oriental carpet. Paid 30 bucks for everything.

Found out that my mother had lied to me about having started to do the puzzle. She had told me on the phone that it had gone well and that she liked it. Today I wanted to see it, she had simply made that up. She said "she had wanted to do it". Well, she had told me matter of fact. That's troubling.

Also: The day before yesterday, when I walked with Jacqui late in the day, in the snowy dark, that I chatted with Bob … asked him *if he could walk with me in his violet swim trunks* … and I kept repeating the sentence to the point that I found it weird that I had to repeat it all the time, until I realized that Bob's *swim trunks were turquois!* Then I asked him to p*ut something into my*

hand, and I received "***a handful of jewels-kind-of-stuff***". That was weird. Those weren't really "jewels", I couldn't see clearly what it was, only that it was a lot in my hand. Those were literally like precious kind of sparkly things, crystal, of various colors, but no idea what the items were. I forgot about it.

Only today, when I walked with Jacqui again in that area in the snowy dark, I thought about it again. And whilst I thought at first that "well, nothing manifested, then", right away, I corrected myself, because: **I had seen precious things, very precious things, even! A**t that home of that lady Wilma, when I returned there last night after my visit there with my mother around noon, and I had been able to look at all the precious personal things, little figures, crystal carafes, jewelry … wow! Those were the "***precious things"*** I had received in my hand from Bob!

I so regret that I haven't taken a picture of the h***uge collection of knick-knacks of all kinds and sizes, figurines, crystal cups, silverware, very very precious dishes and cutlery*** … I should have taken more, but I was so overwhelmed that I only stood there, gazing.

(Google)

Those were not "jewels" literally, in my hand. The sparkly things that I knew were precious where an allegory of what I was about to see the next day – all the precious things. The son of the lady who had lived there was so sad seeing that home where he had grown up disintegrate, and the precious furniture about to be thrown on the dump. He was happy that I took a precious board and the beautiful table and his mom's small bathroom cabinet … and the other stuff. To me *all those* ***things I saw in that home where precious*****,** and I was very very nostalgic, too.

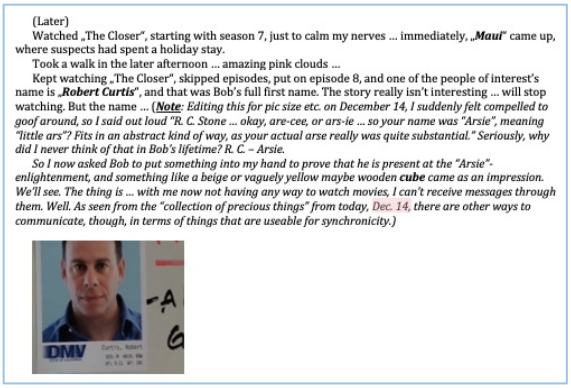
There.

I worked again. We did it again! I high-fived Bob just now, then asked "Have you high-fived me right now? So – high-ten?" And I we high-ten-ed.

I should not that I really really really wanted a cabinet or board … looked online for a while, but because of the lockdown I wasn't really inspired … and I only looked again on a whim … and there it was. That one board … that lead to nice phone talks with a very nice lady, the wife of the man whose mom's home it was … and now I have the board I wanted plus so much more. ***I listened to my gut*** … remember distinctly not even thinking of checking online for boards, but suddenly finding myself in front of the computer, late at night, checking and sending an inquiry for availability.

(Later)

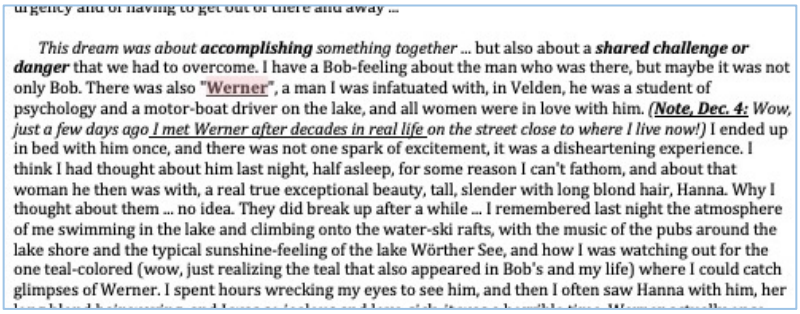
Started my editing work … am at August 16 now … and I had a "goofing around" insight … that Bob's initials "***R. C."*** for Robert Curtis are pronounced ***"Arsie" … little arse***. Plus I just earlier felt the urge to google "Adele", yes the singer, but I never listen to music, and I'm not interested in Adele … only to find a big picture of her with "Paradise" written on her arm … I felt spoken too. A little.



(Later)
Watched „The Closer", starting with season 7, just to calm my nerves … immediately, ***„Maui"*** came up, where suspects had spent a holiday stay.
Took a walk in the later afternoon … amazing pink clouds …
Kept watching „The Closer", skipped episodes, put on episode 8, and one of the people of interest's name is ***„Robert Curtis"***, and that was Bob's full first name. The story really isn't interesting … will stop watching. But the name … (***Note***: *Editing this for pic size etc. on December 14, I suddenly felt compelled to goof around, so I said out loud "R. C. Stone … okay, are-cee, or ars-ie … so your name was "Arsie", meaning "little ars"? Fits in an abstract kind of way, as your actual arse really was quite substantial." Seriously, why did I never think of that in Bob's lifetime? R. C. – Arsie.*
So I now asked Bob to put something into my hand to prove that he is present at the "Arsie"-enlightenment, and something like a beige or vaguely yellow maybe wooden ***cube*** *came as an impression. We'll see. The thing is … with me now not having any way to watch movies, I can't receive messages through them. Well. As seen from the "collection of precious things" from today, Dec. 14, there are other ways to communicate, though, in terms of things that are useable for synchronicity.)*

(Later)

Got to the edit of the "**Werner**"-dream of September 8 today, and realized that had I edited this c. d. when I wanted to in the past weeks, I might have ended up editing the section on or around the day when I actually met Werner in real life after many decades, on December 8. I've kept thinking about that encounter in the past days … and I remember that my experiences with Werner back in the day weren't good for me back then. It was rather traumatic, in several ways. I was entirely misunderstood and infatuated in a way that was not healthy, only to find out that he really wasn't the kind of "man" that I had thought he was.



urgency and of having to get out of there and away …

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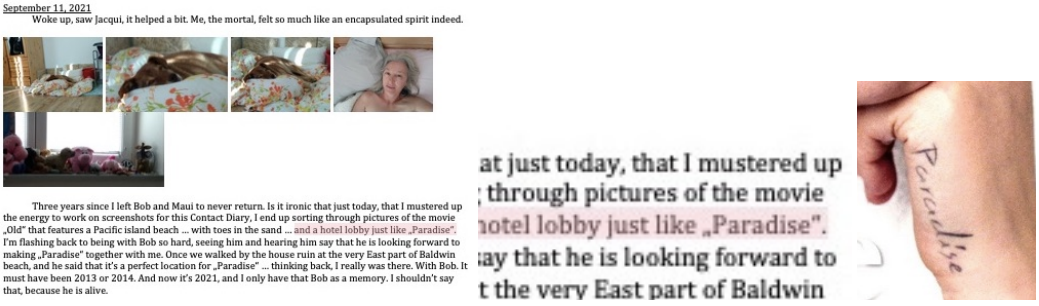
Okay, the furthest I get today editing, is September 11, the day I left Bob and housie to never return. And now I know why I had to find "Paradise" today on Adele's arm: The entry of September 11 mentions "Paradise" literally. Bob told me that he knew how far I'd get editing today.

So this may sound far fetched and crazy to only those who haven't followed the story of Bob's and my communications from the beginning. It's a normal deduction given the events. It' synchronicity in its purest form.



September 11, 2021
Woke up, saw Jacqui, it helped a bit. Me, the mortal, felt so much like an encapsulated spirit indeed.

Three years since I left Bob and Maui to never return. Is it ironic that just today, that I mustered up the energy to work on screenshots for this Contact Diary, I end up sorting through pictures of the movie „Old" that features a Pacific island beach … with toes in the sand … and a hotel lobby just like „Paradise". I'm flashing back to being with Bob so hard, seeing him and hearing him say that he is looking forward to making „Paradise" together with me. Once we walked by the house ruin at the very East part of Baldwin beach, and he said that it's a perfect location for „Paradise" … thinking back, I really was there. With Bob. It must have been 2013 or 2014. And now it's 2021, and I only have that Bob as a memory. I shouldn't say that, because he is alive.

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Paradise

December 15, 2021 **– Freeman's Death & the August 22 Connection**

Something odd just happened.

I wanted to work on editing the CD, even though it was already 11 p.m. Then I researched the proper kinds of Bachflowers I want to get for my mother – who was so lively and fun today, as

we drove to pick up some warm food and do some shopping, made jokes, even talked about sex! – tomorrow, as I know she needs another energetic boost for her impending check-up by a psych-doc next year.

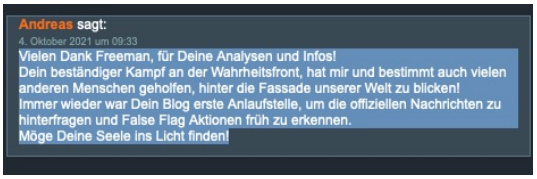
And suddenly I felt ***strongly compelled to visit a website*** *I hadn't visited in more than a year* ... a **blog** by a very critical person named "**Freeman**". He had started blogging from Abchasia right after 9/11, and I've often read his accounts on various acts of terr'r in the past ... but not for, well, maybe more than two years actually.

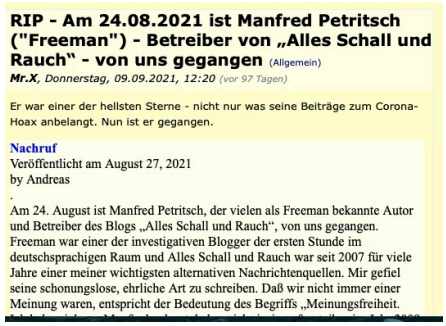
So today instead of editing or going to bed, I opened his blog again. At first it looked like all was well, still posts. But then I saw a post about the death of someone named "Manfred" ... and **I was shocked to find out that this was Freeman himself who had died, on August 22, this year.**

So now ... why was I so drawn to his website to find out that he was now dead. I'm sure he knows Bob. There is a very strange feeling about this event.

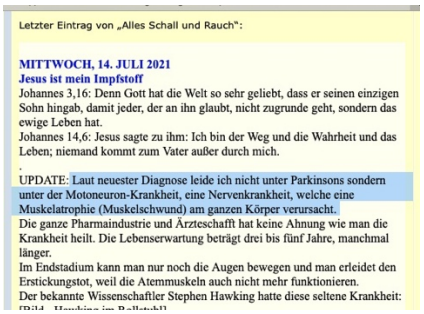
His death is mysterious, though. He had reported about having the same disease as Stephen Hawking had, but that his life expectancy may be two, three years. But a little more than a month after that posting he was dead.

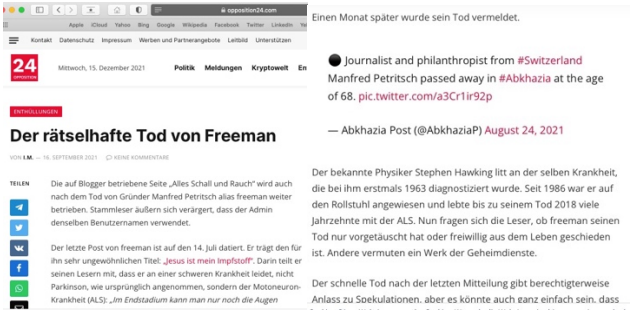
So it's all mysterious. I'm not gonna research ... but I accept the event as some kind of message.





(wrong date, though)





I sent my info collection of snippets of the covid-vaccines producers' websites to my uncle today, telling him that I'll never gonna be vaccinated. Zoly had written to me that he had fever, but that he was determined to fight those who are destroying mankind. And *Freeman* was one of the strongest fighters and informers against those in power trying to enslave everyone.

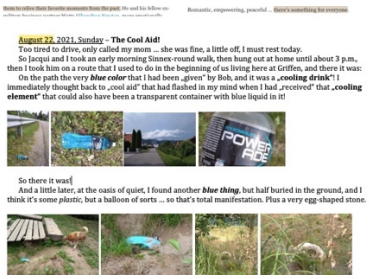
Ever since I did the researching and reading I've been realizing the scale of what is going on ... this is much in the spirit of Freeman's work, me sharing my own collection of information.

If he is really dead, did he kind of "nudge" me energetically, so that I would check his website and realize that he is in the beyond?

Or what is going on?

On August 22 ... it was the second day that my mother was back home after her psychiatry stint ... I must check my entry from that day.

(Later)
Just did check – ***oh Jezaz!*** **That day** – *August 22* – **I watched the movie** – *wait for it:* **"Free Guy"! The day Freeman died!** I watched a movie where the pink and white rabbit showed up again with the title "Free Guy".
Alright. What are the odds?
So did I get contacted by dead Freeman, Manfred Johann Petritsch?



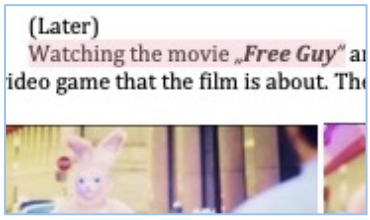
August 22, 2021, Sunday – **The Cool Aid!**
Too tired to drive, only called my mom ... she was fine, a little off, I must rest today.
So Jacqui and I took an early morning Sinnex-round walk, then hung out at home until about 3 p.m., then I took him on a route that I used to do in the beginning of us living here at Griffen, and there it was:
On the path the very ***blue color*** that I had been „given" by Bob, and it was a ***„cooling drink"***! I immediately thought back to „cool aid" that had flashed in my mind when I had „received" that ***„cooling element"*** that could also have been a transparent container with blue liquid in it!

So there it was!
And a little later, at the oasis of quiet, I found another ***blue thing***, but half buried in the ground, and I think it's some *plastic*, but a balloon of sorts ... so that's total manifestation. Plus a very egg-shaped stone.

(Later)
Watching the movie ***„Free Guy"*** and ***oh the biggest rabbit*** showed up ... *white and pink and odd!* In the video game that the film is about. The huge white rabbit that's Bob's „Avatar" from the „rabbit challenge"!

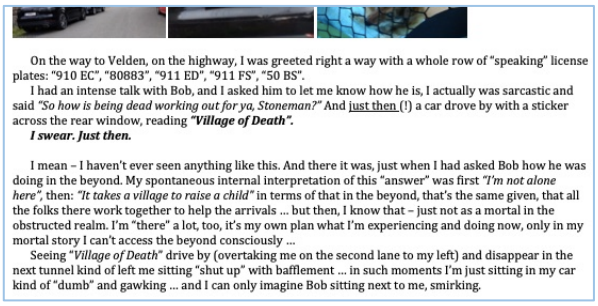
Wow, I have the feeling, we are „on" again ... (***Note**: And I had no idea how that white and pink rabbit was going to reappear really soon!*) I had an intense talk with Bob yesterday, telling him – because I felt so intensely his presence but also felt like „being on Maui" so clearly, that it made me numb and kind of helpless and enormously sad ...
And then the „cool aid", before that the „noodle" and now the rabbit ...

Also, I'm not sure what I was doing, but suddenly I was facing email communication with Bob and Joyce ...



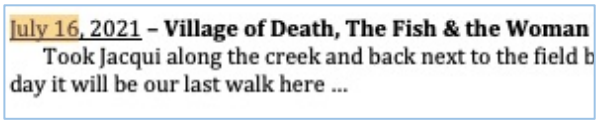
(Later)
Watching the movie „***Free Guy***" a
ideo game that the film is about. Th

Alright, it's getting weirder:
I also checked what happened on July 16, when Freeman posted the message about his diagnosis of a disease that would kill him rather soon: It was the day when the car with the sticker ***"Village of Death"*** in the rear window drove by! Wow!



On the way to Velden, on the highway, I was greeted right a way with a whole row of "speaking" license plates: "910 EC", "80883", "911 ED", "911 FS", "50 BS".
I had an intense talk with Bob, and I asked him to let me know how he is, I actually was sarcastic and said *"So how is being dead working out for ya, Stoneman?"* And just then (!) a car drove by with a sticker across the rear window, reading ***"Village of Death"***.
I swear. Just then.

I mean – I haven't ever seen anything like this. And there it was, just when I had asked Bob how he was doing in the beyond. My spontaneous internal interpretation of this "answer" was first *"I'm not alone here"*, then: *"It takes a village to raise a child"* in terms of that in the beyond, that's the same given, that all the folks there work together to help the arrivals ... but then, I know that – just not as a mortal in the obstructed realm. I'm "there" a lot, too, it's my own plan what I'm experiencing and doing now, only in my mortal story I can't access the beyond consciously ...
Seeing *"Village of Death"* drive by (overtaking me on the second lane to my left) and disappear in the next tunnel kind of left me sitting "shut up" with bafflement ... in such moments I'm just sitting in my car kind of "dumb" and gawking ... and I can only imagine Bob sitting next to me, smirking.



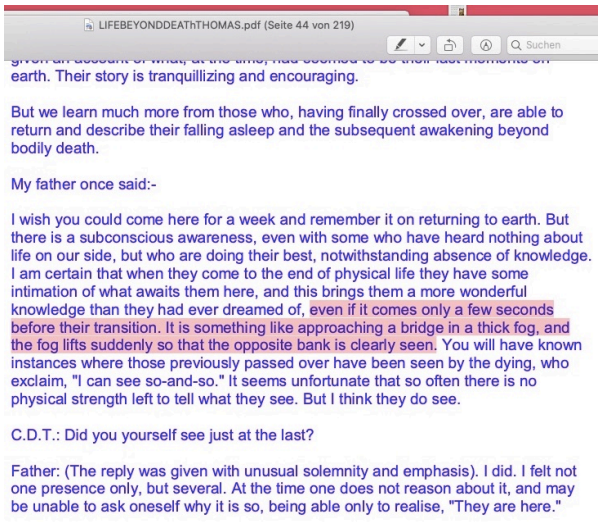
July 16, 2021 – **Village of Death, The Fish & the Woman**
Took Jacqui along the creek and back next to the field b
day it will be our last walk here ...

There is a connection.

December 16, 2021
Strong impression this morning:
I had a very deep Maui-feeling, as if I could just look up and be on Maui in housie with Bob. Realizing that it isn't so, like it happens often, makes my heart drop so deep, I feel like I don't want to live anymore. I do recover, every time. Tonight, my heart was so upset that I had to take Hawthorn and do the Mudra all the time. It raced like crazy. I saw blue lights flashing – but it was real, because my upstairs neighbor, owner of the bull terrier dog Wilma (yes, like the woman from whom I have some furniture now) was picked up by an ambulance in an emergency. Strange.
So then, it's sunny today, and this hurts me ... it confuses me, as this is not sunny Maui anymore.
And as I stood in my apartment and looked at the Ouija-board that now has an open spot in the room, I said out loud "You're the sun, and I'm the moon, play me ..." And there it was: A Ouija-board must be "played". So am I supposed to use it?

It was a sudden strong impression. I've been putting my hands on the image of the sun and the moon imagining a connection with Bob. Right now … I have to stop writing or thinking about him, my tears are coming, and the thought of living without him is unbearable. Once again.

I sent to Elisabeth a snippet of Rev. Drayton-Thomas' work "Life Beyond Death" last night … it should give me consolation too.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earth. Their story is tranquillizing and encouraging.

But we learn much more from those who, having finally crossed over, are able to return and describe their falling asleep and the subsequent awakening beyond bodily death.

My father once said:-

I wish you could come here for a week and remember it on returning to earth. But there is a subconscious awareness, even with some who have heard nothing about life on our side, but who are doing their best, notwithstanding absence of knowledge. I am certain that when they come to the end of physical life they have some intimation of what awaits them here, and this brings them a more wonderful knowledge than they had ever dreamed of, even if it comes only a few seconds before their transition. It is something like approaching a bridge in a thick fog, and the fog lifts suddenly so that the opposite bank is clearly seen. You will have known instances where those previously passed over have been seen by the dying, who exclaim, "I can see so-and-so." It seems unfortunate that so often there is no physical strength left to tell what they see. But I think they do see.

C.D.T.: Did you yourself see just at the last?

Father: (The reply was given with unusual solemnity and emphasis). I did. I felt not one presence only, but several. At the time one does not reason about it, and may be unable to ask oneself why it is so, being able only to realise, "They are here."

Oh yeah … I have experienced "fog" recently …

I just keep going back and thinking how things did not work out, but why? Bob and I were on such a great path, professionally, we could have made those films that would make a difference … and there should have been another way to tune into the project "The Bridge" … but no. It was all lost. Who fucked up, I want to know?

And then, I've been asking this question a lot of times. And then, whenever synchronicity "hits" in such a perfect way, ***proving that I'm "in the right place"***, following my "na'au" my gut perfectly … I'm supposed to understand that everything is going it's proper path.

What the fuck is that supposed to mean?

That I'm writing this C. D. and helping my mother? That's it?

The way the world is now … much must be done. But how can I …? Alone? I feel so alone and sad so often. I'm aging so fast, my face looks so old right now. I don't know what to think a lot of the time.

<u>December 17, 2021</u> **– New Era?**

My mother accompanied me today for a shopping trip to Villach. She is between not remembering from one moment to the next what she was looking for in a store and being entirely sharp and talking about complex stuff like a pro. When I dropped her off, she said something I hadn't heard from her in many years: ***She asked me to take care driving.*** She took notice of me. But truth be told – she did that already yesterday too, in away. As I was walking to the car ahead

of her, she asked me to turn around and look at her, and I did, surprised. She studied my face and said that I looked yellow. She had noticed me … twice in two days.

Wow. That's the beginning of a new era.

She still hasn't started her puzzle. But she agreed that we'll try tomorrow.

It was nice being around with her. She bought herself a lovely pink orchid. I was very surprised. She even followed me into the dog food store, and she spend a whole lot of time searching for boots for me at the shoe store. (Didn't find any.) I told her that I had worked at a show store for a while on Maui, and she was surprised. Of course she doesn't remember anything about my life, or at least, not a lot.

Anyway. It is what it is now. This evening felt like almost a normal good-bye until tomorrow like in our earlier years.

I just discovered some kind of small bump on my upper lip, and I hope it's not a wart.

I haven't written down my dreams … they have been outrageously wild and intense … just a few notes I see here, from some morning … and I remember vaguely: In the **dream**, I had to get some ticket to fly somewhere, and there was a man who had something to do with clothes … in a town, there was Bob … and some sort of balustrade around a building … again, something about a very expensive clothes outfit … and about deception and expectations …

I keep thinking about my father, and I'm very sorry for him, but I'm at my wit's end, whatever I tried or did, he responded with utter and outspoken hatred against me, rejecting me, actually really insulting me by writing with no filter. I did tell myself many times that I was not going to be provoked by his behavior anymore, but when I read his letters, they are so clear and eloquent, he really means it. I should stay away.

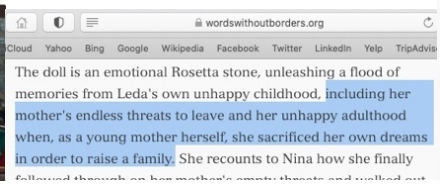
So ... I'm not able to just ignore his outpour of abuse towards me … can't.

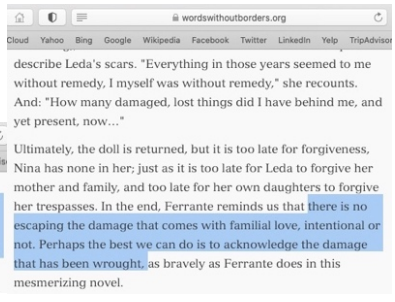
I wrote to his friend Picej again that I will inform authorities about his behavior and that I believe that something is not right with his mind and that he is not safe living alone like he does anymore. I have to. Unthinkable if something happens to him. But even when I told him about my worries and offered to help in the nicest ways, the next day he would pour an abusive avalanche of hate over me … so he is definitely not in his right mind.

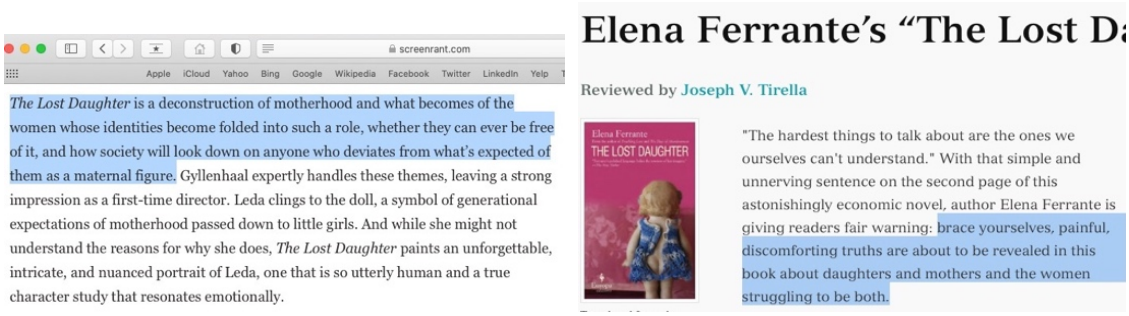
December 18, 2021 – ***Insights & cookies galore***

Amazing reflection on my life … interesting, because I've been thinking along those lines a lot, recently:

I went, after a walk with my mother and eating fried chicken with her!, to the rogerebert.com website to check out some movie review, ***"The Lost Daughter"***, and immediately I saw the picture that reminded me of my own encounter with knick knacks, finding myself in a whole treasure cave full of little things meant for flea market (yard sale) selling. And the story is about a woman who abandons her daughters … and it reflects on my own continuous thoughts of having abandoned my chances for motherhood twice … maybe daughters … and how it all has been haunting me all my life. And then the broken homes that kids grow up in and the damages done there so that they make choices against having their own families … wow … it all spoke so much to me, it's spooky.







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The Lost Daughter is a deconstruction of motherhood and what becomes of the women whose identities become folded into such a role, whether they can ever be free of it, and how society will look down on anyone who deviates from what's expected of them as a maternal figure. Gyllenhaal expertly handles these themes, leaving a strong impression as a first-time director. Leda clings to the doll, a symbol of generational expectations of motherhood passed down to little girls. And while she might not understand the reasons for why she does, *The Lost Daughter* paints an unforgettable, intricate, and nuanced portrait of Leda, one that is so utterly human and a true character study that resonates emotionally.

Elena Ferrante's "The Lost D

Reviewed by Joseph V. Tirella

"The hardest things to talk about are the ones we ourselves can't understand." With that simple and unnerving sentence on the second page of this astonishingly economic novel, author Elena Ferrante is giving readers fair warning: brace yourselves, painful, discomforting truths are about to be revealed in this book about daughters and mothers and the women struggling to be both.

Oh wow – of course I cannot watch movies right now, but I read up on the story, and I felt catapulted back to the time when I decided for abortion … thinking that I had to accomplish something else than motherhood … and I have regretted those decisions, and I have blamed others for my misery. I know now that it's okay and normal to realize the damage that's been done to one by parents. It's a fact. That film is about that. I felt spoken to.

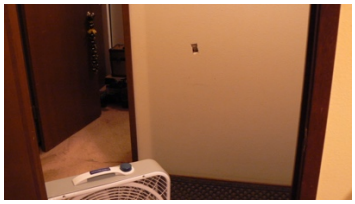
It's a time of reflection, said the astrologer in the current newsletter, and I can so so so relate. It's the time of totally realizing the kind and value of relationships … no kidding! I do realize that I'm mothering my mother, and that I wouldn't have been able to do so … if I'd be with Bob. And then Elisabeth, an old friend who turns out to really be a friend. She sent me a huge package of home-made cookies … soft ones!

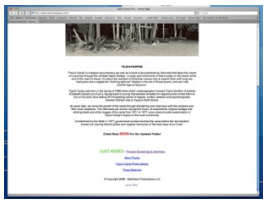
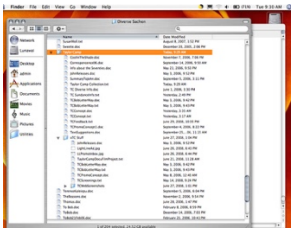
Wow, my mother will love them! These pics Elisabeth took during her visit on Maui in 2008:

(Strangely, when *I searched my* ***photo archives*** *for other Maui pics* of 2008, I found the ones of the hole in the wall that I had made after Bob had thrown a heavy Beta-tape-case at me in a fit of rage, and had I not ducked, it would have hit me in the face or head … It also includes a screenshot of a computer folder of all the stuff that *I had worked* on the Taylor Camp documentary … it was a time of conflict back then. Oh my, I've been glorifying my relationship with Bob … I have been seen what was in the beginning and in between and what could have been, but not really what was. *And there … I just realize, I'm back at what the astrologer just wrote: In these weeks* *we become totally aware of the true nature of our relationships … past and present*.)

Plus a screenshot of the first Taylor Camp docu-film screening announcement – in 2008, after several years of working on it. Plus a lot more screenshots of the screenings of the film when it wasn't even done … oh the conflicts back then, John W. screwing Bob over all the time, but Bob turning against me instead of realizing that I was his only way out. He never let me rescue him. His health and spirit got ruined by this project, and I knew the danger the moment I saw the toxic personality of John. When Bob died in 2018, the TC project was still not done! And Bob was worn

out already in 2008 … oh fucking throw backs … geez, I didn't even know I had those pics and screenshots …



It's a strange time. My mother was so alert and at the same time so lost … it's very touching. But for the first time in … ever … she talked about how she often thinks of her dead love (who died in about 1991) and her dead son, my brother Peter (who died in 1993) and thinks they should still be here or that their death was just yesterday. She said that Sebastian, her dead love, has a nice resting place. And immediately this sparked my almost distressed inner response – and I tried to express it in words, too – that nobody is "resting" in a grave. It's a burial spot for the material remnants of the shell, the case, the machine, the tool that those people once used. *Our bodies will disintegrate too, and we'll be alive and well, still.*

My mother agreed to go for a walk today, in the sunshine, a little ways through the wood, even, and she enjoyed looking around, seeing the area, the landscape … what a waste of life and time to spend years barely going out, except for driving to buy some food once in a while and booze regularly. She had established a habitual routine that numbed her sufficiently, I get that. On our walk, we came by a ***bird*** sculpture …

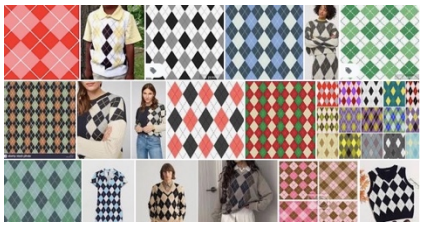
Later, we drove to buy fried chicken from the fried chicken place close by, and we drove around a strange ***flower sculpture*** in the center of little Lind village, and pointed it out to my mother … only to find that *very flower on the snow* later, when I took Jacqui for a walk.

(from a 2014 newspaper article)

<u>December 19, 2021, Sunday</u>

Shopped for T-shirts and pullovers in Argyle pattern for my mother in the middle of the night! I don't know how that happened, but suddenly I felt such an urge to help her be clothed comfortably, she literally has been wearing the same two winter pullovers for three winters now and the same worn out sleeveless collar-shirts underneath. So she admired my ancient pullover with a geometrical pattern yesterday, and I realized, after reading a blog about the food preferences of older and demented folks, that I must give her substitutes for her old stuff that are in the style of her own stuff, because she defines herself in it. No point in trying to give her something new so that she'd be "refreshed". She wouldn't see it that way. So I researched to find

her belove Argyle pattern and sleeveless white polos with collars. Found some, ordered them! I'll be so curious what she'll say! *(Note: She liked the pattern, but not the style – too short but too wide.)*



Took Jacqui for nice walks to **lake Saissersee** and to the Wernberg sand pit pool …

I spent a few minutes in the total quiet at the frozen lake, beautiful snow landscape … and I thought about *my first dog Kimba and Edith's beloved Gipsy*, all three in the beyond.

I asked ***Edith*** if she has the two dogs with her now … and to *"put something into my hand*" for me to later see it and take it as a "yes" from Edith. And right away, a *yellow lightly dark-brown-spotted* ***pear*** appeared in my hand (in German though, "Birne") … now that I see what I have just written, "***pear*** ap***pear***ed" … but that's just the play on words Bob loved. Just earlier when I thought about that moment at the lake when I had communicated with Edith, the word "*pear*l" came to my mind, also a "pear" … even though I spoke in German with Edith, of course, and the German word for "*pear*" is "Birne". So I'll be curious now.

I promised myself and "them" that today I'd finish putting all the remaining images into this c. d., then end the chapter "Q" and start "R".

I visited my mother, no way to get her outside into the bright sunshine. She seemed depressed or at least extremely listless, but she was about to watch Alpine skiing competitions on TV. I brought her cookies of Elisabeth's making to taste test, and she liked that. When I talked to her about the future steps regarding her driver's license, she seemed to suddenly not be aware what it's all about … she still has not started the puzzle but keeps promising she will. I'll have to take some measures regarding the future steps of me representing her and the state of her driving abilities …

I edited the other day a text about basic awareness … like, when you eat, you just eat. Don't read anything, don't let your thoughts wander, just focus on your food.

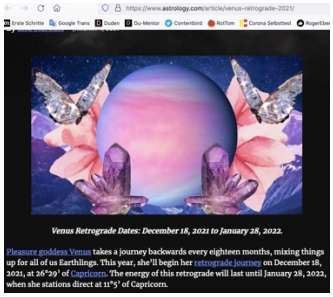
So when I had warmed up yesterday's chicken and was about to eat it while reading a catalogue, I dropped a piece, and when bending down to pick it up, I hit my head at the table. Immediately the ***awareness***-text came to my mind, and I continued my meal focused on the meal only. I even saw the spaghetti recipe at the bottom of my plate, an Italian word I had never seen before "*Acciughe*", must google. (Later: sardines)

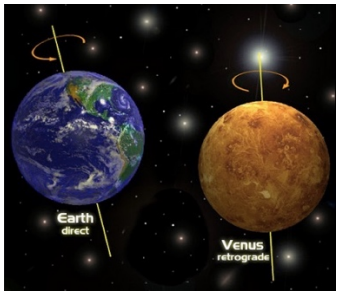
20. bis 22. Dezember 2021 – Sonne im Trigon zu Jupiter: „Ein perfekter Wochenstart!"

Der Transit Sonne-Trigon-Jupiter ist so ziemlich der beste aller Sonnentransite. Lass die Tage nicht einfach so vergehen! Nütze deine gute Laune, deinen Enthusiasmus und dein Selbstvertrauen, um das Beste aus diesen Tagen zu holen! Vorwärtsstrebende Energie ist mit diesem Transit verbunden: Lehne dich nicht nur zurück, sondern gestalte ganz aktiv! Du würdest sonst eine enorme Wachstumschance verpassen … und das wäre einfach wirklich schade.

Gelegenheiten können sich in Form von persönlichem, geistigem und materiellem Wachstum ergeben. Gehe offen und auch in einer gewissen Erwartungshaltung durch diese Tage!

From an astrology point of view like given by the astrologer whose texts I'm editing, from tomorrow on is a super great chance of moving forward in terms of personal growth by being active and start projects … *Venus is in retrograde,* a big deal, astrologically speaking.





Well, I've been brooding over them anyway in the last days. ***Barbara Thiering*** is very firstly on my mind … and I was thinking of starting a very simple Indiegogo-campaign sharing my promo-featurette and asking people to give me money to do a documentary about that woman's life and work – the true story of Jesus Christ. But would the authorities that rule in this mortal realm let me share this truth? I was warned once to not open that can of worms. Once people see what kind of knowledge has been kept from them and what they were lead to believe about the Bible, they would never ever let authorities tell them anything … and with "They" I mean the self-thinking intelligent aware ones among the mortals. A lot are just too dumb to doubt the "truths" they are fed by means of force and fear-"culture".

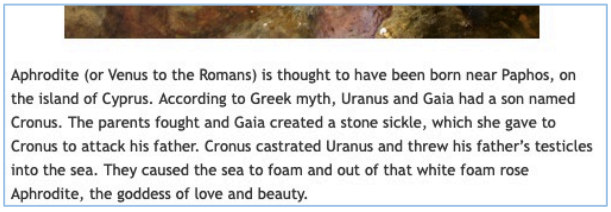
I don't know.

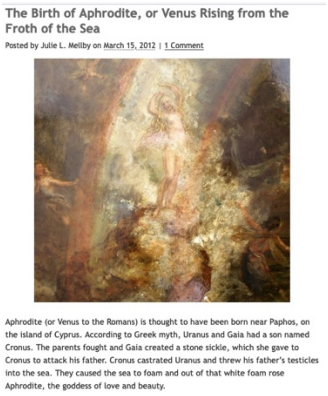
Maybe. I'm eager, to say the least.

So as long as I think about my projects, I don't mind at all dealing with my mother's problems … it's no burden at all. Only when I have the feeling that it's all there is, then I feel very lifeless.

So Venus is in retrograde in Capricorn, and astrologers worldwide talk about the big changes it can bring … and that period now we're supposed to become very much aware about the true nature of our relationships, but we're also totally able to love, "bigger" than before. With an expanded heart or heart energy? I think so.

"The rebirth of love is symbolically linked to the mythology image of the "***Venus born from seafoam***" or "the froth of the sea" … and we're supposed to be aware that we might be or feel "reborn" in some way, too, in the coming days. Problems with money or relationships are supposed to be straightening themselves out now. (Oddly the sea-foam birth myth includes that Venus comes from some guy's testicles! WTF? The most feminine of feminine comes from *testicles*?)





One thing I like especially about these days, the way the astrologer expresses it, is, that we are allowed to have expectations! Yup. Will do. Have'em.

From Xmas on, we're supposed to totally focus on the impact we'd like to leave in this world!

Venus ist am Morgen noch nicht sichtbar. Dies ist aber das erste Mal, dass sie als Morgenstern auftaucht. Die Wiedergeburt der Liebe ist symbolisch mit der mythologischen „Geburt der Venus" verbunden. Vielleicht wird für dich etwas „wiedergeboren"? Wenn du mit Beziehungs- oder Geldproblemen zu kämpfen hast, wirst du jetzt die ersten Lösungen sehen.

die neuen Möglichkeiten, die sich dir anbieten! Türen können sich zeigen – und wollen geöffnet werden. Habe keine Angst vor neuen Wegen und Möglichkeiten!

Stelle dir folgende Fragen:

- Welchen Eindruck möchtest du auf der Welt hinterlassen?
- Wenn du etwas in deinem Leben ändern könntest, was wäre es?
- Wo brauchst du mehr Erdung und Struktur?
- Wo brauchst du mehr Spontanität und Kreativität?

Nütze die Raunächte und die Weihnachtszeit, um hier für dich Antworten zu finden!

We're supposed to be open to taking new paths and walking through doors that have newly opened.

Oh, cool, the astro-newsletter also says that in the days before Xmas is a good time to have important conversations. It also says that from today on people may feel like they don't want to leave their homes. Okay, mom, got it.

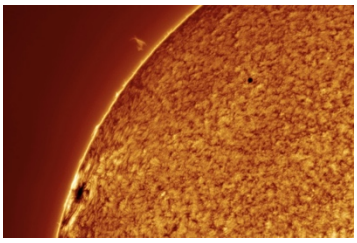
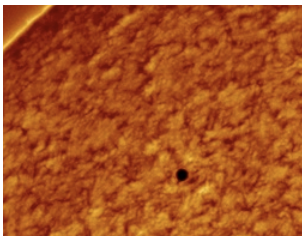
Abnehmender Mond im Zeichen Löwe: Dienstag, 21.12. 22:55 Uhr bis Freitag, 24.12. 09:25 Uhr

Jetzt ist die Zeit gekommen, um runterzuschalten. Die Seele baumeln lassen, ist angesagt. Du kannst aber die Tage vor Weihnachten gut nützen, um wichtige Gespräche zu führen. Es herrscht eine wunderbar positive Grundstimmung für einen feinen Start in die Weihnachtsferien.

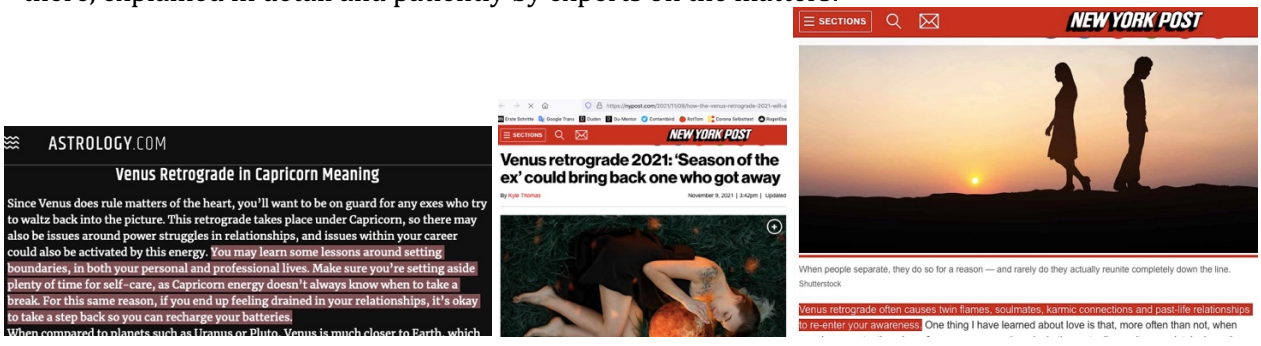
Tipp: Nimm dir auch ein bisserl Zeit für dich selbst!

(Later)

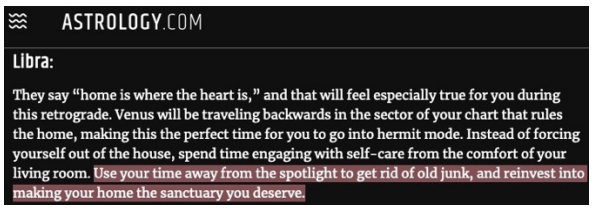
As I looked for some images and found amazing **astronomy imagery about the Venus retrograde** (of course keeping myself from dealing with the old pics that I still must distribute to the proper content), I got so much aware **how our Earth playground is influenced by every thing that happens in the Cosmos,** and how we, in our mortal machines, are totally influenced by what the celestial bodies do!

We should really be educated generally to pay attention to that … instead, the theme "astrology" is still treated like a hobby of some extravagant to crazy folks who "rather deal with the universe than with life on Earth" – and that attitude against the serious consideration of what astrology actually is in relation to astronomy, that's actually the problem. The solutions are right there, explained in detail and patiently by experts on the matters:

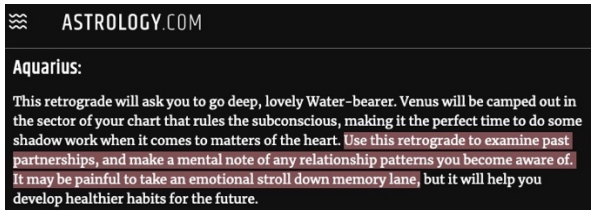


Alright, past-life relations and stuff can reenter our awareness? Cool. I'm ready.


ASTROLOGY.COM

Libra:

They say "home is where the heart is," and that will feel especially true for you during this retrograde. Venus will be traveling backwards in the sector of your chart that rules the home, making this the perfect time for you to go into hermit mode. Instead of forcing yourself out of the house, spend time engaging with self-care from the comfort of your living room. Use your time away from the spotlight to get rid of old junk, and reinvest into making your home the sanctuary you deserve.


ASTROLOGY.COM

Aquarius:

This retrograde will ask you to go deep, lovely Water-bearer. Venus will be camped out in the sector of your chart that rules the subconscious, making it the perfect time to do some shadow work when it comes to matters of the heart. Use this retrograde to examine past partnerships, and make a mental note of any relationship patterns you become aware of. It may be painful to take an emotional stroll down memory lane, but it will help you develop healthier habits for the future.

Also "funny" the Libra-horoscope in relation to the retrograde-Venus: So is Bob the Libra now even in the beyond playing the hermit and busy cleaning out his messy household? I would not be surprised! For years Bob would plan to get rid of his junk, literally, housie was full of junk, but it was so much, that it was hard to start cleaning up, that's for sure. It was the theme of his life, to get rid of the junk from his living space … But look what he did to his "junk" in the long run … sorry, but that would be a typical Bob-play-on-words …

As for my horoscope … "painful strolling down memory lane"? Well no shit.

December 20, 2021

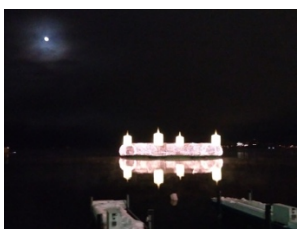
Tricked my mother into going for a walk with me … I drove to her to ask her if she wanted to go pick up some warm food, but she still hadn't eaten her chicken yesterday (sigh), and so she said she was fine and didn't want to go out. The same old game. Bright sunshine, she wants to stay inside. But I convinced her to go with me to the pharmacy to get cell salts for her nails and nerves and accompany me to the post office. There was a looong line of people, so I said we might as well go buy her newspaper meanwhile. For that we had to take a little walk into the center of Velden. Then I talked about the Christmas market that I thought would take place but didn't know where … maybe by the palace … and so we ended up walking by the palace along the lake (even though before I had asked her if she wanted to go by the lake, and she had totally declined) and found the little huts for the Xmas-market.

She is so interested and likes to be outside, once she is out … but to get her there … Phew. I spent more time than I had intended, but I was happy to be out and about with her.

Back at the house where I live now I met the guy, my neighbor, who supposedly is a computer wiz, and I was going to ask him about my other MacBook that needs new formatting … only to realize that this guy is entirely out of it, mentally ill, probably drunk, fidgeting and speaking megarapidly and telling me what shit Apple is … oh well. That was that. He never leaves the house, I only met him in the basement next to his compartment, as that's directly next to the stair case. He has a belly that looks like a ball ready to explode. Wow, having such a "partner" …

But I also met a wonderfully sweet couple who lives in the block opposite where I live, also in the corner apartment, but in the basement, Astrid and Günther, who took a big liking to Jacqui and offered to walk him or take him in case there is some reason ever that I needed help. That was so wonderful to be offered that! It has been a big concern of mine what would happen just in case I would have to be gone for a few days or something like that … and there, they were, offering on their own to help out with Jacqui! Who loves them. They used to have a Basenji dog, an Egyptian temple dog. And I do remember that I met a woman in the forest sometimes in fall who had a dog like that …

My mother had said that she might be interested in checking out the Xmas-market if it existed, so I drove down there at about 7 pm, parked and took a walk with Jacqui to the lake, to the Velden Palace, and yes, the Xmas-market is on, even the kids ferris wheel, but maybe five people. That was about *the saddest Xmas-market* I have ever seen.



Then I walked back to the car along a path that allowed me to see my father's house. It was heartbreaking to see the lonely light of his bedroom upstairs in the big dark house, knowing that poor beagle dog Sandy is alone in the kitchen. It was only 7.30 pm. Jesus, sometimes I just don't know what to do. I got to do something about Sandy. And my father. He wouldn't even hear if someone broke into the house. Well, Sandy would make noise, but what could she do?

They are both in danger. I know that. I must take steps, somehow.

Sent my father a card, actually a photo of Jacqui with address and stamp, telling him that we are thinking of him and Sandy. Now I'll be curious if there will be a response for Xmas.

I'm willing to not let him provoke me anymore. Well, I haven't let him anyway … but what to answer to outright bitter hatred and rejection?

Still. That view of the little light in the big house all the way up knowing that the dog is alone downstairs in the kitchen … fucking shit feeling that was. I feel very helpless.

December 22, 2021 **– The Pear! Edith answered! The Cheese!**

Oh geez, what a flash of … well, of what exactly I can't say.

Remember the pear? At lake Saissersee on December 19 I had *asked **Edith** to put something into my hand* to prove that she was there, and it was an immediate *yellowish pear with small dots.* So … no pear in the last days I thought.

Today I took a walk with Jacqui in *Rosegg* (after shopping with my entirely clear, alert and healthy mother), along the river Drau and through fields, a path that I had only walked once before. Nobody around, except for a man on a path far away and a jogger latter.

I talked intensely to Edith. I asked her again if Kimba and Gipsy, our beloved dogs were with her. Then I suddenly had the idea to ask her if my dead babygirl Miriam was with her, if she knew her. I started to ramble about the matter of the "*favor*" that one can ask now in this amazing astrological period, like the astrologer whose texts I'm editing has written. Must still find out the date … (*Note: around December 29*) but I talked to the disca – and to *Betty White* – about how they want to be seen (hahaha) like regular humans as "There is only one universe!" … like *Stewart White's writings* wouldn't tire to state. And I'm stating it too, all the time. Talking to myself. And to "them". (Here some excerpts from "The Unobstructed Universe":)

But Betty would have none of that floating business. In fact, I think she was a little indignant about it. The accusation that she was in any respect a "disembodied spirit," a "shade," or a harp-playing angel, always aroused her. "But I tell you, we're HUMAN!" she would protest.

"What is your idea of where I am now, anyway?" she challenged a visitor, on one of the rare occasions when we had added to our number.

"LISTEN!" Betty paused. For a breath there was utter silence in the room. Then--"Listen," she said again. "THERE IS ONLY ONE UNIVERSE."

different rates of vibration. The essence of both matter and you is consciousness. The differentiation between you and matter is the rate of vibration, or frequency.

"My beta body is of my frequency. My stepping up process, as far as I am concerned at the moment, is the release of my beta from the lower frequency of my human body. The only reason you cannot exist and operate in the ENTIRE universe, as I do--for I operate in our universe as well as in mine--is because you are not able to step up your frequency."

That presence has continued, not all the time, but normally so. I go int a room; she may or may not be there. I stroll about her garden; she may or may not walk with me. But many times throughout each twenty-four hour day she is there, her vivid personality enveloping me, and not only me but even strangers visiting in the house.

It was Betty who, when here, created easy, friendly hospitality in our home--not I. She it is who still creates it; for Betty is still living. This I know. Not as I live, but with me in "the one and only universe." She has given me a thousand proofs of it. And through another

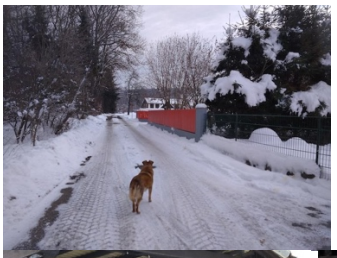
… so I might as well ask them a favor, too? And I talked about how I ask for them to use their skills and abilities to help me to a lot of money in the form of a lottery win. Why not, I argued … so I chatted along.

At some point *I asked **Edith** to put something into my hand if the **dogs** were with her and could run across the white earth blanket, and also if Edith knows and has seen my unborn **child**, Miriam* … and I stretched out my hand, and immediately (!) a ***black-brown box*** appeared, like very dark wood … some container, and I had the impression of "*coal*". That was strange. So I acknowledged it … but then said to Edith that the *pear* didn't turn up, so I'm not expecting anything.

And just then I realized it: This morning I had exchanged the ***lightbulb*** in my bedroom, finally, because a few days ago it had burned through (*maybe the day I received the pear from Edith? I think so!*) …. And a hot shower ran through me: ***The pear!*** "Lightbulb" in German is "***glow pear***", ***Glühbirne*** or *Birne*, which is simply "*pear*" – ***there is the pear!*** Edith had told me that she *knew* about the lightbulb to die, and she had put a "pear" into my hand! It might as well have been a lightbulb, but I kind of "saw" a "pear"! And just today I had such a glow pear in my hand for real!

Geez! It had shown up!

And while I was musing about this, and how it always (!) works … I left the river path through the field and turned around a corner onto a road … and there it was: ***A dark brown and black "box",*** *like a container for coal or wood!*



It had appeared right after Edith had told me about it, mentally – as she had seen it ahead of our walk! And I had asked her to let me know if she is with us with Kimba and Gipsy! ***<u>It worked!</u>***

Edith communicates with me! Maybe through Bob? I had been pondering upon the question if me coming across "pear" in various words right after my "pear" vision counted as manifestation … whether or not it was a new form of receiving or rather making sense of received imagery …? And then I realized that *there was an actual "pear" in my life right after I had received a "pear"!*

It's such an excitement that it makes me numb … as I can only share it with this contact diary by writing! And I'm repeating myself, I know!

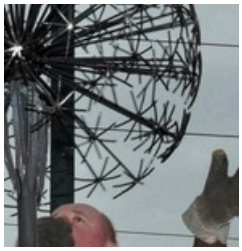
I was so hyped … and recently that makes me more quiet than usual.

So I walked on and talked about that favor again … I almost didn't dare to but I asked Bob to put something into my hand if that was a doable and reasonable thing to think, to ask the disca for that very special money favor. They know that I can only bring forward the bridge and everything precious I still have in petto if I have money. That's what this world is built on, that's what's necessary to be successful, it's like that. Period.

On the palm of my hand, an impression flashed up, of *silver* ***chain*** *elements*, more like "jewelry or key chain rings" kind of lose items of stuff … So I said "*Chains*, really?" They did look like fashion jewelry, somehow, not like tie-up-kind-of-chains …

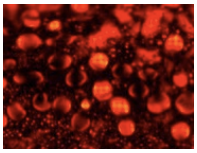
Right then, looking to the other side (left), I came across the same ***dried flower*** (remainders of Dandelion) that I had found on the snow on December 18 – a single one, again!

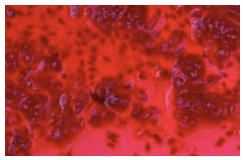
No other such flower anywhere around on the big white snow area! – the other day, right after I had noticed the *sculpture* depicting that same dried off Dandelion flower in the center of Lind, where my mother lives. Back then I had wondered if that tiny partial flower was really some kind of "hint" at "I see what you see" … but I thought, well, it's really nothing … and today, when I held the bigger and clearer dried flower in hands, I immediately thought "okay, but this one counts"!



I mean … it lay there. On the snow. Why? Where did it come from? There were no other such flower! Because I didn't bring a phone (more about this later) I had to take it with me …

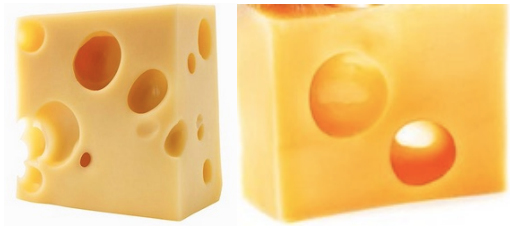
I asked for something else, again, as the "chain" image was so quick and fleeting (but I should know better, exactly those fast and immediate images are always the real deal and will manifest later) … So on my hand appeared right away some ***red-jelly-y-crystally spilling*** *impression* … something of jam texture and like it was hanging over the palm of my hand … like some sticky spilling marmalade goo or some other goo-ish kind of thing. There was an element of "crystal" or "crystalize" or also "patty" to it …





So I thought, well, that can't be it. Maybe I just didn't pay attention in the right way. Or maybe Bob doesn't want to commit and is simply not giving me anything.

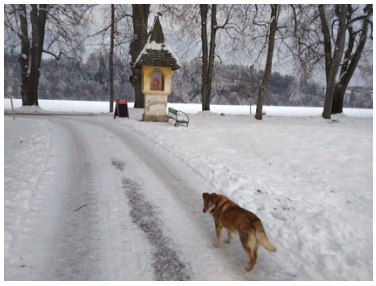
But then I asked him to put something else into my hand – and right away, a ***square piece of yellow cheese*** appeared with a big *hole* in it.



"Cheese," I said, "seriously? Are you telling me that you're laughing about me?"

Well, I thought so.

Until I chose the right path instead of the left and walked around a corner again – and the Christian image shrine that I've seen before – it's like a ***yellow piece of cheese with a hole in it.*** And as I walked around it, there was a yellow "slob" on the other side too, on a stand that's used to announce a restaurant's menu or an event.



Was that the "cheese"? It sure was curious that right before that – and I changed my path in the last moment, had intended to go left not right – that "yellow cheese-like slob" had been "given" into my hand.

They weirdest part of it all:
I didn't have my phone with me. Could not take pictures. This practically never happens. And I realized that I had left the phone in the apartment when I entered the car before driving off. But I consciously didn't go back to get it. Why not?

Anyway. I "played" Edith to let her experience the feeling of snow and the look of wonderful crystals … I hope I gave her some joy that way.

It's a wondrous day.

And I'm just sitting here, by myself, writing this down with no chance to share it with anyone.

I asked Bob to hold me hand walking with me today … and then I stood there and imagined he'd take my face in his disca hands and kiss me on the lips and then embrace me.

Well … it's likely that he really did.

I know that they are right here.

It's just that inspite of all the experiences … just because it's all inside of me, locked in, because who should I share it with, sometimes … I just feel so numb about it … and so alone.

So I'll go there to take the pictures tomorrow.

(Later)

After googling and putting in the jam pictures … I think triggered by some spilled liquid images, I suddenly realized that today my mother had had the opportunity to secretly buy alcohol for herself. We only had one facial mask, so I stayed in the car while she went to get her warm food – at a store where one has to walk through a whole room full of wine and schnaps … This insight, that it's possible that she did that made a whole wave of worry flare up in me … and it does not feel good. It's a fickle truce that we have right now … she is so well and smart and normal, but only because she is not drinking alcohol, and the reason for that is that she is only shopping with me, and I won't let her drive. Well, I'll have to call her tomorrow and hope that she doesn't sound drunk. In that case, I'd have to drive to her immediately and confront her. No more games with me. I have a life too. If she really has taken the first best opportunity … well, she then is a seriously

sick person, and I won't support her driving any longer. But I guess I shouldn't make myself crazy for no reason. But I got to say that the last two years have totally taken their toll on me. And I had just started to relax a tiny little bit … just a bit every few days. That this worry just flashed into my mind … that was strange. Why think about it at all? Why did it come up?

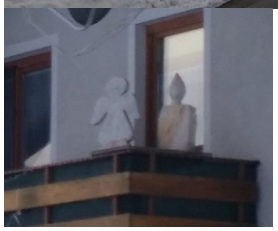
December 23, 2021 **– The Stone Puppy! The RIGHT Answer & The Open Dry Flower**

Okay … amazing event.

Last night, at some point while googling the website of the organization who gave homes to the little Griffen kittens, my mind wandered back to the area that I had walked through yesterday … the amazing exchange, about the "pear", the "cheese" and all the thoughts and feelings I have about communicating with the disca … and looking at the kittens *I suddenly saw, in my mind only,* ***a beige-brown small French-Bulldog-type puppy dog*** *emerge from a* ***bush*** *right next to a house … crawling right at me.* And my spontaneous thought was "Sure, if a lost puppy should ever cross my path, I'd take him in." It was strange, though, to "receive" that little "video sequence" in my mind … actually in the location close to where I had seen the real life "black-brown coal block" yesterday right after "receiving it in the palm of my hand".

I was all happy because talking on the phone to my mother, she was entirely fine, not one bit drunk sounding, so my mind had made me crazy for no reason … and she was in good spirits and suggested that she cook the traditional sausages for a Christmas dinner tomorrow! ***That's the first time in many years that*** she decided to cook something! She had the wish and need to do something for us for Xmas … it's a miracle.

So I took Jacqui back to Rosegg to take the pictures (*that I put in with the actual date, yesterday*) … and I walked the exact same route. And right after the "black-brown coal block", just a few meters along the road – a small puppy was sitting there, in the location where I had "seen" it in my wandering mind last night! Right there, except that there was no bush, just ***dry leaves*** – maybe the remainders of a bush? – just the corner of a house! – and I stood baffled shitless. It looked like it was looking right at me, just sitting there, ready to come over … and it took me a few moments to realize: It was a dog made of stone! Of STONE! ***A stone dog!*** When I had *communicated* with Bob and Edith *right in that area about the question whether Gipsy and Kimba are now with Edith and Bob Stone!*



Right after that – a balcony with a wondrous *angel figure*.

I saw that pooch in my vision last night! And today – a stone dog! Does this mean, yes, the dogs are there with the disca being disca themselves! That's what Betty White has explained, too: When animals live so closely with humans that they develop trained personality, they don't just return into the "dog quality of consciousness", they remain "individuals" like the human disca! Kimba and Gipsy are like my Stoneman … alive and well in the Unobstructed Universe!

Thank you very much. I got it.

Writing about it I'm holding my breath … in all the quietness around here. Who to share it with?

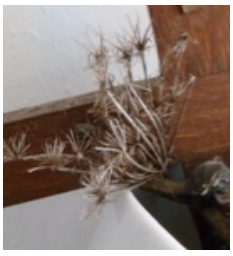
(Later)

Inge called from Griffen, and as nice as this was … I just felt a plight to chat with her, but what she said was upsetting … because she kind of gave me the "news" of what Corona is really all about and the problems with the vaccinations, as if I hadn't told her that and sent her a whole collection of facts about it all … and I realized one more time, that it's really hard to find people to truly communicate with. I know she is into gossip and she just wants to have the news about me … and I tried to explain to her how wonderful and special it was that my mother intended to cook … and that she was so clear … but I really didn't get the response that I'd hoped for at all. Inge didn't pick up how much that meant to me. Of course, we all are in our own worlds all the time. Got it. Still, that doesn't keep me from wishing for someone to really exchange stuff with. Someone educated. Smart. Interested. Openminded. Bob was like that.

So well … something I'm promising myself for next year: I will not ever talk to anyone anymore just to do them a favor. I won't share what I know won't be understood just to get it off my chest. The regret afterwards is much stronger than any positive effect.

There was a *deer* right in front of my kitchen window … it was touching to watch how it dug the meager leaves out of the snow … that's one way to stay busy. (I was wondering what it dug out, I'm only assuming fresh leaves.)

Something odd and nice: The ***dry flower*** I had put with Jesus – had ***opened***! I mean – it's "dead", and yet, it behaved as if it was a juicy green plant! I did not touch it again after putting it into the jar! And there is no water in it.

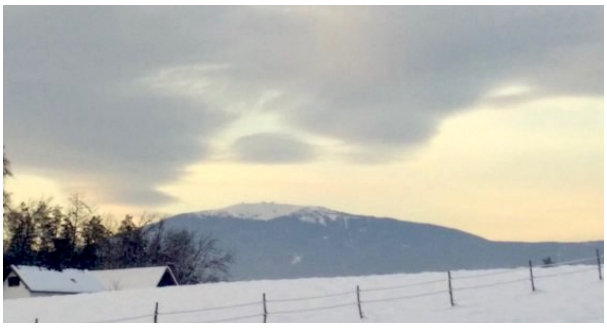


(Later)

In the afternoon I drove with Jacqui to the church at the neighbor village of Selpritsch to park there as there is a nice path to take for short walks amidst fields and through the forest …

… and as I was walking there, at first I thought "Wow, those wavy cloud lines … are mimicking the mountain outlines"!

But it got better: On the way back, the ***sky was mimicking the landscape I right in front of me***, that was seeing altogether – complete with the fence posts! *"As below so above"?* It felt like I had been drawn to walk there to see it. To get the greeting.



December 24, 2021 **– The Chain!**

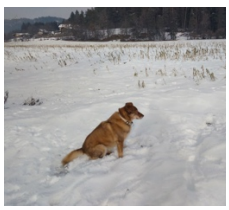
The most precious gift arrived this morning (after horrible horrible dreams about my mother and my despair, I do remember them in detail, but I won't tell) – ***a cake*** originally from the Hotel Sacher in Vienna, from Daniela, the astrologer for who I've been working.

How sweet. In so many ways. It will be wonderful for my mother too, to have a piece … and I even thought of bringing a piece to my father who loves cake, too.

I received a card from him, horseshoe four-leaf clover and all, with good wishes – and the note, that because I had written "in spite of all" on my card to him ("… I think about him and I care"), this proves to him my hatred from him and my "Missgunst", that's something like if you constantly wish someone bad.

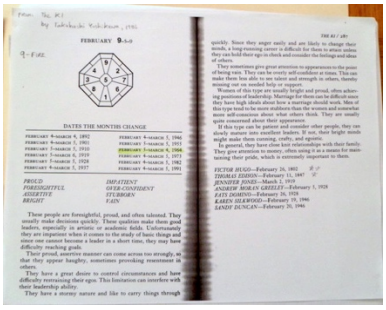
Geez. It first nearly took my breath away, this person is obsessed with hatred. But then I realized that exactly that shows how broken he is. So I sent back a nice letter, ignoring the new affront and provocation offering to visit and my help. This morning, another letter from him is in the mailbox, I haven't looked at it.

Took a Xmas-walk with Jacqui at Lind, close to where my mom lives … I found a dug out fresh leaf … interesting, because I've been wondering what the deer are digging out …



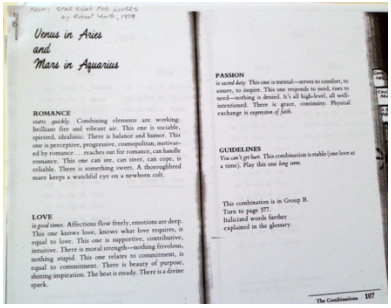
Too bad, my mom doesn't want to go outside. That's actually a problem. It would be so good for her health to get outside regularly, breathe, move, strengthen her limbs … she hasn't done it for years. She gets really angry when I try to entice her.

So I'll do what I'd planned: Dig out the *copies of astrological notes* about me (!) that *Jeffrey Turnbull* had pulled out of his ancient books back in the day on Maui (hurts like hell to only think about it briefly), photograph them and send them to the astrologer. Maybe Jeffrey still has those books? That would be grand. *Just thought that maybe I can share my contact diary project with Daniela the astrologer?*


FEBRUARY 9

DATES THE MONTH CHANGE

PROUD — IMPATIENT
FORESIGHTFUL — OVER-CONFIDENT
ASSERTIVE — STUBBORN
BRIGHT — VAIN

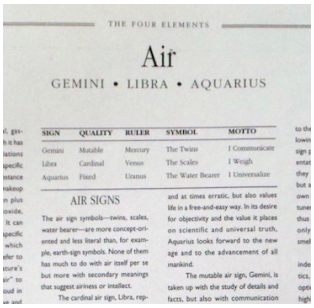

Venus in Aries and Mars in Aquarius

ROMANCE

LOVE

PASSION

GUIDELINES


THE FOUR ELEMENTS

Air

GEMINI • LIBRA • AQUARIUS

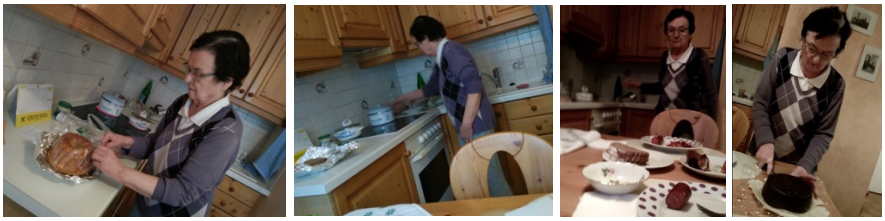
SIGN	QUALITY	RULER	SYMBOL	MOTTO
Gemini	Mutable	Mercury	The Twins	I Communicate
Libra	Cardinal	Venus	The Scales	I Weigh
Aquarius	Fixed	Uranus	The Water Bearer	I Universalize

AIR SIGNS

I do feel a connection to Daniela, too, like she says she feels one with me.
It's the only gift I'm getting. Aside from Elisabeth's cookies, of course, that are delicious.

So sausage and cake eating later with my mother. Feels good. Makes me sigh with relief for once.

(Later)
It was glorious, and I'm very grateful that we had those hours, my mother and me. It was touching seeing her cooking the sausages and warming up the sauerkraut I made … she was confused at first but grew increasingly secure …


My mom, preparing Xmas-dinner and cutting the cake.

I try not to think about the many years wasted leaving her in her misery alone and becoming a recluse alcoholic. Truth is, there was nothing to do about it, like with many people, unless something drastic happen, nobody can force a person who says "no" to offers of help and who angrily opposes any interference. But I should have know better … like with Bob.

Anyway … she was so interested and clear and open and nice, and she had a hard time eating the sausage that couldn't be peeled so the skin was too hard for her to chew … but we shared the wonderful cake Daniela the astrologer had sent me, the Sacher Torte, and my mother enjoyed it so much. I left a big part of the cake for her. She sang briefly with "Stille Nacht" when they sang on TV, not sure if she even was aware of it, it was perfect singing … so touching. She even asked me if she should buy a TV for me when I asked if it was okay to watch TV together – which we did! For one and a half hours! I enjoyed it so much. I also realized my mother's daily routine so clearly, in her apartment alone, having nothing to do. I so much want her to start the Puzzle. I must start a try tomorrow. She must do it. She must train her mind, I know that she'll enjoy it once she has started. Just the fact that she is so clear and well in spite of being lost and forgetful at times, it proves to me that her life isn't meant to be over. I'll what I can to make her feel happy and comfortable. It was so nice to have that meal with her …
She is interested and aware … and sometimes I forget that she is not 45 anymore, she sure "feels" like it.

What a difference to last year … but driving away to Griffen in the afternoon … I can't even really remember.

And then … back home (with Jacqui who nearly freaked up when I came home), as I went through a magazine I had received from my mother … the "***chain image***" showed up that I "received" from Bob the day before yesterday!

A very unusual pattern on a person's clothing … just look! I have never ever seen anything like it – except for now, when Bob put a ***"jewelry or key chain rings"*** *kind of stuff* in my hand! In and of itself … a chain can mean so much, especially for me … connectedness comes to mind first and foremost.

I'm very moved by this Xmas-evening with my mother. But she is still back to refusing a lot … no way that she'd go outside, doesn't want the Puzzle … well I must not let her wear out my patience, I must help her find her way.

Also, before leaving the house where I live to see my mother, I happened to take a look sideways in the hallway on the ground level and peeked into the cellar – and water was sprudling out of the floor and started to flood the basement floor! Wow! I sent a text message to the guy who had helped me with the sink … as his is the only cell phone number I have for the house owners, and I took pictures. Same thing on the other side of the cellar. Why in the world is water coming out of the floor from those kinds of trap doors?

I told my mother – and she told me that the faucet construction is leaking in her kitchen after the plumber fixed it several weeks ago.

December 25, 2021 **– The Puzzle. Done.**

Brought some carrot-soup to my mother today – she refused to go for a walk, then I insisted on starting to do the puzzle together. She was so stressed and unable to even decide what to do with the puzzle parts, it was disheartening. She felt dizzy and was outright desperate … but she wouldn't stop and neither would I. And after two hours or so (without break, drink or pee) she started to relax and actually enjoy it. Still, I had to tell her what to do … and it was very touching to see how lost she really is. But then, suddenly, as if a button was switched, she recovered. She started to be focused and quick – as if her brain had switched into another gear.

We finalized the entire puzzle by 6 pm, having started at 1 pm! Wow, and she was happy about it, and we shook hands. She didn't say no when I said that I'll bring the second one. Hopefully her brain got addicted – the feelings of accomplishment are true and full endorphin flashes – and yes, she felt good doing it.

I'll be so curious how she will be when I'll talk about it tomorrow.

I was very happy that we did that, truly. She was so sweet, all red cheeked and in a good mood. I offered to stop several times, but she wanted to go on. That was truly surprising to me.

It also was the first time in a long time that we really did something together. She was so youthful and pretty, in her delight … she could easily still have a lovely partner. Oh I'd wish that sooooo much for her!

Next thing will be that I'll buy a memory game.

December 26, 2021 **– The Hula Doll 910, Memoria & The Long White Hair**

This morning I found myself voicing what I'd write to the people to who I'm going to send this C. D. on an USB-stick at the beginning of next year:

"This is a personal documentation of synchronicity events that have been taking place after the death of my partner Bob on November 4, 2018 and that indicate or even proof that persons considered dead have been communicating with me, along with the insights regarding the events of my life before Bob's death and how they prepared the learnings regarding synchronicity as a means of inter-realm communication that have been enabling me to respond to the people in the dimension beyond ours. This documentation takes the reader every step of my path with me, as I describe the events, proof and illustrate with photographs what I experiences to that the reader can come to her or his own conclusions. Furthermore, through my learnings that I describe in details the reader can herself or himself try out what Bob and I have been doing with loved ones of their choice and see for themselves, how it works to communicate with the dimension of existence beyond ours and how to refine one's own abilities to be receptive and in a proper way communicative from the mortal realm towards those who so eagerly attempt to get us to "open the bridge". A lot of literature is quoted and attached as public domain files that were brought to my attention and that I read and that the readers of my Contact Diary will surely also read with great fascination and gratitude for the efforts of those people who have been trying to "close the gap" and "open the bridge" for so long.

This Contact Diary is a documentary work and contains events of my personal life and my honest and outspoken reflections on my experiences, and it constitutes the complete version of my writings, with descriptions, relevant memories, every day life context and reflections, as I cannot find the time to edit it into a "book" or something "acceptable" as of size. I do not mean to entertain anyone here, and those who truly and honestly are interested in the topic "communication between incarnate and discarnate people" or in other words "inter-realm relationships" will read every word of it and treat this Contact Diary as what it is: a work of research.

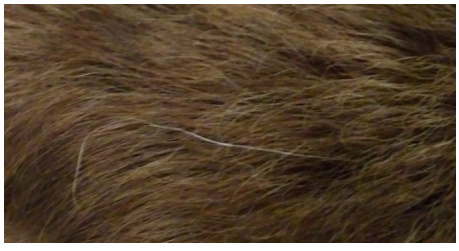
I hope you'll contribute to open the bridge, dear reader, and always know: There is a reason why you are reading this now. "Kuleana" is the Hawaiian word for "spiritual plight", and you have one, otherwise you and your work or life would not have come to my attention. You are asked to read this contact diary, learn from it and hand on the information to whoever you deem proper. And you'll know to whom.

In the name of all of us – continue our work on the project "closing the gap". Best regards, Jo & Bob and all of us"

Something of the kind.

I felt such an urge just now to write it. Maybe because I have a shithell of a headache today, and my right ear is hurting too, and I barely hear on that side.

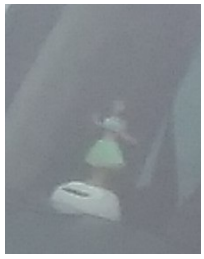
Interestingly, I found ***one long white hair on my dog's back!*** Just one hair that looks like a human hair! Now that's interesting. *(Note: January 9, hair is still there.)*

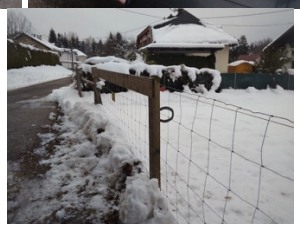


I thought it was a thread, but it's an actually "alien" hair growing on my dog – a "human" hair!

(Later)

Took Jacqui along a new forest path that I wanted to try out for a while, walked only section of it once before, and as we left the forest (to end up in a different place in the village of Selpritsch that I had expected to end up in) we walked right by a big van – with a *hip swinging hula doll* on the dash board! And: The license plate number underneath was "91073". Yup, ***910*** and a ***hula doll***. I felt spoken to. Really did. Later today I came across a *horse shoe* on a fence … sounds like a good-luck wish.



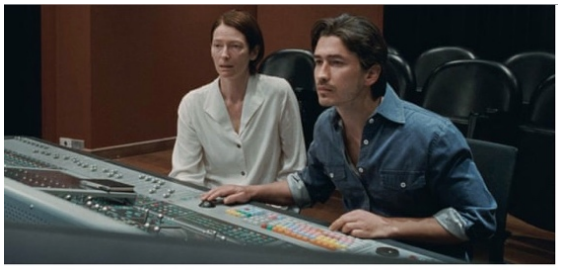


Mom was not in the best mood, I kind of made her bring out the puzzle again and dismantle the picture of it, one theme at a time … and she had a hard time grasping what I meant with "put all the parts that the blue bird is made of together on one pile". I realized once more how much her mind has lost, but temporarily, because like yesterday, when we put the puzzle together and really did it all at once, she picked up immediately what she at first refused to think of or even try, and finally she got the knack of it and even enjoyed it and was happy after the accomplishment.

I shall stay on this. She can be so much better. When I think about the "doctors" and that they wanted her to be admitted to a mentally "disabled" alcoholics' home …. I get really really fucking angry.

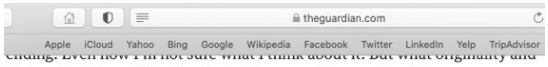
(Later) **The Movie Memoria: The Dead Are Right Here.**

Wow … I had sworn myself to not switch on the internet today, but then I did, supposedly to check the weather. Of course I felt drawn to Roger Ebert's movie review website, to read just one review, which I often do to relax … and there was "Memoria". I almost had to laugh out loud! Its about *a loud **"tech-type" jolt of a sound*** that happens in the character Jessica's head now and then! Oh shit do I know this! It happens around falling asleep to me and sometimes when I'm really quiet or focused working on it. It feels so metallic and seering like it comes from inside the earth and from all the way up in the universe at the same time … how cool that *this is* the topic of a movie! But better than that: Yesterday when I was having a few quiet moments thinking about Bob and moving around in "housie" in my mind, I ended up thinking about the many *many CDs of prefab movie sounds*, from scores to soundscapes that Bob paid for and collected … and I wondered what had happened to them. And today reading about "Memoria" – this theme is in the movie, too, as the sound is found in an archive of ***prefab movie soundtracks***!

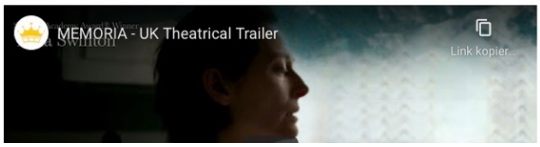


She visits the student of a friend in a recording studio: Hernán (Juan Pablo Urrego) and asks him if he can recreate the noise digitally, which he does and then plays her the music that he is working on. They seem to be on the verge of some kind of romantic relationship, when she arrives at the studio to be told by baffled engineers that no such person of that name has ever worked there. But later she is to encounter an older man, also called Hernán (Elkin Diaz) who may be his reincarnated spirit and who, like Funes the Memorious in the Borges story, says he has never left his village because he remembers everything that has ever happened to him and cannot risk being overwhelmed. As she talks to Hernán, recovered memories arise into her consciousness, as if tuning into a long-lost radio frequency. But are they her memories?

That the aberrant sound can be found within a database of prefab movie sound effects comes off as a bit of a self-reflexive joke. While Weerasethakul's slow-cinema aesthetic connotes seriousness, *Memoria* doesn't lack for playfulness. Jessica's discovery that her



daring, the biggest ideas invoked with compelling zen humility.
Weerasekathul is an artist who demands that you return your thoughts to the unsolved and unspoken mysteries of existence: that we are born, live, die and all without ever knowing why, or often even wanting to know. But he approaches these phenomena as calmly as he might questions of agriculture or engineering.



replicate the sound that woke her from her slumber, begins to reveal what the vibrations in the ether signify. In some respects a trying sequence, for slowing the film to a crawl just as its reaching a narrative crescendo, the extended conversation with the older Hernan brings Jessica toward a confrontation with the horrors of the past that linger in the air and the stones on the ground.

Oh geez. And of course there is the question what all those memories are about that Jessica is having … is she a disca reflecting on her time on earth, or is she tuning into the memories of mankind … some kind of Akashic chronic? I don't know. Haven't seen the movie.

But the "jolting sound" in my head, ever again, startling me, has been part of <u>my</u> life for years now.

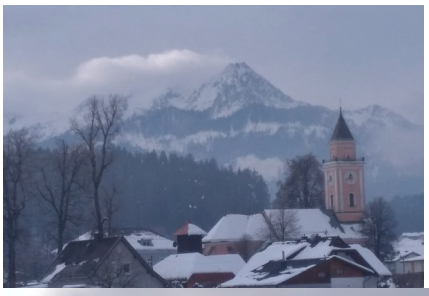
It doesn't scare me, it just startles me every time .. that "zingggg!" in my head. It's a fascinating sound. It's always the same, and it has nothing to do with the high pitch sound that happens sometimes on one side of my ears, lasts a few seconds and subsides. The "jolt" is something different. Brain function, obviously. Or not obviously?! Not sure whether or not I have mentioned it previously.

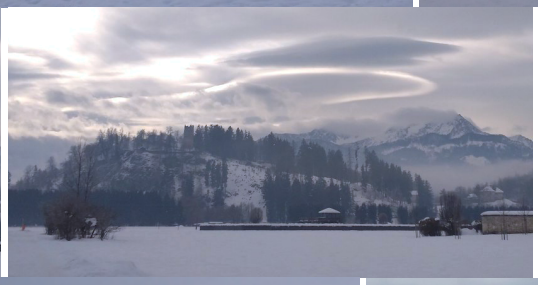
It's just very interesting that I had such intense thoughts about Bob's movie sound library yesterday, and today it's a subject. Along with "***my***" jolting sound in the head.

<u>December 28, 2021</u> **– *A "Blue Fish"?***

Wow, this morning I discovered that my car was adorned with amazing *ice-flowers*! How do those things happen?

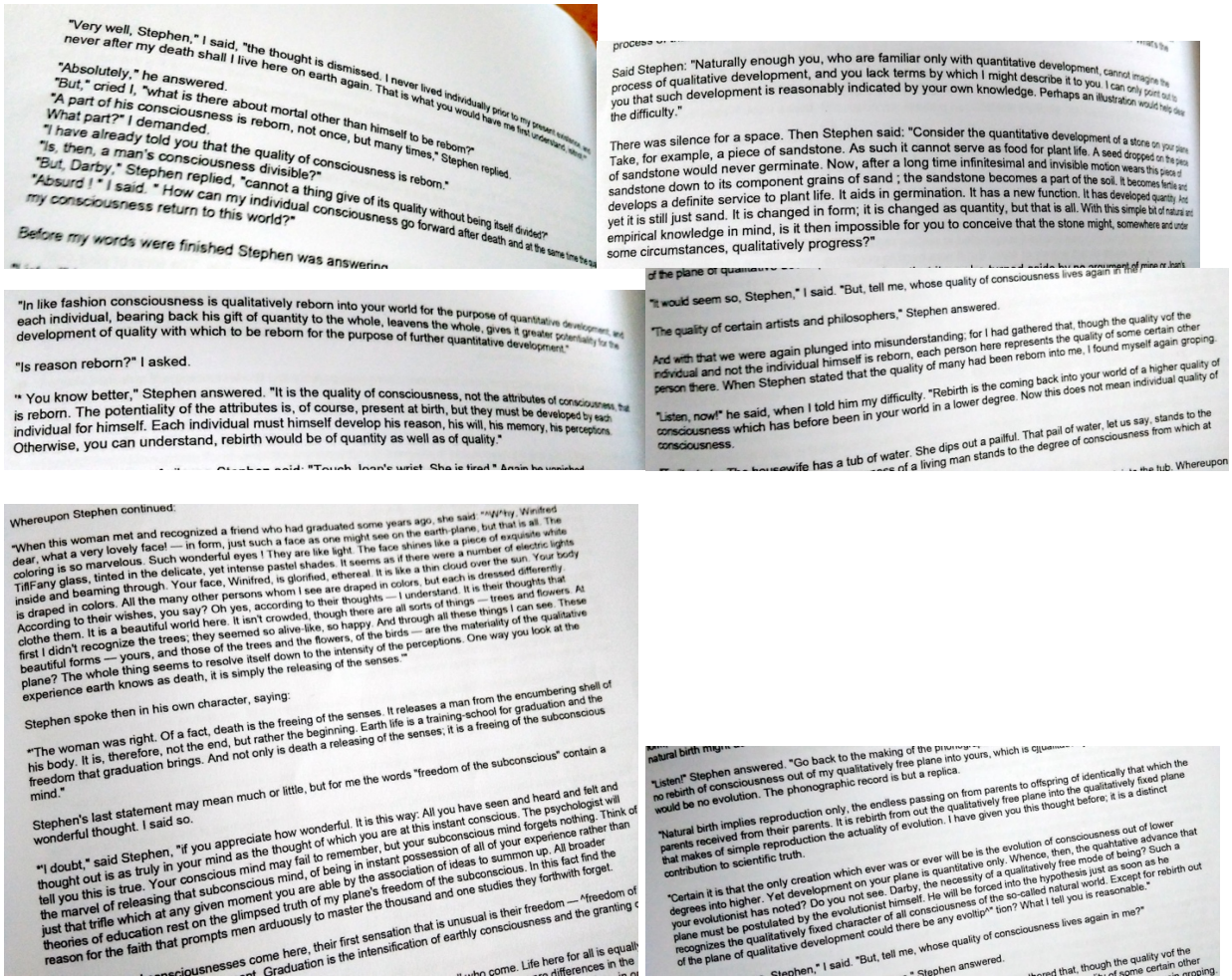
Sudden insights while walking … in the dreary noon time, with amazing views of "parallelism" right above the "***volcano***" Mittagskogel … an amazing ***sky shark*** forming and next to it, a bright "***door to heaven***" or puka lani.





Also interesting: I found a *fresher version of the dry flower* – alone in the snow! Again, like the other time, no such plants anywhere! Just the one! Feels like a hint at the "renewal" that happens to us after death.

I have been reading "*Our Unseen Guest*" for a few minutes the last few nights … and it was about "rebirth" last night, and that no individual is reborn as "a whole". It's the quality of consciousness that this individual is "from" that's "send to Earth" and that will be given quantity by the mortal human who receives it … The reason for "remembering a past life" is not that it was really one's own life, but we only remember the attributes of the life of a mortal whose job it was to add to the quantity of the same quality of consciousness that brought forth me or you and the person who remembers "past lives". ***We go on as individuals, after physical death.*** We don't "dissolve" into some kind of "energy cloud", but we also are not reborn as individuals.



"Very well, Stephen," I said, "the thought is dismissed. I never lived individually prior to my present existence, and never after my death shall I live here on earth again. That is what you would have me first understand, right?"

"Absolutely," he answered.

"But," cried I, "what is there about mortal other than himself to be reborn?"

"A part of his consciousness is reborn, not once, but many times," Stephen replied.

What part?" I demanded.

"I have already told you that the quality of consciousness is reborn."

"Is, then, a man's consciousness divisible?"

"But, Darby," Stephen replied, "cannot a thing give of its quality without being itself divided?"

"Absurd ! " I said. " How can my individual consciousness go forward after death and at the same time be a part of my consciousness return to this world?"

Before my words were finished Stephen was answering

Said Stephen: "Naturally enough you, who are familiar only with quantitative development, cannot imagine the process of qualitative development, and you lack terms by which I might describe it to you. I can only point out to you that such development is reasonably indicated by your own knowledge. Perhaps an illustration would help clear the difficulty."

There was silence for a space. Then Stephen said: "Consider the quantitative development of a stone on your plane. Take, for example, a piece of sandstone. As such it cannot serve as food for plant life. A seed dropped on the piece of sandstone would never germinate. Now, after a long time infinitesimal and invisible motion wears this piece of sandstone down to its component grains of sand ; the sandstone becomes a part of the soil. It becomes fertile and develops a definite service to plant life. It aids in germination. It has a new function. It has developed quantity. And yet it is still just sand. It is changed in form; it is changed as quantity, but that is all. With this simple bit of natural and empirical knowledge in mind, is it then impossible for you to conceive that the stone might, somewhere and under some circumstances, qualitatively progress?"

"In like fashion consciousness is qualitatively reborn into your world for the purpose of quantitative development, and each individual, bearing back his gift of quantity to the whole, leavens the whole, gives it greater potentiality for the development of quality with which to be reborn for the purpose of further quantitative development."

"Is reason reborn?" I asked.

"" You know better," Stephen answered. "It is the quality of consciousness, not the attributes of consciousness, that is reborn. The potentiality of the attributes is, of course, present at birth, but they must be developed by each individual for himself. Each individual must himself develop his reason, his will, his memory, his perceptions. Otherwise, you can understand, rebirth would be of quantity as well as of quality."

"It would seem so, Stephen," I said. "But, tell me, whose quality of consciousness lives again in me?"

"The quality of certain artists and philosophers," Stephen answered.

And with that we were again plunged into misunderstanding; for I had gathered that, though the quality vof the individual and not the individual himself is reborn, each person here represents the quality of some certain other person there. When Stephen stated that the quality of many had been reborn into me, I found myself again groping.

"Listen, now!" he said, when I told him my difficulty. "Rebirth is the coming back into your world of a higher quality of consciousness which has before been in your world in a lower degree. Now this does not mean individual quality of consciousness.

The housewife has a tub of water. She dips out a pailful. That pail of water, let us say, stands to the degrees of a living man stands to the degree of consciousness from which at

Whereupon Stephen continued:

"When this woman met and recognized a friend who had graduated some years ago, she said, "Why, Winifred dear, what a very lovely face! — in form, just such a face as one might see on the earth-plane, but that is all. The coloring is so marvelous. Such wonderful eyes ! They are like light. The face shines like a piece of exquisite white TiffFany glass, tinted in the delicate, yet intense pastel shades. It seems as if there were a number of electric lights inside and beaming through. Your face, Winifred, is glorified, ethereal. It is like a thin cloud over the sun. Your body is draped in colors. All the many other persons whom I see are draped in colors, but each is dressed differently. According to their wishes, you say? Oh yes, according to their thoughts — I understand. It is their thoughts that clothe them. It is a beautiful world here. It isn't crowded, though there are all sorts of things — trees and flowers. At first I didn't recognize the trees; they seemed so alive-like, so happy. And through all these things I can see. These beautiful forms — yours, and those of the trees and the flowers, of the birds — are the materiality of the qualitative plane? The whole thing seems to resolve itself down to the intensity of the perceptions. One way you look at the experience earth knows as death, it is simply the releasing of the senses."

Stephen spoke then in his own character, saying:

"The woman was right. Of a fact, death is the freeing of the senses. It releases a man from the encumbering shell of his body. It is, therefore, not the end, but rather the beginning. Earth life is a training-school for graduation and the freedom that graduation brings. And not only is death a releasing of the senses; it is a freeing of the subconscious mind."

Stephen's last statement may mean much or little, but for me the words "freedom of the subconscious" contain a wonderful thought. I said so.

"I doubt," said Stephen, "if you appreciate how wonderful. It is this way: All you have seen and heard and felt and thought out is as truly in your mind as the thought of which you are at this instant conscious. The psychologist will tell you this is true. Your conscious mind may fail to remember, but your subconscious mind forgets nothing. Think of the marvel of releasing that subconscious mind, of being in instant possession of all of your experience rather than just that trifle which at any given moment you are able by the association of ideas to summon up. All broader theories of education rest on the glimpsed truth of my plane's freedom of the subconscious. In this fact find the reason for the faith that prompts men arduously to master the thousand and one studies they forthwith forget.

consciousnesses come here, their first sensation that is unusual is their freedom — "freedom of Graduation is the intensification of earthly consciousness and the granting

who come. Life here for all is equal differences in the

"Listen!" Stephen answered. "Go back to the making of the pho no rebirth of consciousness out of my qualitatively free plane into yours, which is qualitat would be no evolution. The phonographic record is but a replica.

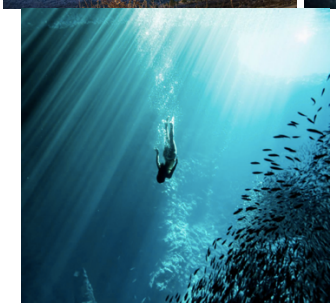
"Natural birth implies reproduction only, the endless passing on from parents to offspring of identically that which the parents received from their parents. It is rebirth from out the qualitatively free plane into the qualitatively fixed plane that makes of simple reproduction the actuality of evolution. I have given you this thought before; it is a distinct contribution to scientific truth.

"Certain it is that the only creation which ever was or ever will be is the evolution of consciousness out of lower degrees into higher. Yet development on your plane is quantitative only. Whence, then, the quahtative advance that your evolutionist has noted? Do you not see. Darby, the necessity of a qualitatively free mode of being? Such a plane must be postulated by the evolutionist himself. He will be forced into the hypothesis just as soon as he recognizes the qualitatively fixed character of all consciousness of the so-called natural world. Except for rebirth out of the plane of qualitative development could there be any evoltip^" tion? What I tell you is reasonable."

Stephen," I said. "But, tell me, whose quality of consciousness lives again in me?"

Stephen answered.

That's something so basic and important … and yet, I'm only clear about it today. So it's conceivable that we tend to certain interests in life because they are remnants of the interests the persons had whose quality of consciousness is reborn in us. The ***weirdest inclinations*** that seem to "not make sense" may be related to this. Also … why do some people want to paraglide and others deep sea apnea-dive? Because they are living a quality of consciousness and ***they are acquiring energetic quantity*** that will help that quality of consciousness they are driven by to gain momentum in its evolution in the beyond.



*(**<u>Note</u>**: Oh geez, re-reading this on January 9, 2022 I'm flashing back to my twenties when those strangers told me that for thousands of years I've been the one to be the most effective at*

*"**gathering patterns**" – "Sammeln von Mustern" – and everyone's teacher every time. Oh my, I'd like to continue this tradition in this time around, too!)*

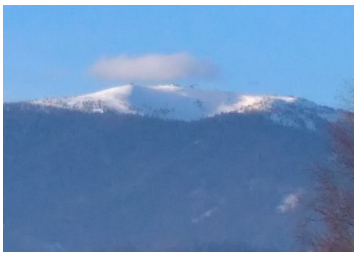
Evolution only takes place in the beyond, said Richard aka Stephen. What we have here, on Earth, is only some kind of effect of it … and of course the bodies evolute … of all creatures, because of the ever-changing circumstances in the beyond. Makes total sense to me.

So my thought, suddenly, was, that … it is really really our job to help elevate the state of consciousness of our contemporaries and of coming generations, because in "evolution" is only – consciousness. And whatever we do in our mortal existence, should serve the evolution of "mankind" as the immortal species that we are in terms of quality of consciousness – and this means: The true evolution goes on in the beyond, and it's only reflected vaguely down here.

Wow. I must put this at the beginning of the Contact Diary. To let readers know how far I'll get … in three years time.

But I also had a very personal thought along those lines. Can't recall right now.

Then – sunshine. I called my mother, sure, she'd want to stay home, ***but she was all about going out for a walk!*** I was just so stunned. So we walked. She was the clearest I have seen her in ages. Maybe the puzzle game has made a difference already. I'm pretty sure of it. Along with the Bach flowers …



While walking with my mother, a sentence came back to me … that Michi the birdlady and I had talked about on August 4, when I had looked up the meaning of "Michaela" and it's something like **"*Who is like God?*"** (Wer ist wie Gott?) ***And exactly that question was on a Christian shrine next to the road!*** Together with a guy putting out a fire.

Called Michaela, the bird lady …
Amazing *three hours* long chat with bird lady Michaela, whose name means „*Who is like God?*", and just as I looked it up online, the meaning, *she said that a friend had asked her „**Are you God?**"* when she helped "heal" something! Those to fit together so amazingly! I'm a bit conflicted about M., there is something off about her. She tells stories of virtually everyone doing wrong by her, and that's odd.

https://en.wikipedia.org › wiki › Michaela
Michaela - Wikipedia
Michaela (Hebrew מיכאלה) is a feminine given **name**. It is a feminine form of the Hebrew **name** Michael (מיכאל), which means "Who is like God".
Meaning: Feminine form of **Michael**, meaning… **Region of origin:** **Israel** and portions of Ea…
Related names: **Michael**; **Michelle** **Short form(s):** Kay, Kayla, Kiki, Mickey, Ka…

Spontaneously I asked M if the word or the item „violin" meant anything to her. I had seen that stran

"I ka 'olelo no ke ola a me ka make". In words is life and death. In what the doctor said to Bob, was death. Had Bob only listened to me, it would have been life. The power of the word is expressed in Daniela's first astrology newsletter for 2022, the "222"-year.

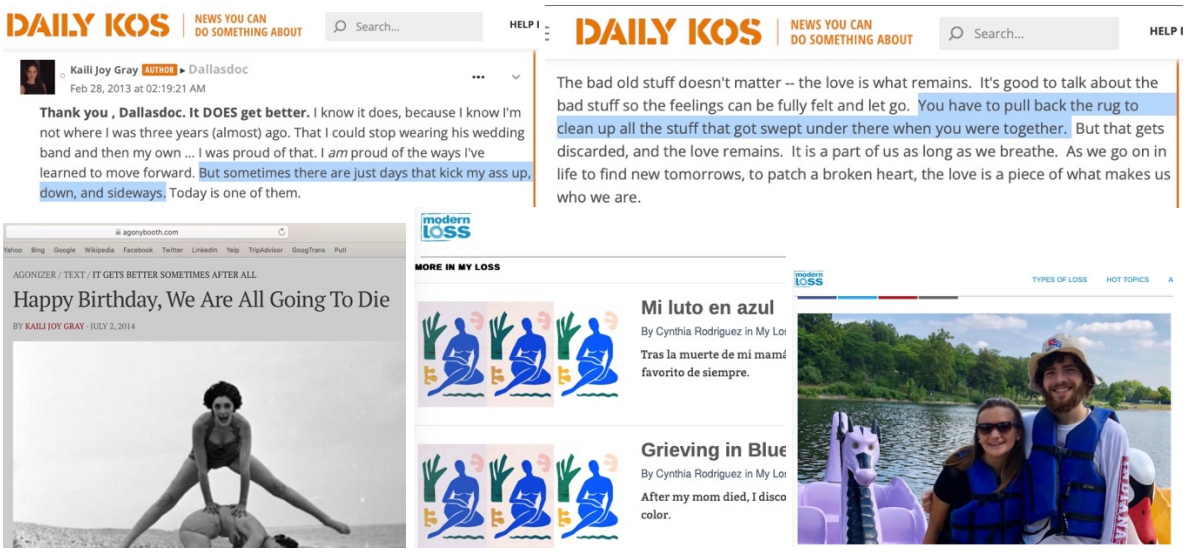
I'm baffled by astrologer Daniela who is interested in my synchronicity project, that I mentioned to her.

(Later) Drove with Jacqui down to the Hofer parking lot, as it was already 7 p.m. to take him for a nice little walk along the pond and up through the alley, where there is always a lot to sniff out. Chatted with Bob … some heavy sadness coming up, that would later, back home, turn into some tears breakout. So I asked Bob if he was with me sometimes when I didn't even know or ask, and I opened my hand for him to put something onto my palm, and I hadn't even asked the question yet, when something like a ***"blue fish with a curled in tail"*** appeared. I thought it was a fish, then a dolphin, but it was blue and it had the shape of something upright with a tail of sorts … a mix of the following but with the impression of an actual fish belly … So the curly form may not be crucial, just my subconscious "made" a curly form when receiving some "fish" impression.

So, … a little later back home I couldn't make myself do anything – except read in grief counselling blogs … It does help me sometimes to realize that many many people are dealing with that never-subsiding deep longing and loss. And I stumbled across a story of a woman by the name of *Kaili Joy Grace*, which is a weird name, as it's Hawaiian, "ka 'ili", "the small one" … and her story is that her husband couldn't commit to their relationship and even wanted to hurt her and couldn't get around to truly wanting to be with her, having a problem with feeling true love … which immediately reminded me of what Bob said, even not too long before his passing, that his troubling dealings with his own emotions were "the drama of my life".

So that woman couldn't bear not being wanted anymore and ***left him, four years before his death.*** That's like with Bob and me. I didn't "leave" him, but I realized in 2014 that he just probably didn't feel for me like I needed him to … and I was ready to let him go … even though in the following years he kept saying that he missed me and that it was time for me to "come home". Oh I wanted that so much. But he did not do the little things he had to do to enable a relationship and our projects. Simply phone calls. Making out projects happen. He could have done it. He didn't. I had thought a few times that in a way his dying was a form of passive suicide. And the husband of Kaili killed himself by shooting himself on the beach.

Now reading her story, her grief that sustains even though she is with a new partner now … *(Note: I also came across a story of a young woman whose husband to be drowning kajaking … not sure why I'm putting this picture in … the swan with the yellow plastic next to it reminds me of the yellow duck that had relevance around this time, and there is a dragon boat …)*



I suddenly noticed the logo that I was facing: the shape reminded me of the *"blue fish"* Bob had given me! That blue figure with a leg halfway stretched out … was that meant by the "blue fish"? and I wouldn't have "received" that in my conscious mind, probably. So was what Bob showed me actually a representation of that blue figure? And I interpreted it as a ***blue fish with a curled tail?!***

Wow. That would be something.

Barely did any of the people sharing their grief talk about how they think their loved ones are still with them for real. I saw a few reference lines but couldn't make myself read it. I get frustrated to easily by fools.

Read the review of a movie called *"The Novice"* about an extreme-devotee to the sports of rowing … but in reality a very sick mind driven to the max … now … since we all are born from a certain quality of consciousness, it's exactly that experience of extreme physical exertion that the creature = woman needs to add to her energetic self to advance in the beyond?

Hollywood Reporter READ NEXT: How 'No Way Home' Redefir

But then there are times when it seems like what Dall really wants is death. In one heartbreaking scene, Dani begs Dall to stop rowing, citing the physical and emotional pain she's watched her endure. As they crouch down in the bathroom, Dani tries to embrace her stubborn, suffering girlfriend. This is the only scene where someone is able to break down Dall's cruel, cutthroat facade, revealing a young woman who refuses to give herself a break. Dani knows that despite all her grit, Dall is still just a kid on her own for the first time in her life. Rowing gives her a sense of purpose — something to fixate on, drown in and be engulfed by. And by the time she realizes that she needs to get out, there are no helping hands left to save her.

Hollywood Reporter READ NEXT: How 'No Way Home' Redefi

But unlike its predecessors, *The Novice* does not reward its heroine — or the audience — with the catharsis of triumph. Despite their despair, the tortured artists in both *Whiplash* and *Black Swan* see victory in the end, justifying their self-destruction. These narratives enforce the idea that pain always prevails and extreme measures are necessary for excellence.

In contrast, *The Novice* laments the sadness and pain that comes with self-isolation, both personally and professionally. In this respect it has much more in common with Aronofsky's much quieter effort, *The Wrestler*. Dall, like Ram (Mickey Rourke), is more interested in punishment than success. This is exemplified by her declining help in any way: Dall refuses to cooperate with her teammates or accept instruction from her coaches, and she suffers for it. *The Novice* knows that embracing collaboration would save Dall, but she doesn't want to be saved.

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So all those people who are so driven to do crazy things even if it will destroy or hinder their relationships and friendships and may even claim their mortal lives – what if their doings during this phase of mortal life are exactly what's needed in terms of the evolution of quality of consciousness in the beyond?

I heard Bob say to me "You're my writer" and "You're my researcher", and it rings differently now. The use he was going to make of this my abilities, as he said, was when we were finally working on our projects together. Then he died. And I'm now still and even more than before "his researcher and his writer".

December 29, 2021 **– The Blue Fish Manifested! And the Chain of Stars!**

Oh my God.

Morning walk with Jacqui, and I took the second route and returned home after only a few minutes because I heard someone coming down the street I didn't feel like meeting (old lady who walks young retriever Nala, not a good sight or combination) … and there it was: ***A towel with blue fish hanging over the balcony of the downstairs apartment!*** *Fish*! In winter! After *Bob had given me a blue fish last night* to tell me that often he is with me when I don't even know it! And the ***chain of stars*** is there too! That's me
"Kaleilauhoku", "chain of stars"! Remember how often I received that in the first months after Bob's death?

He is with me. They are all alive. We can communicate!

There have been incidents where the "images" have appeared "in kind" before the actual image appeared quite literally. And maybe the fact that I'm "seeing" those, too, proves to Bob or whoever puts the image "on the palm of my hand" that I have "got" the image right. It's part of the communication to see what's similar to enforce the connection. Wow.

I've been irresistibly drawn to re-read parts of *"Our Unseen Guest"* (I've even thought of making a screenplay of it, and I'm sure I'd find funders for it!), and what Richard Hall the disca told Ruth and Emmet Finley aka Joan and Darby is of the greatest value! Generally – and for my personal state of development as mortal mind right now.

Blue Fish. In winter. Outdoors. There. Thank you Bob for being with me.

I had the craziest **dream** today, too … a "comedy" with ***Will Ferrel*** and some other famous actors (m/f/d), and I was traveling somewhere by foot, as it seems through city backyards and factory halls, where I met some kinds of female performers in a loft or hall who had strangely ***thin and precious silk carpets of many colors.*** I somehow ended up taking four of them and making them into some package that was much lighter than I expected, and I moved on. Before that, when I stood facing those carpets and were to choose one, a young woman of that strangely thin and almost naked dancer type kept walking around and ***spilling*** stuff between the carpets, something ***white and sticky***, and I told her to be careful and worried about having to take wet and soiled carpets.

Then I ended up in a community of people who were signing up for some workshop with ***a very famous "guru", some younger, handsome guy, dark bushy hair***, and it had something to do with dancing. It was a house or room with a forest close by, and there something like a basement room.

Somehow I ended up being the funny person who everyone observed, I literally played a role in a movie scene or a theater play, and it involved that I was in some kind of danger isolated in the forest and separated from the onlookers, those participants of the workshop or seminar with that guru by some kind of gate boom. There was a sexual element about Will Ferrel, and I ended up trying to impress him by ***baring my butt*** (!) towards the onlookers and doing some odd dance or acting moves. It was very very strange. He was impressed, and somehow we were on the same side of that bar or gate boom, but I didn't get to finish that story, as I woke up. There is the memory of this excitement in that place with the many people all watching me. I did not belong there, but I had showed up there with my four colorful carpets … oh, now I remember. There was also a very wide room like a ball or gym room, and everyone was dancing some choreography. But I was nearly naked … and there was a train track somehow close by or underneath us? … and I couldn't partake in the dancing, but I had to.

So some woman gave me something like a ***body stocking from a see-through light-blue lace material*** (like the ***ice flowers*** I had seen yesterday in the morning on my car?) … and I took it gratefully but found it strange, because my bare body would be seen anyway, and I couldn't wear it on my naked genitals … so I kept on a thick pants and got a hard-basket bra from somewhere and put the body-stocking over it. I felt horrible in it, but it was accepted as outfit for me to wear to be allowed to participate in the dance. And then the thing with the multiple-times butt-bearing happened … and people laughing … and kind of got to talk with Will Ferrel and it solidified or confirmed our connectedness, even though he was with several other women who clung around him like a swarm of bees, and it included exactly that self-ridiculing that I was doing …

Double Trouble

Will Ferrell, Molly Sandén

I saw you and then
All of my nights turned morning
You turned 'round and I
Suddenly found my glory

Sometimes I pinch myself 'cause I don't know
Am I dreaming now?
I wanna stop the clocks and hold you close
But I don't know how

I remember now that I woke up amidst dreaming and thought that Will Ferrel was as sexy as in the movie "Fire Saga", a movie I really enjoyed … and even the main song lyrics for "Double Trouble" went around in my mind, maybe even in the dream: "I saw you and then all my nights turned morning." And I kept continuing "Then you died and my life turned into shit". Must not be, the shit part, I realize, after reading a lot of loss-stories last night and the one by Kaili Joy Grace. A Hawaiian name.

Such a strange strange dream. I also remember lying awake for a while in the wee-hours thinking about my father and a lot of real-life things, like reminiscing, and I was aware that I was doing that.

So this morning – ***the blue fish with the chain of stars.*** Bob is the master communicator. And I'm his researcher and writer.

December 29, 2021 **– The Red Jelly-y Spilling Stuff! The Mantra & The Yellow Plastic Duck**

It manifested. I stood looking at it, and it took me a few moments to grasp what I was looking at: The red jelly-y stuff spilling over the edge of the palm of my hand as I "received" it during my Rosegg hike a few days ago.

Bought this toast today. Only back home I saw it … the ***red jelly-y-spilling stuff!*** The "over-the-edge" "movement" is an immensely strong evidential … and even though it seems so strange that an image like that should be chosen, probably it was just because it was some kind of 'test" how trusting I would be, how much I'm aware to really accept what I see and really "see" what I'm given, and when it shows up in the reality, it's entirely clear that it had to be exactly that … to make sense of the practice of communicating through synchronicities and inner images.

So I had been shopping with my mother today … and it was special in itself, because she did not have the confusion and greediness of her few special things anymore. She walked through the aisles relaxed and normal, did not lose her way, did not look at her little list asking me every five minutes what she wanted to get here … she was a normal shopper, kind of curious but not in any way confused or lost. She immediately recognized the nice organic cookies she had bought the last time we were at that particular store … she was self-assured and normal.

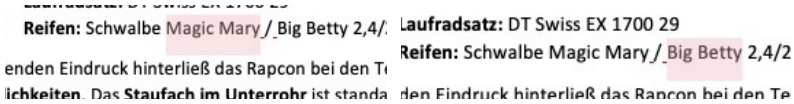
If I didn't think that the minute she'd be shopping on her own she'd buy alcohol, I'd say she was fine. Only now and then are there small glimpses of short-time-memory lapses … but few.

My uncle had transferred some money on my account, so I'm saved for now in terms of paying insurance for the last two years.

And just now, after returning from the evening walk with Jacqui, I stood in the kitchen, eating a "Mark the Champagne" praline – and gazed at the toast bread loaf … and there it was: The ***red jelly-y spilling stuff on a brown background, like the palm of my hand!***

What are the odds …

Actually, that event followed a major inner talk just an hour earlier. Plus, I noticed two interesting names in a job text, a brand of tires … "Magic Mary" – totally having me flash back of the disastrous project "***Mary's Magic Microscope***" where Bob had me edit a book and make a screenplay of it on the behalf of a friend who had written that horribly bad book together with a Hollywood actor (who was very unhappy about my work because nobody had ever criticized his writing, and my big effort never paid off, but I created a wonderful story and a wonderful screenplay … maybe I should write to that friend of Bob's?), and of course ***Betty White*** was on my mind right away.



I was sharing *roasted chestnuts* and *pralines* with Bob and thought about what I've read about ***grief*** yesterday … and I had kind of a hard time "getting" Bob in terms of the right image of him to reach him, as there are always various memories that I could use. But I found that him looking at me directly works best and also when I'm standing up … And I found myself talking out loud, suddenly … about how my life with Bob in this mortal realm as both of us being incarnates ***is over and is in the past*** where it belongs and must be. And I'm dealing with the memories when I'm grieving and longing as a mortal. ***But I'm dealing with Bob in the present,*** based on my experiences with him in the past. I said to him *"The memories of my time with you as a mortal and of your suffering and death are* ***of the past and in the past,*** *and that's where they belong.* ***But my relationship and being with you is in the present.*** *I'm not thinking of an image of the past when I'm talking with you, I'm thinking of you as a person in the present, and the images I can recall serve as mirrors of your existence."*

That's some kind of "mantra" that I voiced spontaneously, and it's great. It felt like some kind of precious insight … that I also must put at the beginning of this contact diary as a preview.

Last night via LinkedIn I connect with Heribert H., a konga player, philosopher, weird guy and man I knew in Vienna in the years that I wasn't with Bob … he used to have a dog, and that's how we met during a walk … and he had the most beautiful long white gray hair, the man, that is, not the dog. Max, the dog, died meanwhile, I think in 2018 … and there was always something kind of off-putting about H., I don't know what … even though I did like him very much. I remember now that there was a certain air of underlying frustration and self-pity around him that I didn't like. So I saw that he had written to me a while ago on LinkedIn and wrote back how he was. So he shared that ***his brother had died this year*** at the age of 54, and that he isn't getting over it … okay. Of course I had to connect with him, I thought. I thought of his brother, and immediately a ***big yellow plastic duck*** showed up in my hand. Maybe one of the inflatable kind. Not sure. Can be that there was something white on it's belly, too. That was odd.

Anyway …

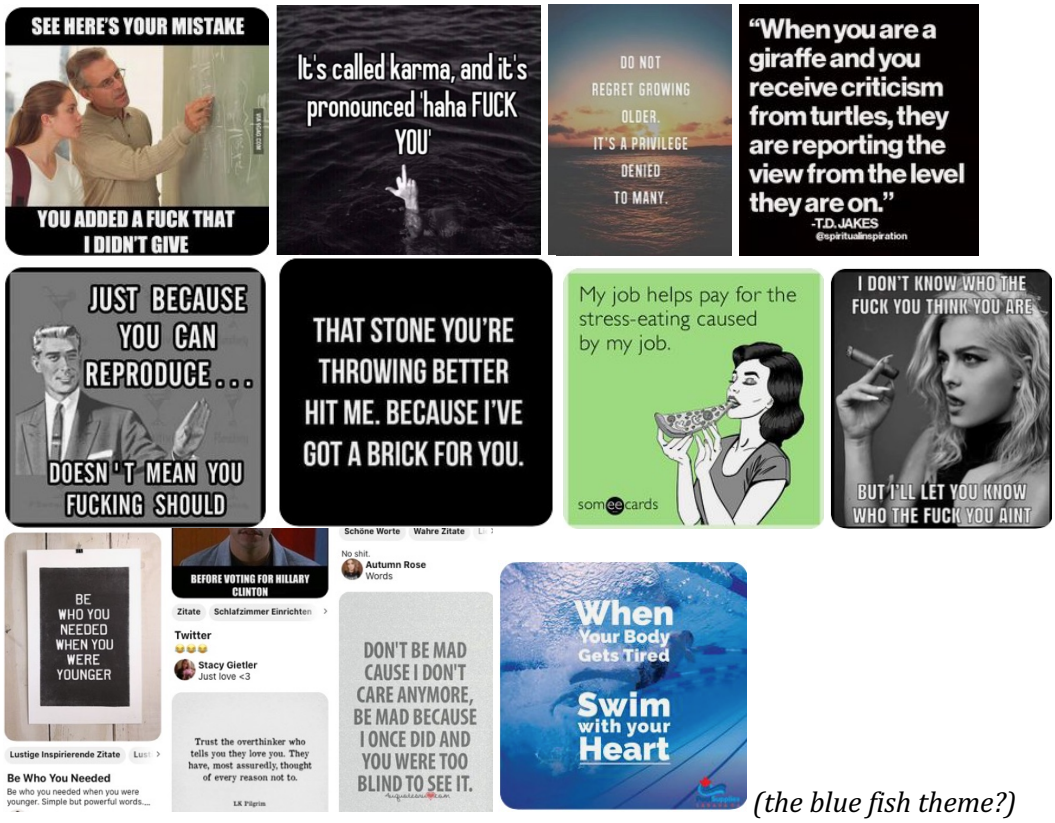
So now I'm curious how our re-connection will go.

(Later)

Oh geez – ***the yellow plastic duck showed up!***

I felt the urge – which I have never (!) done before – to google "Lustige Meme" (funny memes), and the second one was a ***yellow plastic duck*** with some kind of white mask in the snow! *And I had seen a yellow plastic duck with something white just a few hours ago* "talking" with H.'s dead brother (whose *name* I don't know …). And the duck showed up among the memes, playing on a famous song "Anton aus Tirol" by DJ Ötzi, named "*Enton*", a mix of "Ente" the German word for "duck" and "Anton"!

So … since I haven't been watching movies for a while, don't have the proper internet connection, I'm now receiving communications in the ways I can receive them. So here are a few memes that crossed my path … in relation to me googling more of Kaili Joy Grace's story:



(the blue fish theme?)

Very interesting how each of them "came with an inner note" … It was like my mind was greedy reading that stuff, but as always, I only did it for a few minutes, and there was a definite point when I was "done" and simply switched it off, without any need to see more.

"Be aware, be true to yourself, be honest about the past" is the motto of this year. Yup, will stick to that. Will try, at least.

<u>December 30, 2021</u> **– The Angel Scent, Cherries & the Adhesive Tape**

Early in our relationship Bob received an *essential oils mix* from Cindy, his all-time admirer and former fling, and it had "***Angel***" in its name and a very distinct smell. I kind of like the fragrance, but it was a bit too strong for me. This morning, walking with Jacqui in the dense fog – I smelled it.

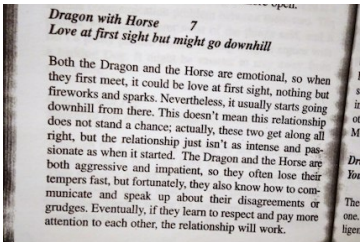
Not just for a moment, but for several minutes. Nobody around, just forest and snow, and the intense Angel fragrance that I only know from Bob wearing it. I haven't smelled anything like it in years, ever since Bob had stopped using that scent. And there it was – unmistakably. That Angel-scent it was. And I asked Bob if this was a test if I was able to pick up olfactory "messages" and be aware of scents. So I asked him if this was the case and to "put something into my hand" to give me an answer – and immediately a *pair of connected* ***cherries*** appeared. Not necessarily fresh real ones, maybe glass, plastic …

Oh geez, I just noticed – my ***FinalDraft Screenwriting software*** is activated. And I didn't do that. Not an update notification either. It's just "on". And that after I've asked "them" yesterday if I'm supposed to write a screenplay from "Our Unseen Guest", and I mused about how I would use the real names of the people and the real characters and that I'd have to re-read all my research about them … wow. So … really? Make a film and that way …? Like with Indiegogo? Like … with the mediumistic community as backers? Or find a serious sponsor, based on this "Contact Diary" work? Geez, sounds like a lot of work.

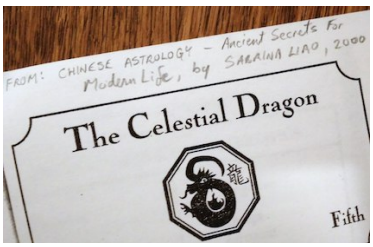
Well, I'm willing to do it. But I need the lottery win first. Today I got my investment of 1,20 Euro from yesterday back at the lottery. Great. But it feels good to read in the email-inbox a notification of a "lottery win". Well – that's down. But now we must work on the amount. It was only the additional number "10" that I got right.

I've been very ***aware*** these days. In reading through the ***astrological materials*** that Jeffrey Turnbull collected for me on Maui, many years ago, I realized that in many ways I'm fulfilling my "purpose" … and that given my birth chart I'm sort of in the place where I'm "meant to be" by the Universe. I read that I'm one of the most aware people in the Zodiac.

And Chinese astrology says about the ***Dragon*** that with a ***Horse***, there will be *love at first sight, but romantically it will go downhill from there, but the relationship can sustain on other levels.* Wow … Bob was a Horse, and this describes exactly how it was between us. Makes me gasp everytime I see the original Kinko's paper that Jeffrey had put the copies in. Oh my Maui life … I could vomit and cry only thinking about it … no, it doesn't get better with time.


Dragon with Horse 7
Love at first sight but might go downhill

Both the Dragon and the Horse are emotional, so when they first meet, it could be love at first sight, nothing but fireworks and sparks. Nevertheless, it usually starts going downhill from there. This doesn't mean this relationship does not stand a chance; actually, these two get along all right, but the relationship just isn't as intense and passionate as when it started. The Dragon and the Horse are both aggressive and impatient, so they often lose their tempers fast, but fortunately, they also know how to communicate and speak up about their disagreements or grudges. Eventually, if they learn to respect and pay more attention to each other, the relationship will work.

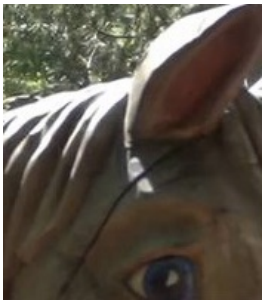


Last night I was compelled to *browse more funny **memes*** … and one thing came up that has been a topic for months now: I need a good *waterproof adhesive tape* for the wall covering around my kitchen sink … and an ***adhesive tape*** was among the memes I saw. The text with it reads *"This is stronger than most relationships nowadays."*

And of course our running joke: I'd come back from swimming, Bob asked "How was it?" And I'd say *"**Something touched my foot!**"* Because something had.

It's not "miraculous" to "find" something like that … but not by searching for it, but by opening a random page and find it just being there, in my face, feeling like a *message*. Is practical and … well, I was about to write "normal". Yes, it is. For me. I also just earlier thought about the fact that I would never discuss inter-realm communication and the facts of the survival of consciousness with anyone who has no basic knowledge about it. First get the basics, read up, watch near-death-experiences, read more – then talk with me. Maybe I'll be up for it. But I'm not a teacher. I'm a writer. Ask Bob.

Also interesting … I've been thinking of the "***horsies***" in the park in Vienna where I used to go … the ***"blue eyes" incident*** a while back with the wooden horses … and it was H. with who I was in that park at times and who made his famous music next to those horses. Today when I googled his website, there is a video – and the first screen is exactly that wooden horse with one blue eye visible!



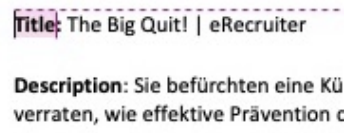
(Later)

Alright. I f*cking did it: I made a FinalDraft script document entitled "Our Unseen Guest".

I took a quick walk with Jacqui in a new part of the forest – and found some wooden shrine with plastic poinsettias and fruits that look like – ***cherries***. Are those the cherries that Bob gave me this morning?

(Later) Tried a new puzzle with my mother – disaster. She basically just sat there, stared and didn't know what to do, claimed to not "see" anything, sighed and moaned and was entirely frustrated. I tried my best, then stopped after two hours. Later I talked to her about the necessity to do something about her driver's license, she just sat and listened … when I tried to make her talk about her life and situation the way a psychiatrist would, she couldn't say anything. No way she'd pass that test about her driving abilities. No way she'd be able to drive safely. Drive, yes, maybe, because it's an automatic behavioral pattern … but … It was kind of heartbreaking to see her so lost. I'll have to come to terms with the fact that maybe her mind is preparing to move over into the Beta-body. If not yet, I'll find the right means to help her recover more. She is willing to try the memory game I ordered. I hope it comes soon.

Funny, the last text I received for editing this year is called "The Big Quit!". How suiting. Not sure what could be meant in my life, though.



I've been googling the "*Golden Girls*" after I ended up reading something goofy by Ryan Reynolds and after I somehow ended up with *Betty White*, who is 99 years old and to be 100 in January 2022 – and I was stunned *how much she used to look like* the ***Betty White***, Stewart White's wife! Wow. Is that a greeting from her?

White on *The Betty White Show* in 1954

<u>December 31, 2021</u> **– Message in the Memes & Something Deep Turquoise**

Went shopping with mom – who is again, entirely clear and sharp and just more normal than normal! And I'm sure it's because of the puzzle playing, even though it was frustration yesterday, it shows the day after!

Then took a walk with Jacqui in the fog in ***Rosegg*** and thought about what I'm grateful about among the things and events and situations of 2021 … and yes, there is a lot. However, I did realize today – learning that my mother didn't give a shit about what I might want to do tonight or what I would eat or that I offered to make little fingerfood bits and she said no she doesn't feel like eating that showing that she really has no consideration for me at all, but she takes it for granted that I drive her everywhere and doesn't even pay for the gas – that I must really stand up for my needs. So tomorrow I'll bring some small sandwiches and the good luck charm I bought for her, then we might play a round with the self-made "memory game" cards made today, and then we'll see. This is the biggest resolution for 2022: I'll totally stand up for myself and my needs, and I'll … well do stuff in that regard. I will continue to support my mother, and maybe my father will be more insightful, but all of it will be on a strict base of consideration and respect for me, even reflected in reimbursement of expenses.

So during that walk in Rosegg I took pictures of the dense *foggy landscape* and I wondered why it gave me some kind of solace and calms me, everytime. I ended up stand there, my eyes half closed and talking to Bob, I said: *"I can see the air".* I always have seen that kind of swirling and glittering "air" – it just depends on how I look, I can pretty much switch anytime from "seeing normally" to "seeing the air". So looking into the fog I saw some swirling patterns and shape, and I said *"I know that's just optical illusion and atmospheric stuff, but I so much want to see you guys. Can't there be just a* ***glimpse*** *of me* ***seeing a disca?*** *Other people can, they say …"*

And just then, something **"*deep turquoise*"** kind of moved itself into my inner vision, still, in my mind, but very clear, over the white foggy landscape, like a ***slob*** *of turquoise in the form of maybe a blanket or a big piece of clothing?* But very deeply turquoise. And Bob loved turquoise. I had to think of his swim trunks that he loved in a darker turquoise shape … So I said "Okay, just turquoise.

I did realize that just a few hours before that, I have reminisced intensely about a certain situation one day, and I have a photograph of *Bob there, as he was standing at the beach looking at me with a deeply relaxed and loving impression with a background of deep turquoise Maui ocean* … So was that the answer to me wishing so much to "see" Bob or any disca for that matter?

Last night, someone blew up the recycling glass container across the street. That's just so odd. I did hear and explosion kind of sound at night and hoped it had nothing to do with anyone's heating system. So this morning, a neighbor told me about it … I only find it strange that I was always wondering if there is a glass container close by. And now I know where it was.

I also realized another step I have to do regarding this contact diary: *I must make an* ***essence****-version of all chapters.* Strictly the synchronicity and communication events only, not even necessarily written out in detail and the related finds and dreams only in outlines and no personal stuff. Yup. Got to do that. Otherwise the people who are really dealing with the research about the survival of consciousness won't be able to read the full version if they hadn't been given the opportunity to browse through the amazing events first and go *"Holy shit, this person is communicating with the dead!"* To which I'd have to say: *"If dead means living in another dimension as the beta-body that was created during the mortal material phase, yes."*

I had a wild wild **dream** tonight, again, of several parts, separated by me waking up and going to pee … too bad I can't remember. It's close, like "on the tip of my tongue" … but not right there.

(Later)

Last day of the year … and I'm (since yesterday actually) reading stuff about the real life women behind the "*Golden Girls",* those four ladies living together, oh I loved that series, but I realized that all except for Betty White are dead. She is going to be 100 years old on January 17. Her name came to my attention already months ago, because of course it's like the name of my favorite female disca … not sure, why, but I like reading up on people's lives for some reason now, …

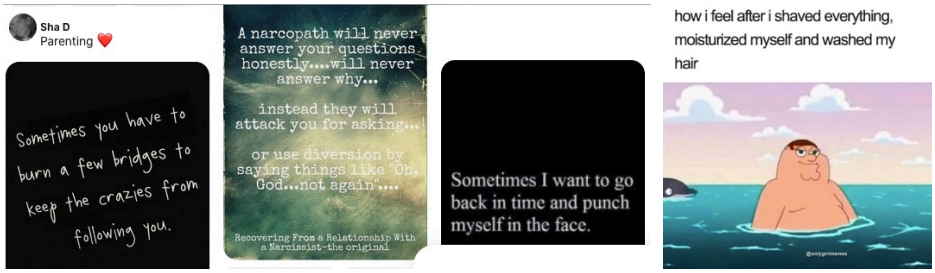
… and I'm again browsing memes. Oh geez! "Sponge Bob" at times … and "***rooster Bob***" from "*Hulihuli Moon*" who even gives a ***Hawaiian "shaka"***! Plus: ***A big guy in the turquoise ocean*** …

an I had thought intensely about a photograph of *Bob recently, as mention, as he was standing at the beach with a background of deep turquoise Maui ocean* …

So was that deep turquoise impression a hint at that? Geez, what *are the odds that I find this today? (**Note**: Oh it was gonna get so much better, just wait for it!)* Great. Because it's part of me surrendering my subconscious for impressions for inter-realm communication and relationship! And yes … our communication started with emojis … And: I did the "meow meow" this morning, literally! I don't remember why, but ***I meowed!***

Ha! Mind you – I didn't browse through many meme-collection, but only went from picture to picture *through a single collection*, just one website! And I was baffled shitless realizing how much many of those memes reflect my thoughts, my life, my relationship with Bob … me ***dreaming*** so much, the common theme Bob and I have … the ***disca***, called "past selves", even!

Again, all came with an immediate inner "note" … Obviously, the "Sponge ***Bob***" theme is very stunning, too. Plus, a lot of very very smart hints … and ***reflections*** on how I'm feeling now. Even the "***bridge***" is mentioned … and my ***regrets***.



This ***big Bob-guy*** in the ocean-meme … priceless … also reminding me that ***the disca may still miss their bodies.*** And that it's okay that I share physical experiences with Bob ever again. At least that's the thought that just flooded over me, out of the blue … or the turquoise. I have memories of Bob who'd stand in the ocean just like that.

Back to me in the fog and the snow …

So I looked around, tried to be focused on inner matters, took pictures … but why be too nostalgic or shit about that past year? Yup, did my thanks and respects and reminiscing during the fog walk … ***and I'm grateful for a lot.*** But this year 2021 also had a whole lot of horrible

fucking shit for me … it was fucking cruel in times, brutal, bitter, just a shit time in so many ways. So 2022 better be better. In May 2002 I met Bob. So there. A 20 years anniversary. Oh man …

Making my dinner – turkey salad with onions, cheese, tomatoes and basil marinaded with lemon juice and gourd seed oil – I somehow flashed back to Bob's time with Patricia in the fucking hut in the woods, ten days, in the cold, in the snow … geez, when he didn't even take a day for me. And then she was all pissed off because he didn't fly over for July 4, 2014. That's when I was with him, working my ass off to save his ass, making "From Trauma to Peace" in an impossible time frame … he was just helpless and couldn't do it. And our time in 2014 was blissful at time and loving but full of conflicts. I don't know why all this is in my head … I keep turning left to the big empty comfy chair and imagine Bob sitting there …

Sometimes Jacqui looks over as if someone was sitting there …

Now I remember better, that's what I did when I had *the* ***intense turquoise*** *impression*, a clear and dense and distinct turquoise … I said out loud "I can see the air" … and I can, but more than that, some kind of energetic discharges, ever so tiny, and no, it's not my brain tumor or stress … I've always had that. So I was thinking that people who say that they can "see the dead" can only mean that they see them in their minds. As our eyes and brains simply don't work in a way that we could see the frequency of the disca's beta bodies.

It's getting dark … and I have to pull myself together to not think of that one day that broke me … it was getting dark on September 11, 2018, and I knew that I had to leave on a jet plane in just a few ours. And the rain was pouring on brightly lit "housie", and I put up a cloth string for Bob because he wouldn't be able to hang his many towels out to dry if it should rain for the next days … oh the feeling of the Maui rain around housie … the scent … the sounds … the being with Bob. I know I should be grateful for this experience. But it tears me apart a little more each time I fall into these memories. And maybe that's the point: That the ones among us who have experienced losses that touch their very core don't recover from it really and are only healthy and strong enough to carry on to accomplish their own story here in the obstructed realm. To the rejoin their loved ones … in bliss.

I wish my mother would call me before the end of this day, just for once, because she thinks of me and wants to wish me well.

Starting to eat my dinner I had a spontaneous thought: *So the ones of us who die and don't have loved ones who think of them and hold up high their memories of them and send them love or better yet realize that they live on and supply them with all kinds of energies … those of us miss out on the energetic support from the mortals, the incarnates?* ***Isn't it, in reality and for all intents and purposed the idea that the two realms work together and intersect, intermingle and intertwine so that the two versions of human beings can nourish and support each other in the form of inter-realm relationships?***

Well, I'm gonna be so not be nourished by any inca, if I don't get this work out. But then … "time" isn't an issue or a reality in the beyond. So like I, for instance, would project energetic charges towards people long "dead" they'd still benefit from them?

So I can share my meal with "Stephen" in reality Richard Hall, who I have never consciously met but whose writing and image I know – and the energy will reach him?

So anyone we dedicate loving or any energy to, will receive them, no matter who we are? So the praying for people actually does make very real energetic sense if it's loving strong heart-energy projected to those who we pray for?

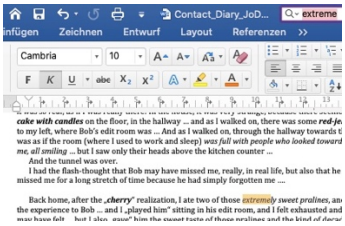
I think so.

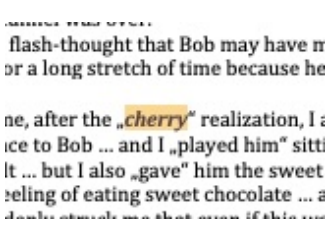
Can I just say or think "Play me" and dedicate the experience of receiving food energy out into the beyond for anyone to receive it?

(Later)

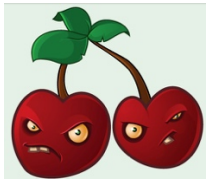
So now … about the "***cherries***" that I received the day before yesterday. I was looking for a certain section in this contact diary (about extreme sports), and the find-function looking for "extreme" brought me first thing to the July-entry about the cherry-story back then! But I did not look for "cherry", but for "extreme"!

So is that a new version of manifestation? Is there a learning or another level in this, Bob giving me "cherries" and I'd face them in real life – but not as cherries themselves but ***as the word "cherries"*** related to an event where Bob gave me a handful of cherries in a tunnel, and I realized it later that those were a handful of pralines of a cherry-brand-logo!





That would be a new version of synchronicity. Good one, Stoneman. There is one other possibility … I sometimes go to the movie review website rogerebert.com, and I did on a whim, saw a movie by the title "*Licorice Plaza"*, and it's about growing up in *San Fernando Valley, where Bob grew up*. And the first thing I read there, was – about a ***cherry bomb***. I had to google what that is.



The last daylight of 2021 … sharing my New Year's Eve meal with Bob …

(Later)

Betty White just died.

Oh shit. I've been looking at pictures of Betty White from "The Golden Girls" for the last two days now, and "only because" I saw some goofy note from Ryan Reynolds her co-star from "The Proposal". Yesterday and just earlier I've edited photos of Betty because I thought she really really looks like I'd imagine Betty White the wife of Stewart White and author of "The Betty Book" and 'The Unobstructed Universe" …

And just minutes ago I also surfed to the websites regarding the other "Golden Girls" and wondered how they had died … and just now, I didn't even want to go online, I did open the

newspaper website and learned: **Betty White has died just shortly before her 100th birthday!** Today! Jesus, I did "know" somehow. Just before I opened the news website I had edited the screenshots of the Golden Girls to put into this contact diary for the entry of yesterday. I also read up on all their lives late last night, and just earlier I finished reading about Bea Arthur. Right after that, *I had to lie down and fell into a very deep weird sleep, but can't remember any dream.*

Then I called my mother, and she was fine and in good spirits and wished me all the best. Very sweet.

Oh this is making me cry now. But Betty is with her other "Golden Girls" now and with her beloved Allen.

world that she loved so much. I don't think Betty ever feared passing because she always wanted to be with her most beloved husband Allen Ludden. She believed she would be with him again."

White was weeks shy of a milestone birthday as she was set to turn 100 on January 17, 2022. "[I'm] amazed," she told *Entertainment Tonight* in an interview published on Wednesday, December 29. "No, seriously, I'm the luckiest broad on two feet to be as healthy as I am and to feel as good as I do!"

I did somehow get "drawn" to that impending passing … that's what should count for me. Oh Betty – you ***<u>are now</u>*** with your beloved Allen again, are you? The world is actually full of headlines about her death today! And it's Silvester! Wow! *(**<u>Note</u>**: A few days later the news would be brought that the nurse heard Betty's last word, and it was "Allen". So had he come to pick her up?)*

What a way to go … with all the fireworks in the world! She just passed away in her house, peacefully, they write, "of natural causes", even though just days she said she was looking forward to her 100th birthday and couldn't believe it was coming up. Well, it was, but it was a different kind of graduation that was in store for her. I'm sure she is in awe now … of her new life. With her beloved Allen. He was the love of her life, but he died of stomach cancer in 1981 – and she had to live that long without him. She never married. She used to say: *"When you're had the best, who needs the rest?"*

Now I'm sure they are in absolute bliss. Good for you. I hope Bob meets them.

Isn't it strange that I noticed how similar she used to look like the other Betty White who is one of the masterminds behind "The Bridge" – and <u>now both Betty Whites are in the beyond?</u>

(later)

Oh my! I've been googling ***Betty White*** – And she mostly wore turquoise in her last years! Is that the turquoise impression that appeared today? ***Turquoise, all over the place on her!?*** She is the always-laughing pretty lady, but then I found pictures of her from 2019 that show how old she really was. It's weirdly comforting. Her body was really meant to let go of her soul. Or the other way around: Her consciousness was detaching from the mortal existence. And she wore a *bright* ***turquoise blouse*** *in this picture, too.* And in another picture from 2017, she wore a bright ***turquoise jacket*** and makes a goofy face like Bob used to. She wore turquoise a lot, just look!

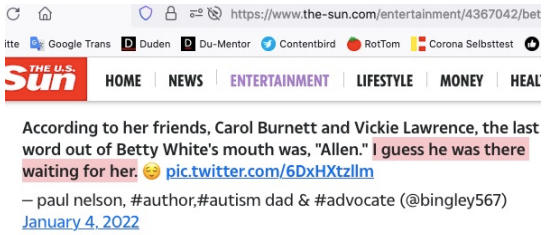
So … me asking to see the disca and seeing a slob of turquoise *… was this a direct response that I was about the* ***"see a discarnate person" – online! – because Betty White had just died?***

We are not the bodies the other mortals love. We *have* those bodies to use for a while.

(Later)

What a way to go, I thought, fireworks and all for Betty White. I can only imagine how much she had already wanted to "go" … in such an old body. Her agent released that statement that she had been looking forward to joining her beloved Allen for a while. Good for you, both.

FINAL GOODBYE Betty White called to late husband Allen Ludden in last words before death



(Pics put in a few days later.)

<u>January 1, 2022</u> **– Turquoise: I did see a dead person.**

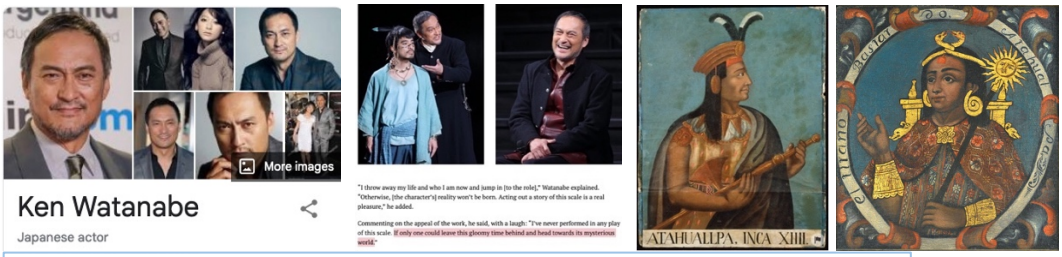
Hello 222-year.

In my **dream** I was mourning Bob once again.

I was in a busy environment like a hotel or a shopping outlet, with several stories and big windows and balustrades and stairs, and I was involved in some kind of activity, maybe having to do with filming or video production. Suddenly an *Asian man* showed up – and recognized him as a Japanese camera man that Bob and I used to work with. While dreaming I had this realization, and at the same time I knew in my dream that I had this realization and that it related to real life. But I kept staying in that dream situation. That man came towards me from the left – and he was kind of involved in running that strange place that I was in and that in itself had a rather stressful but at least important meaning for me. I looked over – and we recognized each other. And I said out loud: "***Ken Watanabe***". And as I said that in my dream, I kind of "judged" that it's strange to say a dream out loud in a dream and so clearly, and I also thought while dreaming that this probably wasn't the real name of the real life camera man Bob and I worked with but that I should know that name. And we kind of "fell" in slow-motion into each other's arms, silently acknowledging "Yes, Bob is dead." And we both cried for Bob and held each other embraced for a while, and we both were thinking of the days when we had worked together on Maui. The place where we were was not Maui, though. The feeling in the dreamscape was that Bob was nowhere in the area or anywhere, that he was gone for good.

I'm not sure what happened next, it's blurry at this point. There is just the memory of a great urgency regarding that project I was involved in and that Ken was supposed to work at, too, but not with me. Our encounter was by chance.

There was also another plot to that story that involved me being in some kind of lower lobby or ground floor of the same place, and there was some kind of conflict with other people, but I can't recall that.



Commenting on the appeal of the work, he said, with a laugh: "I've never performed in any play of this scale. If only one could leave this gloomy time behind and head towards its mysterious world."

I woke up with the clear memory of having met "Ken Watanabe". (He has a big cancer history, I wasn't sure he'd still be alive when I googled him. He starred in a play about Pizzarro and Atahualpa, reminding me that the Inca were part of my research for my book "We Creators of the World".

And right away I thought about how amazing that impression of deep clear turquoise had been during yesterday's walk, when I had talked to Bob about wanting to actually see discarnates while knowing it's not physically possible.

And hours later I saw a ***person clad in turquoise*** all the time ***who had just <u>died</u> that day, yesterday.*** Given the time difference, who knows, it may have been the actual time of her passing. *<u>So yes, I did "see" a dead person yesterday!</u>* Why the connection? Because of the name. ***Betty White.*** The namesake of the "Betty White" of this contact diary.

How is this for inter-realm communication?

<u>January 1, 2022, Saturday</u> **– Message in the Turquoise**

Yesterday, ***I wanted to see a disca***, I was given a deep turquoise impression during a walk. Hours later the news reported that Betty White, whose story I had been reading up in the past two days, just because of her similarity to her namesake of "The Betty Book" had just *died* … and she is depicted in deep turquoise in many variations. Not now and then. All the time. Was my "wish fulfilled" through her?

What a thought, huh. But if you've been reading this contact diary from the beginning, I know that you'd now say "Why, totally plausible."

It is

Hello 2022, the "222-year". Please, be good.

New year's walk … deep fog. Cold. Found a parcel wrapping tie. So?

<u>January 2, 2022</u>

Dementia is a nature given means to ease into dying. That's the point of very old age – to prepare for transition. The elderly with dementia or any condition of that spectrum start do lose their sense of self in this world and "live" more "in their head". So in a natural society, such

people would one day wander out in nature – to never return in the flesh. For younger people who develop dementia the same is true: Their life-cycle in the mortal phase is coming to an end, too. It's sad when young people are mentally "ill", but they themselves don't know it. So … this is my major clear insight of today when I reminisced about Bob and how he tried for so many years with various supplements to increase his mental prowess. He was not meant to live into his 90s.

Yesterday I googled actresses and actors who had died in 2021, and to my shock, the "**Gunther**" actor ***from "Friends" James Michael Tyler*** died in October of cancer. *Shit, he was the main character in my "Friends" follow up series*. I guess I'll have to do something with this information, because if I have learned something in the last years: Nothing that comes to my awareness has "no reason".

(Later)

Took a walk with my mom at the river Drau. She seemed fall into some weird kind of frustration, looking pissed off and down, but in the car she began to chat on her own. Which is something new, and she sounded just fine all of a sudden. I tried to clarify the steps we'll have to take in the next days about her driver's license and food and the situation with me being her official caretaker … it is entirely clear to me that she is certainly not able to live entirely on her own. I pretty much have to bring everything up that needs to be done and be behind food and all. She does expect me to come and drive her shopping and gets ready in time, but she seems quite helpless about makind decisions or keeping errands and stuff that needs to be taken car of in her mind. On the other hand she speaks absolutely clearly and more eloquently that an anyone else I know because she has such a wide field of interest. And then there are moments or longer periods of time where she is like a lost little deer, confused and isolated.

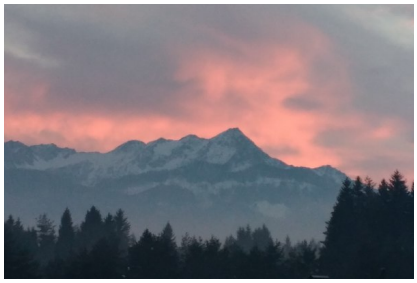
I made small sandwiches and brought them to her in the evening, and she curiously ate some, but she clearly didn't have much appetite. I talked to her cautiously about how her sweets eating instead of eating healthy stuff cannot go on, and that she must keep her body healthy. She seems on the verge of total frustration but allows me to speak and does listen. When I ask if she understood, she gives a clear confirmative answer, but she won't react on her own to what I say – except when it's about something that needs to be done and that she doesn't do. She shared today that she had a Hallux surgery on the right foot and that it was a traumatic experience. Now I know why she is so opposed to go to a doctor. Well, at least she is now able to articulate herself. It will get better. I'll support her.

I could not make myself call my father, I couldn't stand his abusive ways right now.

Will write him a card today and ask him what he has in mind. He kept telling me of a friend who calls him every day, and I'm sure he has the people around him who he wants. He doesn't need me. Still, I worry about him and I find it horrible that me must live there alone in the big house. I also worry about Sandy.

Things must change, soon.

What a sunset … above the "volcano" … that's in the south, not in the west.

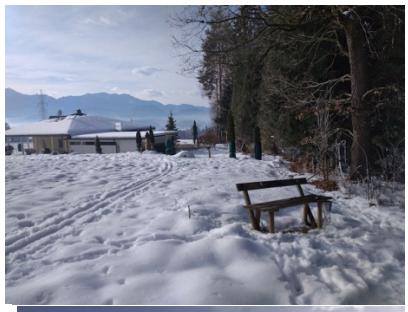
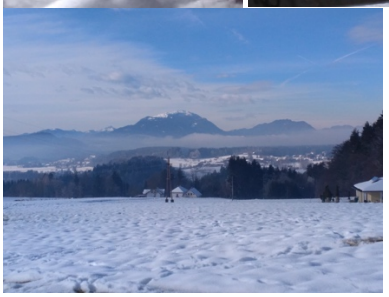


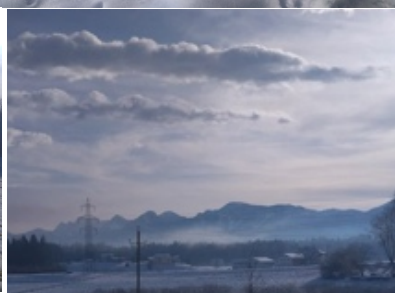
January 3, 2022 **– The Stone & I**

Discovered a **standing up stone** … and the interesting thing is, that from the view I now noticed it – even though I could have noticed it much earlier, actually already during the first time I walked out on that wondrous meadow that offers a view *just like from our housie-lanai towards Ma'alaea harbor …* ***the stone is right above my name, "Johanna"***. And I was called "Jo" or "Dani" in the US.

So it was very startling to walk down that path today and suddely see – a tall stone, made from several differently colored parts.

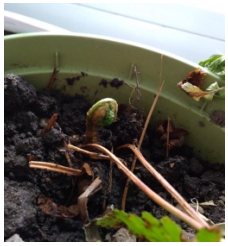
It's just even more stunning because *the stone looks into that direction that I feel so drawn too, looking West into the deep valley, like Bob and I had done so often together* … and ***we are doing it together again, the "Stone" and I.***



That was quite the surprise today. Looking south, it really seemed like the clouds were mimicking the mountains.

A tiny **young fern** is coming up in the pot where I had put the real forest fern … as a shelter for a ***moth*** that lived in the ceramic surround pot with it's larvae … so sweet. Reminds me of the huge fern heads next to housie's front door … I loved to touch them, they were like animals, so furry …



January 4, 2022 – *Camera Team in front of My Door*

What a day. Called my ***mother*** even though I had intended to leave her alone for a day. She sounded fine. I insisted if everything was okay – *she admitted she had* ***fallen***, but all was okay. But she was going to bed again … of course I was right there, drove her to the emergency ward: ***two broken ribs.*** She was in full pain and entirely helpless there. Oh wow. Thank God „only" the ribs, not the hip, not the lung.

But it became entirely clear: She needs a guardian, someone to speak for her. She even told me later the story about how I found out entirely differently than it was, but she sounded absolutely clear. She was very clear, but she confabulates at times. it was so strange being with her at the hospital for 4 (!) hours. Many injured skiers and new computer-system at that hospital. Exactly the fuckingest day.

Well.

As I left the house to drive to her – ***a camera team*** got out of a car with a film production name on it (didn't memorize)! A man with the camera on his shoulder … shit what a fucking flashback! This was like Bob!

I was kind of too numb with worries to react more … it was something about the hot water boilers didn't work, well, mine did.

Yesterday Inge called and said that Poldi (who I had sent a card) had asked for my phone number. He thinks we are soul mates. Oh wow. So often during my two years in Griffen I wanted to talk with him and walked by his house all the time. Now … I'm gone … well, I told her not to give my phone number to anyone. She said „Well but he only wants to chat". And I said straightout that I don't care what he wants, it's all about what I want now. I'll write him a letter (which I did) and invite him to respond in writing. If he does that, great, we can be pen pals. That's all I have to offer right now.

January 5, 2022

Full winter break-in. Snow!

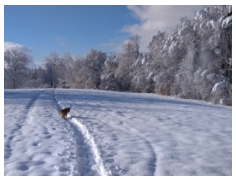
I drove to my mother not realizing that the streets weren't cleaned by snow ploughs! It was so dangerous and I didn't make it up the last hill to my mother's, had to park next to the road. More snow! But the dare was worth it, mom ate vegetable soup with me, and I rubbed ointment on her and helped her renew her rib-belt to give her support. She is in so much pain and in shock too, in a way. She is so normal and eloquent and interested, on one hand. One can talk about everything with her. But then, again, I found the untouched chicken and pastries, and she had lied to me about having eaten them. She has barely any appetite, and I cannot trust her with anything anymore. I will always be there for her, and she really needs my help.

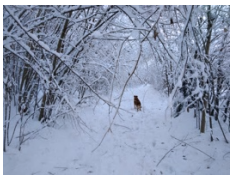
Driving back in the dark – I was seriously worried, to the point of a slight panic-y feeling. But sitting in the car, I asked Bob and his folks to help me. And I made it all the way home, even though "swimming" on the road … so it was a blessed trip. Poor mom, so much pain.

January 7, 2022 **– The Piece of Puzzle**

Took an interesting walk with Jacqui … along our usual forest path, but because of the heavy snow fall the day before yesterday the bushes were mostly bent down, and many tree tops were broken off. I met a blond elegant woman on snow shoes and we chatted a bit in the sun, it was nice. Just before that a dog had come running out of the forest (belonged to a young woman who had another dog) and tried to attack Jacqui, some long hair breed by the name of "Bella". I will take pepper spray with me from now on. That woman witnessed the aggression and said that she lives in the neighborhood and her brother is a hunter, and that such aggressive dogs are really endangering the deer.

As Jacqui and I walked on, we followed a snow shoe hiker's path through the forest along that normally open path … and at times I had the strange feeling of claustrophobia, like being buried in an avalanche … I was really happy to be out there again. Won't do that kind of hike again.

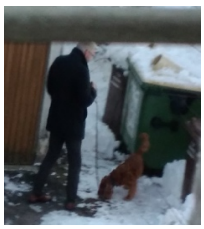




Yes, as I've been thinking, the views are great … in a movie it would look like a perfect place to live. But yet, I don't feel home here.

Also, it's the third time that I see a Cocker Spaniel dog just like *Marshall* in front of my window! It's very strange. I still think of the little real Marshall all the time. Inge isn't able to give me clear info on whether she sees the family walk the dog or not. I don't think his situation improved much. I wrote to Poldi about Marshall – haven't received back a single line!? Alright, then. Got it.

Also … playing Puzzle with my mother has been an ongoing topic. And guess what? Today – **a piece of a puzzle right next to my car!** What are the odds? Where did that come from?



January 8, 2022 **– Time Synchronicity!**

I've been having horribly tragic and action-rich **dreams** … can't recall, except for tonight's dream, it just came back to me: A woman I knew long time ago when I worked at the WirtschaftsWoche Magazine, *Birgit E. killed my mother!* I tried everything to prevent it, but I couldn't do anything. There was a location like an old building almost like a fortress or a medieval castle, and some kind of wall coves were there, and heavy doors … and I had the ability to pass all the doors and walk or climb the steepest stairs and most narrow ledges … there was

always a feeling of great danger, and somehow my mother was – I want to say – lured into all of this. And I couldn't be with her in time. Birgit killed her – but not for a real conceivable reason. I was so upset and so horrified that it felt so real … waking up I thought that this must have been some kind of real experience but in the beyond.

There were other people involved against which I had no chance fighting but whose presence I somehow had to "overcome", but I didn't think that was possible, because I was so horrified and shocked about my mother having been murdered … and now that I think about it, there is an aspect of my brother Peter to the story … like him and my mother were the same person. I had to get her from where Birgit had just dumped her body and previously had lured to … it was like a high gray brown wall with a very thin ledge where one had to walk and with "coves" or cave like shallow places in the wall, and in one of them was my mother.

Some man who belonged to Birgit was involved too, and he was a key figure … but I don't remember in what way.

Now I remember that I managed to deceive Birgit about something, some possession or ability she needed but I had and did give her or share with her? It was just so bitter and dark … and in the end I knew I had to get out of there and had to accept that I couldn't do anything for my mother …

Oh shit dream.

I took my mother shopping today … when I arrive at her place she is mostly in a lot of pain and barely able to move. It crossed my mind today that somehow she had manifested her wish of having a real good reason to reject my attempts to get her to move more. She does need to get fresh air, and she has a hard time breathing. She got furious last night when I suggested she open the window whenever she gets that yawning that signals lack of oxygen in the brain. She can be so stubborn, and yesterday and today I realized that I'm at the edge of my patience. Sure, anyone can fall, but her refusal to have enough exercise, eat heathy and get enough fresh air led to her low blood pressure problems some more and to the fall. And I now have the troubles.

At times she displays such an utter disregard for me – that I won't have this anymore. Today I told her for the first time that she got to respond as politely to me as I'm to her, especially when I suggest something she doesn't want. She must stop treating me like I had just said the biggest bullshit and it was an affront what I had offered, I won't take this anymore. I will have someone else deal with her, if she resorts to being nasty to me. She never offers me anything, still not. Last night I insisted on eating with her only to get her to eat something. This I can do for a little while and hope she'll recover more. Her mind is really clear and sharp, she is forgetful and in pain, but her mind has immensely improved.

So there is no excuse to be nasty to me. For example, there were four dumplings in a box, and she wanted to ask the sales person if she could only have two. When I said why not take the four, she barked at me that what would she do with four dumplings? And I said that how about offering me one? I don't know if she heard that, she didn't say anything … but I observed inside myself how good that felt to have stood up for myself. I will ask her to reimburse me for the thousands of Euros I spent for her in 2020 and 2021, and I'll see what she'll say. I hope she won't lie to me, because of course I know her finances since the summer situation where I was in charge of everything. I really want her to live autonomously, but right now I have to make sure of everything, all the time, she wouldn't be able to do any of her appointments … geez, sometimes I think I don't have a life of my own. But then I realize that this is the life I have right now.

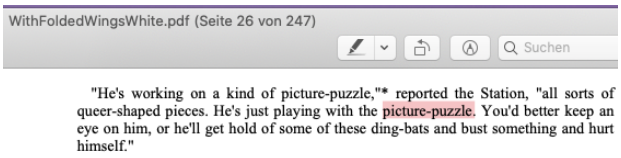
I was supposed to meet my ex Rudi this afternoon to go for a walk with him.

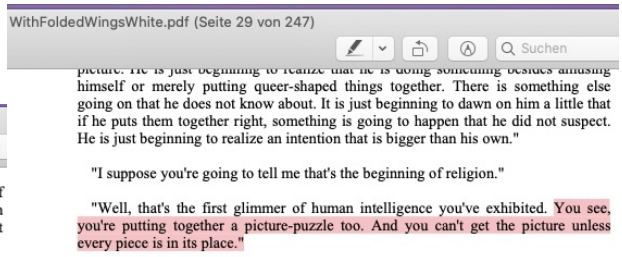
But an hour before the meeting, he texted me that he is in an ambulance on the way to the hospital (where mom and I had been on January 4) because his mother had had a fall.

Oh my. Took Jacqui to Rosegg for a walk anyway. I love the view there.

(Later)

Editing part 10 Q of this contact diary, I suddenly had to urge to open *"With Folded Wings".* And the first thing I read was about – picture ***puzzles***! Wow. I've been angry today about the memory game not having arrived yet even though I paid for it more than a week ago. And I've been thinking that my mother and me must finalize the second picture puzzle.





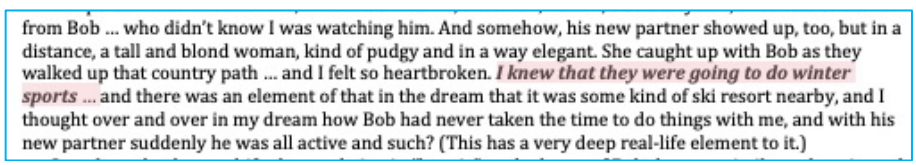
So there.

Then I realized that I don't recall reading "With Folded Wings" at all. It happened at a time when I was still totally out of regular life with grief, something in 2019. I have no memory of the content that I browsed through today. Got to read that book!

(Later) **Snow Shoes & the Blond Woman – Time Synch!**

Oh wow! Just yesterday I had written about the ***snow shoe track*** that Jacqui and I followed yesterday and the chat with the ***blond elegant woman on snow shoes***!

Now – I just turned back to the part 10 Q to do some brief read-editing before I'll drive to my mom again for the evening treatment … and it's exactly the November 10 entry where I had been so exhausted about my mother – and I just earlier said to Jacqui that I want to lie down on the sofa but can't as I must get things done more – that I had lied down on the sofa in the late afternoon and had that amazing dream! ***Bob, bent and in pain*** *(like my mother right now!)* ***with a new <u>woman, blond</u> and elegant, in <u>winter</u> and they had gone our <u>snow shoe hiking</u>!***


from Bob … who didn't know I was watching him. And somehow, his new partner showed up, too, but in a distance, a tall and blond woman, kind of pudgy and in a way elegant. She caught up with Bob as they walked up that country path … and I felt so heartbroken. *I knew that they were going to do winter sports …* and there was an element of that in the dream that it was some kind of ski resort nearby, and I thought over and over in my dream how Bob had never taken the time to do things with me, and with his new partner suddenly he was all active and such? (This has a very deep real-life element to it.)

there was snow, too. The "knowing" of Bob being with somebody else, became nagging and painful ... and suddenly, as I looked down from that *lookout* – there was ***Bob walking!*** But he was smaller and shorter and went in a kind of bent way, like a really old man. And I thought to myself in my dream ***"Wow, he looks so old and like he is in pain"***, and he wore something white and turquoise and black, and his hair was white ... but I only saw him from behind.

I ended up in some kind of storage room and saw a type of ***blue and white plastic snow shoes***, and I knew that Bob and his partner had just been ***snowshoe hiking***. Now that has to do with texts I'm editing a lot these days about winter sports including snow shoe hiking. In my dream I thought about that! I thought "*well, that's interesting, because I'm editing snow shoe hiking texts these days, and here even Bob is doing that now*". I knew that nobody was home, or I thought so, and I moved about the house, which was in

And in that dream Bob had said to that women that I knew what I was doing as I had entered his new life. Wow!

This is ... just like it was last year. It's just breathtaking how these things fall into place. ***Winter – snow shoes – blond woman – mom exhaustion in real life yesterday.*** ***Winter – snow shoes – blond woman – mom exhaustion in a real life dream sequence and in real life reread of that dream today!***

So!

But Bob only smiled, and then came the message that this, I think, the whole dream, is all about: "That's fine. Dany knows what she is doing."

And just as he said that, I realized that this was no reality, this was a dream and that I was supposed to hear this sentence, the only one that was spoken in the entire dream!

So I woke up with the thought that "There are evidentials in dreams, too!"

And that's what I take away from it: First, Bob is telling me that about all that horribly difficult situation with my mother – I'm on the right path. I'm doing the right thing. I know what I'm doing. I am to trust my inspiration and my decisions. That's what Bob told me. Let me know, using my own subconscious, my memories to prepare for that sentence to come through clearly.

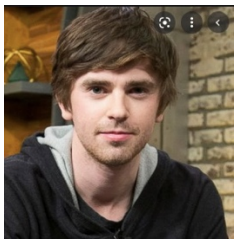
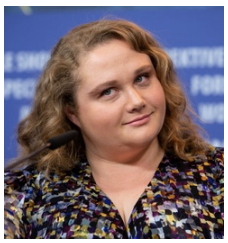
Also ... many times I look at the empty ***chair*** next to me and wonder if Bob is sitting in it. (***Note***: *On January 15, reading in "The Seven Purposes" I think I got the answer that he really is!)* And strangely, sometimes Jacqui goes there – on his own! – and just gazes at the chair! For no reason!

January 9, 2022, Sunday – *The Dream & The Tricycle & The Green Flash*

The weirdest **dream** happened, in *two parts*, separated by me getting up and taking my poor dog outside ... he's been pooping blood since yesterday. I'm treating him now the way I know to, not sure what the reason is, maybe a parasite, maybe an inflammation. For both possibilities I know what to give him. I must hope for the best.

So I dreamed – and I was an observer like a "fly on the wall", being around everywhere, watching without being seen – that the guy from "The Good Doctor", the actual autistic fictional film figure ***"Dr. Shaun Murphy"*** played by Freddie Highmore (also in my dream) had a

relationship with a fat short blond girl, very similar to the actress Danielle MacDonald and I somehow knew it.

I was right behind them when the girl – both being in his home – grabbed his hand in a kind of obtrusive if not aggressive way and asked him if he was going to marry her, or rather she kind of ***stated that he was going to marry her.*** I could feel how uncomfortable Shaun was, and *I kind of recoiled* because the situation was so weird. There was an element of an animal park there, not sure what that was about, but it's like the one where I walked by yesterday and today also, in Rosegg.

So the dream story skipped forward a bit, and I saw fat blond girl read a ***letter*** by Shaun, *who broke up with her in that letter thanking her* for … and here I'm not entirely sure … spending time with him or considering him for marriage. But he declined and told her – also in that letter – that he gave her enough time to move out with all her stuff. He was nowhere to be seen. Blond fat girl was very devastated … but somehow the dream skipped ahead again: Blond girl and I – and I wasn't just the "fly on the wall" anymore, I was actually with that blond girl and she talked to me and I to her – were in her new home. It was the a great extent ***bright yellow inside, and it was a very tiny little house,*** like a fairy tale house, and I think I said as much. We were in some kind of open room that could be closed like a garage, and as I looked into the house I said to blond girl that I'd love to have a house like this and that she must be very happy. She wasn't that happy.

*(**Note**: Only today, January 15, I noticed that there is a tiny yellow house right across the street from where I live:)*

Somehow I was in a forresty area, maybe on a slope, and there was Shaun, and I walked with him. And I didn't speak with him as much as I kind of "thought with him", like a telepathic conversation where he said that he never intended to marry fat blond girl and that he found it very distasteful and off-putting the way she tried to make him commit to that relationship. And I kind of got his point. Not sure what we did together.

And then I woke up …

… because poor Jacqui sat right next to my bed staring at me so that I'd wake up. I took him outside immediately, and when we got back, I thought that the dream was so strange and so clear that I should write it down. But I didn't feel like doing it, so I went back to bed (it was about 5.30 a.m.) and thought that if it was important I'd recall it in the morning.

And then I **dreamed** – and I knew in the dream that it was connected to the Shaun-blond-girl-dream-plot – that I had a ***tiny puppy, like a German shepherd dog puppy,*** and we had to get through that animal park from before that was now full with people and maybe animals … and the puppy ended up on a very steep kind of ladder or ramp, and it was so dangerous for him to come back down. So I put myself at the bottom of that ramp, and the puppy trusted me and slid right down onto my shoulder, and I caught him. There was an element of fat blond girl kind of disturbing me getting through that park with the puppy.

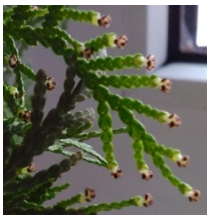
(I thought about this during my morning walk with Jacqui realizing that I must take special care of him now, as he is an older dog now …)

And there was a situation where – oh yes, and Shaun also kept showing up! – I had put the puppy in a white cloth bag, and I wanted to lift him up for him to be safe, but instead poor puppy got banged against some wall or balustrade as I was moving the bag, and I was horrified! I saw that the puppy was fine, but I was so worried that something would happen to him. For some reason we got separated all the time, and other people took interest in him, which I found inappropriate.

The dream ended with me simply waking up … and it wasn't a bad ending to the puppy story … but I'm not sure whether or not we got anywhere.

So intense.

I discovered something so beautiful today: The **Thuja-twigs** that I had put into water because I hadn't needed it to make Thuja-tincture (with 70 % alcohol) had developed blossoms! Wow! Like every single tip of the twigs of that wondrous plant, actually the "tree of life" can make a bloom! I'm just baffled! And the blooms have been shedding ***pollen***! Of course only onto my desk, but it's just so touching! And people use those trees as hedges and cut them down and burn or just throw away those miracles of nature with their immense healing qualities! That's just so hard to bear.



I also had the thought today (not the first time over the years) that I should read Betty and Stewart's book aloud, record it and offer it online. I dove a little bit into "*With Folded Wings"* last night and this morning – and it was just brilliant.

speculation. It but rarely, and then only in intensive concentration on something specific, stops exclusively in the exact present. Refuse to budge from the moment of Now. Let the conscious mind escape you to the right hand or the left—the past or the future—if it will, but do not accompany it. Thus the you-yourself can poise in its

future—if it will, but do not accompany it. Thus the you-yourself can poise in its
necessary elevation above the body, above the brain-mind, in the superconscious that touches the fringe of the timelessness of a Now that contains all the rest. This statement has little value or meaning as a mere statement, but has great value as a hand-up to actual experience.

"When you have realized this as an experience, you can train the conscious mind not to pluck at you unreasonably and unmannerly and improperly. "

The explanations how to really reach the state of mind that communication with the disca is possible. And I realize that I've been learning to reach that state in a principal way, and that's why I can receive those inner images … they only feel slightly different than "my own" inner images, and they don't linger, they appear for a few moments, but then they stay in my memory. There is no "vision" or effort, I just say and think "put something into my hand", stretch my hand out, and something appears – if something is there. In other words: if there is someone who wants to give me a message or if Bob wants to give me a message from someone in his realm for someone in my realm, it might happen that I "see" the evidential. I'd love to try this with strangers.

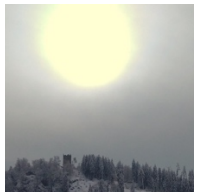
While ironing (the second time in many years today) I kind of fell into some ***soliloqui, a dialogue*** where talked with an *imaginary journalist who doubted my abilities as a "medium"* which was strange, as I'm not a medium, so in my imaginary conversation I explained to him the above paragraph, and then he challenged me to tell him something "of the stuff that I do", and I said spontaneously, without think, that I saw a "***Tretroller***", which was actually a ***tricycle*** for kids. So I said "scooter" but I saw a "tricycle".

I just didn't know the proper word in German – as that conversation was in my native language – and it should have been "Dreirad" and not "Tretroller" which would rather have been "scooter". Anyway. I told the guy in my imaginary conversation that this "Tretroller" didn't relate to a grandparent or sibling or parent, but to someone else who had died. And the imaginary journalist was entirely in shock. In my strange dialogue (that had virtually "come over me" while ironing) I now changed to they guy's mind and said to my imaginary colleagues that there was no way in the world that "she" would have known that because the only other person who knew about the "Tretroller" was dead. Wow. I then slipped back into my "self" in my imaginary talk and when some young critic asked me to share how I had gotten to do what I was doing I totally blew him off saying there first he'd have to read my fucking books, then to be able to fucking quote them and prove to me that he had dealt in detail with the matter, and then, and only then, would I consider even fucking listening to his fucking questions.

Yup, with those man "fuckings".

It was very strange.

Took Jacqui for a walk to Rosegg, like often now, as I love the wide meadows, the open view and the quiet … and only when I sized the images I realized that there is the famous "green flash" that Bob and I have been trying to see so often when the sun sank in the ocean behind West Maui … and we never really saw it. Now I have a "**green flash**" around the sun in the pictures! How strange!



Before that, we took a walk around the area where my mother lives, at Lind, … very strange to see all the broken down trees … it wasn't that much snow. I had to think how sorry I am for the trees, but then they were *"felled" by nature.* Also came across the strange stone-people artwork again … It felt like "We are here all the time, even in the snow" …

January 10, 2022 **– The One Like Stone**

Intense **dream**!

Slept in – I must stop doing this! Poor Jacqui needed out at 5.30 a.m. again … still some blood …

Mom has a bloodshot eye, scares me … She claimed she couldn't get out today at all, then I said that we'd have to go to the hospital. I took my time to finalize two jobs and take Jacqui for a walk, and she called me, already waiting for me to come to go to the bank. Wow. This is up and down with her memory.

She moves fine, though, when she is out and about. But again – no way to do a walk in the sunshine, and I bet it will be a fight again tonight when I'll be over there to get her to eat the warm food we bought earlier.

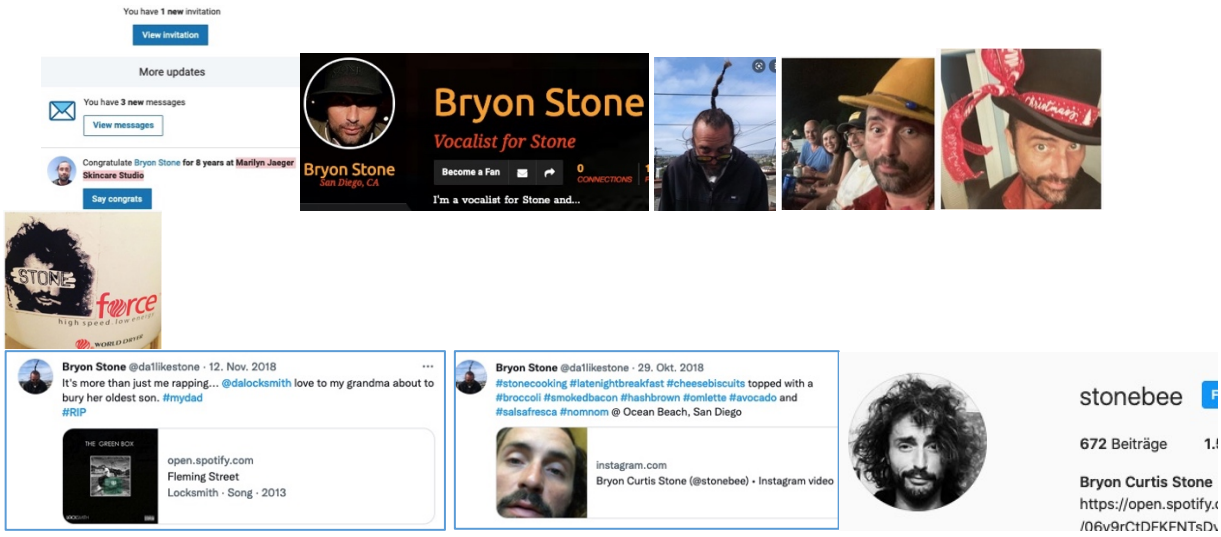
(Later)

Got back from persuading my mom to eat dinner, ate with her, massaged her back, helped her put girdle on … then back home, longing for Bob came over me like a fucking big wave. I need to see him, I said, I tried to share desert with him, I saw him smile and felt him be there … and I felt lonelier than ever.

I need you here, Stoneman, I said, I do. I realized so deeply that he is dead.

For some reason I didn't quit my Email-account after checking and not having received messages. And right then, a new LinkedIn-message showed up that an invitation was there, waiting … and that I was supposed to congratulate "Bryon Stone" to working somewhere for eight years. Shit man, I thought … then I clicked on the image and ended up on his Twitter and Instagram accounts – and there was BOB! Yes, it is his son. And yes, he made a mentioning about Bob's death in November 2018. He did become some kind of rapper or something … oh geez.

Thanks, Stoneman, I guess. Just reminded me how fucking horrible life is without him.



I feel like writing to Bryon something like "I really should send you pictures of your dying father so that you can start rapping about real life you fucking fuckhead piece of shit." *(**Note**: It would take me several months, but one day in March I sat down and sent him an email along those lines … it felt so good. Life happened for him in that sense. Suck it up, sucker.)*

It was because of Bryon that Bob went to the mainland instead of meeting me … he'd still be with me if …. I know, I shouldn't think this kinda stuff. But the fuck I do. I remember in the first years of our relationship Bob was paying for Bryon's education, and he could barely afford to eat. Then Bryon broke off years of studying, and Bob had paid for nothing. This I call shit.

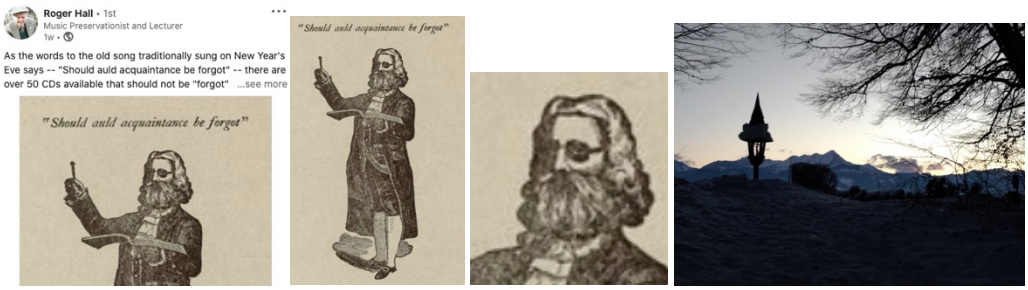
I do clearly see Bob in his son. That hurts really very fucking much.

The shithead had a nice meal on October 28 when Bob was fighting for his life.

(Later)

Alright … I went into LinkedIn again to check on the "messages" – nothing, really, some people who want to teach me filmmaking and Peter Rosen with a picture … but there it was: ***Roger Hall,*** a guy whose music is featured in "Native of Owhyhee", had posted an *ancient image* – ***it looks just like Bob!*** (Of course only for those who did know Bob closely.)

Did a late afternoon walk with Jacqui … Again: The views are great … in a movie it would look like a perfect place to walk a dog. It's in the eye of the beholder. Truly. Yes, I can see the beauty. But I do not feel home here.



January 12, 2022 **– Dog's Shit & the Caterpillar**

What a morning.

Woke up at 4 a.m., thought my dog must go out, no, he refused, rolled up. An hour later I hear him tapping in the living room, then the sound of explosion shit, and as I ran out, he had shit on the carpet and the long curtain next to the balcony door. So dog shit cleaning. Washing carpet and curtain. I wasn't even angry at him, just stunned that he hadn't told me that he had to go out.

I woke up very exhausted, with an icecold tingling feeling on the top of my head, cold limbs, shivering ever again. Getting sick is not an option.

So I took J outside, then warmed up the coffee from yesterday, made a small apricot marmalade jam bread and a small cheese pickle bread and sat down to work. No jobs. So I opened ***"With Folded Wings"*** thought I was gonna start from the very beginning. And there it was: The story of the caterpillar. At first I only thought "Oh that's why!" Because putting in left over images for this c. d. I had found an image of a *caterpillar* yesterday, but it didn't fit anywhere, and I wanted to delete it, but then kept it. So that's why … but not only that. I had to read the caterpillar story twice to "get it": The fear that all the work and knowledge and gathered information is in vain if someone suddenly dies … like in Bob's case or like would be in mine as I'm so damn unknown … The caterpillar doesn't know he is gonna be a butterfly. So all that he does will amount to something great.

"Never saw a caterpillar cry before—it's funny. Well, it's a tragedy. All the work of the Creator is coming to an end in the highest possible thing—and he's going to die! He says there'll be nobody to pass on his enormous experience to! He's going to make a mummy case, and crawl into it—no matter how the Creator feels about it. He'll do it to spite Him. He doesn't know he's going to be a butterfly. He's crying because he's sorry for himself; he really believes he's sorry for God—all His wonderful creative work going to end! That's a sad picture!"

Last night I emailed my ex Rudi asking how his mom was. She is 88 years old with a bad fracture, and he said he is so worried. I wrote back that the soul is always looking for a way to get rid of the body. This may not be of much help to him, but he will need it later. I must stick to the right thought too, like I had a narrator say in my Hawaii documentary "Native of Owhyhee". Oh just writing this … that's me.

I've got a lot to do. The astrologer's newsletter says that exactly in those days, like today until tomorrow, is the time to tackle something that one has been postponing. Alright, will do, there are things:

Send NOO-DVD to people in the USA or ask Kahu Finberg to do this.

Send NOO-DVD-copies to people here.

Make a website with all my films, upload the ones I already have.

Find among my harddrives the versions of NOO and all other films and upload.
Connect with AKAKU asking for the digital files of NOO. (Wow that just shot into my mind, never thought of that before.)
Contact my father. Tell my mother about the money issue.
Start the essence version of this C. D.
Prepare the USB and the letters to the people I'll send this C. D. to.
And more.

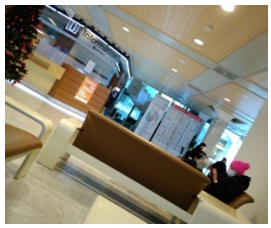
(Later) Mom is like a stubborn child. My patience is running low. Very low. She has been climbing on the bathtub to open and close the bathroom window. With broken ribs. *(**Note**: In a few days it will turn out that she got a lumbago from this, and it would be the beginning of her near-immobility and a lot of trouble for me for weeks to come.)* She refuses to eat, to go out, to open the window, can barely breath, glares at the TV all day long. I'll have her admitted if this doesn't change. Too much responsibility for me. I will accept the power of attorney role. She cannot decide properly for herself any longer.
Someone parked on the parking space that I shoveled free from my car with much effort giving me much backpain when I got home in the dark from visiting my mother. I cannot even express what I would like to do to these people.

(Late)
Odd, *Bob Saget died* at 65, right after a successful stand-up comedy performance on January 9. No disease. No suicide. Nothing. Just time over. The landscape makes me very pensive, at times. I should use that better, for communication, I guess.

Good for him that he got to feel the ultimate reward – he loved to do stand-up. I hope my Bob also felt totally appreciated when he talked about the Taylor Camp project to his audiences.

January 12, 2022
Looking through the contents of an old USB … found lots of heartbreaking photos … these two of 2013 … I remember the day exactly at Ma'alaea harbor, looking up "upcountry". To where I was at home.

Ich

Bob


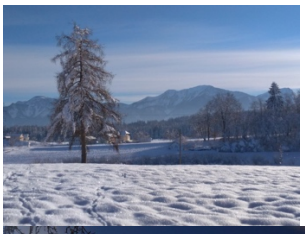
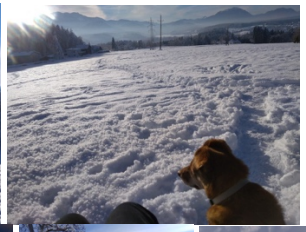
Having a hard time to stay patient with mom, working on it. She submitted her driver's license today, after lung checkup at the *hospital, two hours waiting in icecold hall* … fuck it, nobody gets me into a hospital ever. Yeah, right – that's what Bob said! And he stuck to it! Until he didn't, and it killed him.
(Kind of odd how directly and attentively Bob looks at … well, at us, you reading this, me re-reading this right now … isn't it? As if he was right in there. Could be a good picture for "Play-me". I can't recall, though, when I took it. Maybe it doesn't matter. Fact is, I'm able to look into Bob's face, at Bob, for that matter without being undone emotionally. No tears. Well, won't look too long, though.)

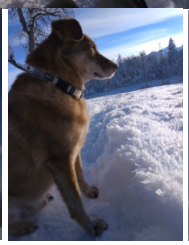
Discovered a **bug** on the Erica plant today. Brave little bugger, surviving here in winter.

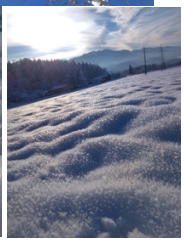
January 13, 2022

Big blowup at my mother … I lost my nerve and then felt like the most horrible person in the world. It's just that her not calling when she promises, not eating her food but throwing it away and the lying in my face … my constant worry and time pressure … I just lost it. I yelled at her, and she broke out crying for a minute and said she won't survive this day. I threw everything at her, including the money issue and the fact that she wouldn't be home anymore if I hadn't fought for her against all the "doctors" who wanted to admit her to closed-in care … I told her that I needed to know if there was a point in trying to get her to be better in every aspect of her life, or if she doesn't even get it anymore. A little later she had completely recovered and promised she'd call and not forget anymore. I massaged her back and feet, like always since she broke her ribs, and we went shopping, but I was in a hurry. I need to do my jobs, I can't give people the impression I'm not reliable …

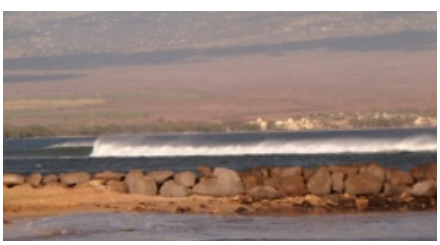
Later I went for a hike with Jacqui in the snowy forest … it was lovely … *the view … the images in the sky … the snow crystals were just stunning* …





I saw the wave of the image of Ma'alaea harbor that I had just discovered and sent to Inge … in the sky, just reversed.



… but walking down along the path that had become a wilderness, it felt even scary at some point … I had the feeling of danger, like between the broken trees and all … so I was extra careful. And Jacqui was happy when we turned onto the path home again.

January 14, 2022 **– The Golden Gummi Bear**

What a **dream** … ***I was about to die***. *(Note: Two months later to the day I almost would.) And* I was on an island. I don't recall the chronology of the dream's events anymore, but there was a rather pudgy man who was kind of my love interest. We were in a big house with stairs. There were other people, like my confidants or people with who I worked or was supposed to work … somehow my mother was involved … very unclear.

I had an important task, and everyone knew it. There was a „TV-woman" according to my quick notes this morning, and maybe her name was „Nora" who played an important role … not in a negative way. Maybe she wanted to save me? I remember being dressed kind of in white, like in a hospital white, like wrapped in something, and it seems like I couldn't properly move … my love interest seems to have been at the same time my brother Peter, but then, not really. He went upstairs for some reason, a narrow stair case in a white painted house … busy house … like some kind of publishing house or TV station … but I saw myself on the beach, too, at times. Don't know what beach, what ocean, which island … but it was a typical Maui feeling on a cloudy day … (My heart begins to race and skip right now only thinking about it.)

Oh, now I remember … there were lots of old people on that beach, and I talked with someone, maybe with myself, or maybe it was a TV-documentary project (right now I flashed back to working with Bob and couldn't help but think „to him", „Geez Bob, we would have been so effective, I have still so much juice in me … we would have made great films", but now it's all gone …), so I talked about the reason why there is so much rubbish on the beaches is that the old people cause it throwing their shit away wherever they stand.

That's interesting. So from that beach I returned to that house, *and I knew that I was dying, but there was no real disease, injury nothing, I just knew I only had a few weeks left.* And I know that everyone else knew that too. But I was left by myself, and my dream shifted to mostly me watching „from inside my dream self" what was going on, but in a way so deeply inside of that „me" that I didn't see much of the environment. Except that the pudgy man, my love interest, came downstairs towards me … and I was hoping and expecting that he was going to support and comfort me, but he never showed at the foot of the stairs. The TV-woman, someone dark and serious, „Nora"?, joined me and complained how that guy wouldn't come to me even now that he knew I was dying. I and Nora moved to the left, and I was the pudgy guy stand or sit kind of snuggled into a corner of the staircase, seriously not coming down to avoid meeting me.

I was so disappointed. „Nora" said to me how disgusting it was that not only did he not dress up for my farewell, but that he was wearing and extra old and dirty T-shirt „that is bulging over his fat belly".

Somehow, that farewell of mine was connected with the project about the old people on the beach. And there was some other element to that story … something that did have to do with Bob and the people we used to know on Maui. The deep longing for the Maui days and the immense sense of loss were lingering over the dream all the time. The fact that I talked to myself about my imminent dying did have the thoughts of „then I'll know" and „then I'll be with Bob", but in a way I didn't want to die. I thought, as my dream persona something like „no, if I die now, that would be a bad time because I'm not done with me stuff at all …" On the other hand there was a sense of giving-in inside my dream persona, and I was kind of in a good mood.

I was kind of jealous, though, of the people who were not going to die and had all the opportunities still …

I woke up very moved and pensive … I did feel kind of more at peace than I had in a long time.

I had read last night post by care givers who had also lost their nerve with their loved ones now and then and who are telling others like me – who totally blew up at my mother yesterday, made her cry – that we are only human. And that the frustration has so many levels and is connected to sadness and the hope to be able to get the one cared for to „be normal" again. Or

the fact that we don't have the feeling that we were ever cared for by them, and now they are our „children" gives us a very stressful emotional impact …

She had thrown away her food again and lied in my face about it, had not called even though she had promised, and it was too much for me.

Last night, when I returned to my mother after the blow up around noon, she was nice, but tried again to tell me that she wouldn't eat because she was not hungry, but I had made a soup and insisted. I had received the **memory cards game**, and we played for an hour, and she got better and better at it. Then we ate the soup. She complained again that „she can't" and that it was „too much", but then she ate the whole big plate. Goulash with zucchini. Good.

So this morning, it was 10 a.m., and I was sure mom wouldn't call again, **she did call!** To tell me that she had not forgotten. What a relief. Last night, though, I had promised myself to never lose my shit again.

Later, when I got out of my car at the parking lot at my mom's place – I was stunned: There was a ***golden Gummi bear!*** *I had talked to my mother yesterday at the store that* ***maybe she wanted Gummi bears?*** She said she used to love them, but no, right now, no interest.

And I had thought about them last night because they'd be a great source of gelatine, and my mother could use that and me too and my dog. I keep giving him his joint-med in the gelatine capsule. So I thought about buying Gummi bears for me too. I did not talk with Bob about it, it was just me.

And today … in winter! Outside! A ***golden Gummy bear next to my car.***

That counts. I found a feather today during my walk with Jacqui at Rosegg, by the castle.

January 15, 2022 **– Pixellated Bob in the Dream & Later Gives Me Answers My Questions**

What a **dream** again! What a special kind of communication later today …!

Last night I felt so weak and cold that I tested for COVID (negative) and told my mother that I wouldn't come for my evening visit. I took Melissa and Spitzwegerich (Ribwort Plantain) extract and just read a bit in "*With Folded Wings*" … and I was surprised by a "**fern**" coming up, when I had been observing and photographing the *new little fern in my bathroom* for days now!

It unfolded today!

… and I had looked at the images of dogs on a website for animal care and adoption. I had read in the "how care givers don't freak out" blog texts how important it is to at times do stuff for oneself without judging. I ate a pomme granate, and it was glorious. Read up on that fruit and about what camels eat. Jacqui was happy that I stayed home.

Then … to bed around midnight.

There is a phase now during the night when I seem not to be able to find a suitable sleeping position, fight with the bedding, get hot, and my hands take turns in "falling asleep" so that I can't sleep at all. At some point I find myself waking up, so I must have fallen asleep after all. I kept thinking how long Bob had insomnia … horrible.

Bob showed up in my dream – as himself, just naturally amidst all the outrage (which, sadly, I can't recall clearly right now): There was a tall dark haired man that I know from my very early life in my early twenties and who was a colleague at a bank where I used to work. No. That's what I thought in my dream. He was a colleague at a publishing house in real life! And so was he in my dream. It was a bit like a disaster movie, with ***a long ice cold river*** that flew first through a long corridor and then outside through the country side. This river appeared twice, and I had to get in to save my life twice.

There was an emergency situation that concerned myself, and I was in a big building, like a publishing house or a broadcast station, and there was a team, and the boss of it, a blond curly haired man in his early forties, was an asshole and dangerous, but he had given me a job there. Then he and a team ventured out. Dark-haired old "colleague" – I believe his name in real life was Oliver – was in charge, and he disliked me.

Okay, there was also an outdoor setting like an emergency camp with many many people camping, and I couldn't find my stuff! My blue real life backpack was now where, neither was my other blue luggage, and I was desperate. There was the ocean, and I mainly say it through a window. In the south-east there was a beautiful beach to be seen behind a long hillside that stretched from right below that building where I was in all the way to the east, and people were swimming, and I so longed to go there. But I had something to do with that Oliver-guy. Mainly I was trying to locate my luggage, because I owned literally nothing, and I needed to find my stuff, but it seemed impossible. It was like a refugee or a hippie camp, and people were recklessly piling up stuff and shoving stuff around, and I knew that my things had been stolen.

I was desperate.

Yet I had to comply and fulfil my task, and I did that. I had to do something technical, and that's what I wanted to do … and that's where **Bob** came in. At some point, I had to tell Oliver-guy to wait as I had to finalize something, and as I turned to my left, ***there was Bob standing, smiling and showed and told me how to do it, "You just do this … and that".*** And in my dream I was so happy to see him as I thought that Bob was dead and yet he was there. I did realize – already while dreaming – that his appearance was kind of black-and-white-pixellated, as if he was a rough "hologram" or a picture in an old TV-program. He was even kind of see-through … ***but the black, white and gray pixels he consisted of did get him to be a living person!***

And then I turned around to O., and when I turned to Bob again, he was gone.

Now that O. guy seemed not to want me to succeed in whatever I was doing, and he tried to give me new tasked. I was obligated to respect him, but I tried to refuse. That ice cold river that was there somehow was a way out, and I know that I entered the ice cold winter water and let myself be driven along the stream, hopefully to safety … there was a boat, too, that I had to reach.

Oh – and another person just came into my awareness: a nice younger man who was my confidant and helper and with who I had to escape. He was on that boat.

I woke up, I think, pondering upon that situation, went for a pee …

And I dreamed on!

The Oliver-guy forced me to do tasks for him that distracted me from my real purpose. At some point I was a the toilet (that's in my mother's place for real), and as I closed the lid the plush seat cover dunked in the water, and I did everything to hide this from O. At the same time I kept desperately looking for my blue backpack and my other luggage, and once I thought I had found it, but it wasn't mine. I tried to escape O, but he was everywhere. I knew I had to get away from him! He gave me the task of cleaning the dusty edges of the see-through-plastic-sleeves of a picture album and showed me how to do it with a way too thick green towel. And I said that this was not my job, but he said that I'd have to do it or he'll tell the (curly-haired) boss as he was about to return, and I'd be fired. I thought to myself in my dream "go right ahead", because my job had an automatic termination that day anyway. There was a big threat connected with O-guy. He turned away for some reason, because he had to leave. I was worried he'd discover the wet toilet seat. Other people showed up, and he talked with them about me.

Meanwhile, I kept wishing to be on that beach, but the weather had turned dreary and the ocean was wild. I turned around, and there was that icy murky river in the building, rushing through the corridor, and I saw someone enter that stream, and there were sharp pieces of wood sticking out in the flow, and some pink impression was there. The nice young man was somewhere nearby and got on a boat that was about to come from upstream. If I got into the river and swam fast, it would be possible that he'd pick me up, and we'd escape on that boat … I think to Poland or some Eastern country.

So I considered going into that stream but wasn't sure if it was worth it. I thought in my dream how cold it would be and hesitated. I somehow saw myself floating in that river that had changed into a huge outdoors stream, where in real life it would be impossible to swim in, and there was no cold. But the impression of ice cold life-threatening circumstances was there.

My friend did come along with the boat, and all my longing was towards him and into the river.

But I did look back to the Oliver-guy to see what he was doing (as there was some weird attraction), but I didn't see him …

And then I woke up. Warm an cosy, so no reason for the ice cold impression in real sleeping life.

It was very very exhausting to even ponder upon that dream.

I snuggled up and begged Jacqui to not have to get out yet. And he snuggled back into his bed again, after licking my hand intensely. We only got up at 9.30 a.m.

Now it's nearly 11, my mother hasn't called, again.

Okay. I'm not gonna lose my shit again. I'll be patient and understanding. No other way there is.

Plus I must do something about my film projects. I know it.

I must find a partner or do an Indiegogo campaign. The question is only, for which project. If it's easy an without money involved, I might start several campaigns. Not sure. But something I must do.

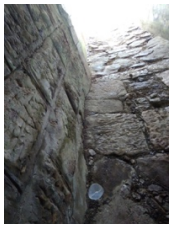
I think Bob told me today that he'd be there and help me. I had <u>asked</u> him distinctly last night (before going to bed that is) to let me know how he thinks we can work together on our projects – <u>*on our film projects*</u>, I emphasized. And then – the dream.

So?

(Later) **Bob … talking to me and given me answers!**

Just before arriving at my mom's place, she called. Found her with a bloodshot eye again – read the text with the pain medication: It can use bleeding in the skin and the mucus tissue! Fucking "doctors", prescribing something like this! We threw the shit away!

I managed to get her to go for a short walk with Jacqui and me, even though right away she had said that she wouldn't walk at all because of her pains. Well, mom, from right now, I rule. Because of course the fish that she bought yesterday and said she'd eat, was untouched. ***The ice river from my dream*** was there! I walked an unusual route, and there it was! And there was an unusual stone in the tunnel.



Back home I wanted to read a bit more in *"With Folded Wings"*, but in stead I opened "***The Seven Purposes"*** by Margaret Cameron – which I had not intended at all and hadn't even thought about that book in years. And as I skipped through it, I read the most amazing wondrous things (and I can't recall having read that before, as I read it during a time of numbing grief, maybe), I realized that these are themes that have been on my mind in the past days. And then: A disca tells his loved one how his passing was and that nothing could have been done about his demise! And that definitely has been a subject for me again … especially in the last days! I even had asked Bob again if I had fucked up. Just last night, before falling asleep, I had thought again that maybe the reason why he died was especially because the tumor disintegrated too fast – which is often the cause of death for people whose cancer is retreating: That the weakened body can't handle the toxic waste caused by the tumor. I had thought that maybe the mistle toe and Helleborus niger medicine had killed Bob … but now I received the answers, just today … ***"It had to be"***, said the disca, nothing could have been done to prevent his passing.

THE SEVEN PURPOSES

said that she had tried to hold him here., "but the thing had gone too far."

"Was there anything we could have done that was not done?"

"Nothing. It had to be." But when she inferred that the time had come for him to take up work in the next plane, he protested. "No. Nothing like that is 'intended.' There is no foreordination. It is all a matter of forces, constructive and destructive. My material energy was too little to withstand the material forces of destruction. My flesh yielded. That has no real relation to eternal force…. One serves one's purpose, here or there. I am doing better work here than I could have done there, but that has no relation or part in death. It is entirely a physical thing."

Ice flowers on my car this morning.

<u>January 16, 2022</u>
Last night …
I read more in "The Seven Purposes" … and it was grand.

Then I got so tired that I had to lie down on the sofa, right after reading, and I fell asleep around 9 p.m. and awoke at midnight, bathed in sweat and just moved over into my bed. Didn't sleep well at all. My hands keep falling asleep, and the pillow is a disaster. Must get a different one.

What a dream, again.

It was all about Bob and me mourning his loss. I was out and about along the promenade of Velden (where I live now), and *there was a beach section right in front of the palace hotel – of which I have dreamed many times before!* And in my dream I knew that, and I thought, "wow, I've been swimming here before, and I want to do this again today!" And then I thought – while dreaming! – "I only swam there in dreams, there is no access for swimming in the real place, but I remember several dream of the same spot where I lay down on the lawn and then went into the clear Wörther See water, sometimes a little more to the left, towards the Casino, and often the water was very wild, but I always enjoyed swimming, and I really want to do this today." Seriously, I thought that while dreaming.

Then, for some reason, there was ***Rudi, my ex (***whose mom just fell and broke her thigh bone, and with who I should have gone on a walk, but it never came about so far …) – and we were very close. We walked along that promenade, and suddenly it was full of people, as if there was some gathering or event, and all looked out at the lake. And I thought that Rudi had a partner and should not be with me, but it was so comforting that he treated me so tenderly: He embraced me by my shoulders, and held my hand, and at times I lifted his fingers and kissed them! And then I broke out crying, and he was all understanding, as I told him about Bob and how I missed him. And I saw Bob everywhere there at the water, even on the water, and around, but he wasn't really there in my dream, I knew that I was only imagining him. I said to Rudi that he must not be insulted but I still loved Bob, and that would never change, and my longing for him was so strong that I feel so desperate and don't know what to do with myself. Rudi was all understanding …

At some point we ended up at a stage, there was a local event, and he took me up on the stage and showed public affection to me, but I was kind of embarrassed, because I knew there were many people from his home village of St. Egyden who were there and maybe also his partner. Still, there was the finger-kissing several times. All the time, though, I looked over to the area of the promenade where I wanted to go into the water … But suddenly there was no way anymore to reach that spot.

Oh, now I remember: From the stage we looked out at the Wörther See lake, and a huge "tidal wave" just broke there and flushed between cars and trees and even reached our feet. I said to Rudi that I had seen waves like this before, this was dangerous, and we must get out of there.

Then Rudi took me to the right (South) along the promenade (the way towards Maria Wörth, where the real life Hotel Berger is), as if he was trying to get us to escape. But for some reason I stayed behind and he disappeared. I knew he'd be back and that we'd be together, but somehow, that felt so impossible. I found myself suddenly in a very murky section of water, where we had just walked, but I had to swim through this again, and Rudi wasn't there, just many people coming towards me through that water, as the road was apparently flooded. I was so disgusted because of the murky consistency and thought that I really wanted to swim in the nice clear water and not get into this pool of dirt. I was so disgusted.

I don't remember what happened next, only that there was some "talk" with Rudi about his mother Mathilde, and I said out loud a date, which was "15.1." and then I don't know the year, maybe this year, 22.

The other two numbers were distinctly those, though. And it had to do with Rudi's mom.

Then I woke up … and I felt exhausted and so deeply sad, that I really was almost numb, didn't know what to think.

Now it's another foggy day. Sunday again.

Last night with my mother she was happy I was there, we played another round of "Memory", laying out cards upside down and having to find the pairs, and she is getting better at it. She even said from her own side that we'd eat the fish she had bought yesterday, which we did.

Then I had to leave, because I can't stand watching the news all the time like she does or the music show that was coming up. I can't bear music, still not.

My father called last night when I was with mom, so I couldn't pick up. He didn't leave a message.

I'll have to take better care of myself. I know this.

January 17, 2022

Wow-dream!

I was on the way by bike to a place called Brückl, that's the real-life area were my mother grew up and where my grandfather and uncle worked. Somehow, I didn't get there, though, and it was getting dark. I rode North through cities and along rivers, long roads, and I ended up in the home of a man, I think he also had a son, who had something to do with green living.

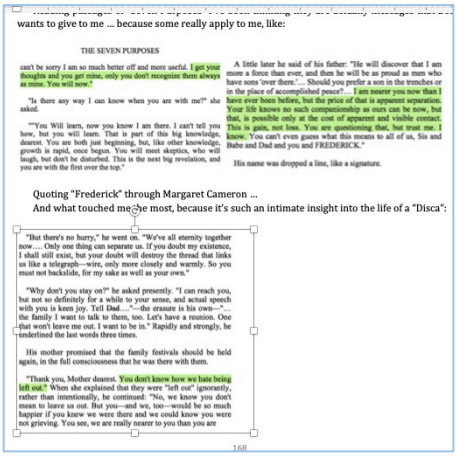
We had a romantic relationship, and the talk was all the time that I had to go to „Weißbriach" and along „Weißbriacher Road". W. is a real life place in Carinthia where a rehab facility is. I think I spent the night in that home but then had to move on, and it was so lonely and dark and I didn't want to go. The man told me how to make a turn on a very wide highway structure, some elevated street, where I could drive back home.

I found myself back home then, but don't know where it was. It was a busy place, and some younger people, maybe men, were around me, and one of them said in a sneering odd way that he knew where I was and that „you fucked yourself green". Literally. I was very upset, because the man, where I had been and with who I intended to have a further relationship, was closeby. „How can you say that" I asked and was worried that the man was thinking that I had shared what had been between us with others, but I couldn't remember, I thought I didn't and was wondering why the young guy had said that.

Then I woke up.

I'm writing this dream down a day later, as it's still fresh in my mind. The relationship with the man was important and tender, but also in a way impossible. In retrospect, he had a small nice house and I think two sons.

*(**Note**: Now, on April 2, that I'm putting images into this c. d. chapter, I'm finding screenshots of previous entries for this date, but I can't remember what they were for … but here they are.)*


wants to give to me … because some really apply to me, like:

THE SEVEN PURPOSES

can't be sorry I am so much better off and more useful. I get your thoughts and you get mine, only you don't recognize them always as mine. You will now."

"Is there any way I can know when you are with me?" she asked.

"You Will learn, now you know I am there. I can't tell you how, but you will learn. That is part of this big knowledge, dearest. You are both just beginning, but, like other knowledge, growth is rapid, once begun. You will meet skeptics, who will laugh, but don't be disturbed. This is the next big revelation, and you are with the first over the top."

A little later he said of his father: "He will discover that I am more a force than ever, and then he will be as proud as men who have sons 'over there.'… Should you prefer a son in the trenches or in the place of accomplished peace?… I am nearer you now than I have ever been before, but the price of that is apparent separation. Your life knows no such companionship as ours can be now, but that, is possible only at the cost of apparent and visible contact. This is gain, not loss. You are questioning that, but trust me. I know. You can't even guess what this means to all of us, Sis and Babe and Dad and you and FREDERICK."

His name was dropped a line, like a signature.

Quoting "Frederick" through Margaret Cameron …

And what touched me the most, because it's such an intimate insight into the life of a "Disca":

"But there's no hurry," he went on. "We've all eternity together now… Only one thing can separate us. If you doubt my existence, I shall still exist, but your doubt will destroy the thread that links us like a telegraph—wire, only more closely and warmly. So you must not backslide, for my sake as well as your own."

"Why don't you stay on?" he asked presently. "I can reach you, but not so definitely for a while to your sense, and actual speech with you is keen joy. Tell Dad…"—the erasure is his own—"… the family I want to talk to them, too. Let's have a reunion. One that won't leave me out. I want to be in." Rapidly and strongly, he underlined the last words three times.

His mother promised that the family festivals should be held again, in the full consciousness that he was there with them.

"Thank you, Mother dearest. You don't know how we hate being left out." When she explained that they were "left out" ignorantly, rather than intentionally, he continued: "No, we know you don't mean to leave us out. But you—and we, too—would be so much happier if you know we were there and we could know you were not grieving. You see, we are really nearer to you than you are

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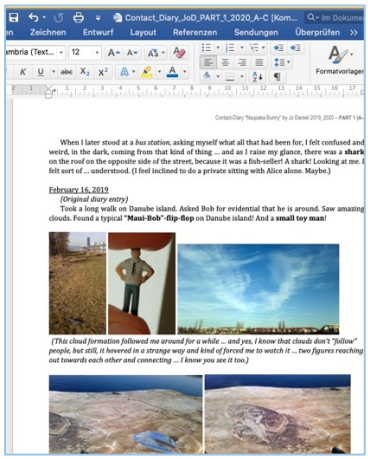
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Zeichnen Entwurf Layout Referenzen Sendungen Überprüfen

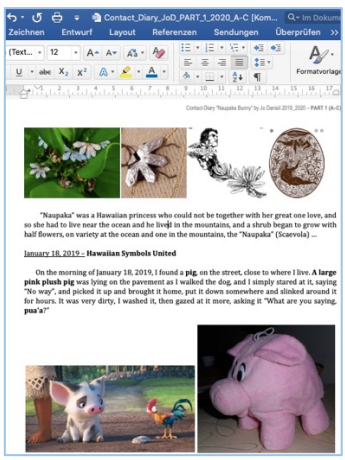
When I later stood at a *bus station*, asking myself what all that had been for, I felt confused and weird, in the dark, coming from that kind of thing … and as I raise my glance, there was a **shark** on the roof on the opposite side of the street, because it was a fish-seller! A shark! Looking at me. I felt sort of … understood. (I feel inclined to do a private sitting with Alice alone. Maybe.)

February 16, 2019

(Original diary entry)

Took a long walk on Danube island. Asked Bob for evidential that he is around. Saw amazing clouds. Found a typical **"Maui-Bob"-flip-flop** on Danube island! And a **small toy man**!

(This cloud formation followed me around for a while … and yes, I know that clouds don't "follow" people, but still, it hovered in a strange way and kind of forced me to watch it … two figures reaching out towards each other and connecting … I know you see it too.)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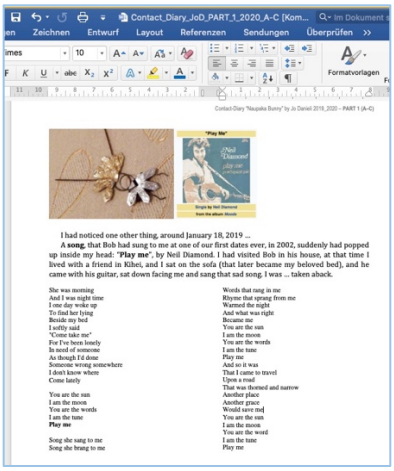
Zeichnen Entwurf Layout Referenzen Sendungen Überprüfen

"Naupaka" was a Hawaiian princess who could not be together with her great one love, and so she had to live near the ocean and he lived in the mountains, and a shrub began to grow with half flowers, on variety at the ocean and one in the mountains, the "Naupaka" (Scaevola) …

January 18, 2019 – **Hawaiian Symbols United**

On the morning of January 18, 2019, I found a **pig**, on the street, close to where I live. **A large pink plush pig** was lying on the pavement as I walked the dog, and I simply stared at it, saying "No way", and picked it up and brought it home, put it down somewhere and slinked around it for hours. It was very dirty, I washed it, then gazed at it more, asking it "What are you saying, **pua'a**?"



I had noticed one other thing, around January 18, 2019 ...

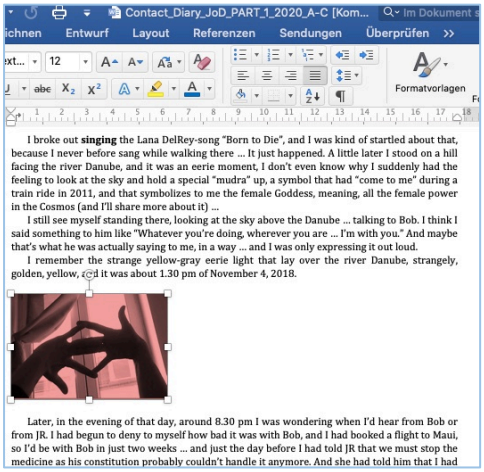
A song, that Bob had sung to me at one of our first dates ever, in 2002, suddenly had popped up inside my head: "**Play me**", by Neil Diamond. I had visited Bob in his house, at that time I lived with a friend in Kihei, and I sat on the sofa (that later became my beloved bed), and he came with his guitar, sat down facing me and sang that sad song. I was ... taken aback.

She was morning
And I was night time
I one day woke up
To find her lying
Beside my bed
I softly said
"Come take me"
For I've been lonely
In need of someone
As though I'd done
Someone wrong somewhere
I don't know where
Come lately

You are the sun
I am the moon
You are the words
I am the tune
Play me

Song she sang to me
Song she brang to me

Words that rang in me
Rhyme that sprang from me
Warmed the night
And what was right
Became me
You are the sun
I am the moon
You are the words
I am the tune
Play me
And so it was
That I came to travel
Upon a road
That was thorned and narrow
Another place
Another grace
Would save me
You are the sun
I am the moon
You are the word
I am the tune
Play me



I broke out **singing** the Lana DelRey-song "Born to Die", and I was kind of startled about that, because I never before sang while walking there ... It just happened. A little later I stood on a hill facing the river Danube, and it was an eerie moment, I don't even know why I suddenly had the feeling to look at the sky and hold a special "mudra" up, a symbol that had "come to me" during a train ride in 2011, and that symbolizes to me the female Goddess, meaning, all the female power in the Cosmos (and I'll share more about it) ...

I still see myself standing there, looking at the sky above the Danube ... talking to Bob. I think I said something to him like "Whatever you're doing, wherever you are ... I'm with you." And maybe that's what he was actually saying to me, in a way ... and I was only expressing it out loud.

I remember the strange yellow-gray eerie light that lay over the river Danube, strangely, golden, yellow, and it was about 1.30 pm of November 4, 2018.

Later, in the evening of that day, around 8.30 pm I was wondering when I'd hear from Bob or from JR. I had begun to deny to myself how bad it was with Bob, and I had booked a flight to Maui, so I'd be with Bob in just two weeks ... and just the day before I had told JR that we must stop the medicine as his constitution probably couldn't handle it anymore. And she had told him that I had

January 18, 2022

Dream again!

And again I was with my bicycle on the road, and this time I ended up somehow in the place where my mother had grown up, in Kolonistenheim or in the area. I was in the middle of a big film production, and I was the director and producer and even operated a camera. I was on some kind of elevated spot over all the actors, it was in a room of Kolonistenheim I think, and we were somehow in a hurry to get done.

Then something happened – don't know what – and the filming was interrupted. There was the birdlady Michaela, who had a big part in the movie, and she simply left – along with an older big man who was also very important. He had been hovering somehow next to the wall to the left among other people, and he also simply got up. There was something of the man of the previous dream about him, but he looked entirely different.

I was devastated and angry, as I couldn't move on without them, and it was such disrespect.

And then it happened! I was on the road from the previous dream again, towards „Weißbriach", and somehow there was a gate like the gate of my father's real life home. And I had a new production, and there were three young men who totally helped me, one with a photo camera. I looked around, and they were all „filming" with their tiny cameras, and now it was not my production anymore, but I had to do with it, and I thought that it was great what they did with their few means. I remember now: it was a commercial, with people holding long signs or boxes with something written on them, and they were dancing like in a choreography and singing, just for a minute or so, as it was a commercial.

In the dream, I didn't even think of Bob or our filmmaking times together, this was all me.

And somehow the three young men were about to help me, and I asked them if they were professionals, but they said now, they were „the Swiss", „die Schweizer" in German, and I knew they were just holiday guests.

Somehow the talk came to the previous production disaster ... and the older fat man and the birdlady Michaela were here again or at least I knew where they were, and I had to go after them. I said to the young man that I would talk to them about their behavior, because it was all about lacking respect for me.

And that's the thought I woke up with and that the young men agreed too ... and I think I even got to say that to the guy and the birdlady, that this lack of respect for me I wouldn't tolerate.

It's a bit blurry there ... and I woke up.

But the two dreams were definitely connected.

Took a walk at Lind where my mother lives, with Jacqui ... and I was so touched by finding several dead *bees* in the snow. Poor guys, it was so warm that they thought it was spring. I put them to rest in nice warm places on dry leaves.

January 19, 2022 – **Synchronicities Galore**

Wild **dream** again:

I was in the area where my mother grew up and intended to visit Kolonistenheim. It was, though, a different than the real life place, and a woman lived there, who resembled a woman I had known many years ago, Marlies R., and who I had pretty much supported mentally and emotionally in a very hard time of her life. I haven't seen her since my twenties. So that woman lived there, and there was something about me being involved in a big movie production, and for that I had to do some filming there.

The story is garbled, but it was something about me being there and needing to do work, but I needed to have breakfast with pastry first. There was no pastry, though, and Marlies at first didn't get what I meant when I tried to say – and I couldn't speak properly for some reason – that I needed the coffee together with the pastry and couldn't eat either on it's own. At some point she had to leave and told me to do what I needed. However, I think she was about to get some food. Yet, I also left to get food, and I moved first up the hill, but then turned around. When I tried to find the place – Kolonistenheim – again, I couldn't. In my dream I thought how strange it was that I knew exactly the road and the area, but I found myself at a different address, number "54" instead of "14" where I needed to go. There were numbers in the dreams of the two last nights, too, now I remember, one was "7" … So I walked back up, around the corner. Walked into a house that I thought had to be Kolonistenheim, but it was all knew, like a still uninhabited revitalized house. I thought in my dream (!) that this was no wonder as I had previously dreamed of Kolonistenheim having been remodeled and the area around dug up and reshaped (and I do recall those dreams exactly), but then I thought it's not possible because I had just left. I must have only missed the way. So I kept walking back and forth, and on one new house I saw a small part of a pink, run-down wall of the original Kolonistenheim, so that must have been the house – but it was not.

I had such a hard time walking, the road back up the hill seemed endless, and it changed all the time, so I couldn't find the place where I had started from.

I woke up in between …

But then I dreamed on. And that dream had an erotic component, but I can't remember right now.

There is big noise in the apartment above mine every day at around 6 a.m. now, so I wake up early. And I have managed now twice to get up before 8 a.m. That's good.

My mother is in so much pain, I'm so worried about her being alone at home. This morning I went to the pharmacy first thing and got more pain-meds to try out, an ointment and a regular Iboprofen-based thing, but only for utter emergency, because of the immense side-effects. It's horrible to read what one can get from "medicine".

(Later)

During the preparation of some veggie dish, I suddenly felt prompted to talk to Waltraud Sch., a young woman who used to be my classmate and committed suicide at barely 20 years old, as far as I heard. I really had liked her. I found myself asking her if she needed help from me … which was strange. I also spontaneously thought of three other people who had committed suicide, Xandi, Andreas and Heinzi. They felt "close" suddenly. Strange. I wanted to ask Waltraud Sch. to put something into my hand to prove that she was there and wanted contact with me, but I didn't even get to finalize the thought when I had the strong impression of a toy animal, something white and fluffy, maybe a duck.

Got to write down what came to my mind driving yesterday, as the start of this contact diary:

"Imagine for a minute that life doesn't end with the death of the body. Just allow yourself to consider, that the body is indeed a material tool, shell and machine all in one, that is used by an energetic being during the mortal phase in the material realm for the purpose of becoming a distinct individual. And now consider that the ongoing life of the people who have shed their body in some way depend on what we, the mortals, think about them. Can you imagine how catastrophic the influence of the habit of the idea that they "lie in their grave" or worse yet "are dust in an urn" may be for them if they are still alive, but energetically connected to our thoughts? My father said to me the other day that he goes to visit his late wife at the cemetery every second day. Well. I'm sure Edith is not happy to be reduced to a bunch of bone fragments and Calcium dust in an urn a few feet underground."

Something like this.

Took Jacqui for a walk to the **bench** at the fields crossing about 15 minutes from where I live … and it was just like Bob was sitting next to me on the bench. Of course I talked to him …

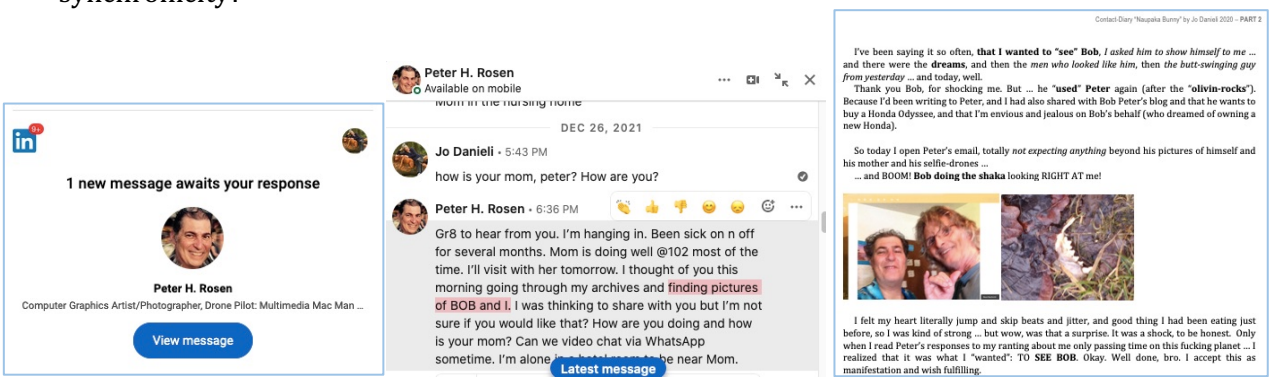
(Later)

Editing the first part of this C. D. for picture size and spell-checking, I also came across the name "Viktor Beer", and a spontaneous "oh my God" came out – how is it possible that I thought of him so little in the last three years? He died a while ago, killed himself. I did mention him in this c. d. previously … but is he around now? Does he want to "chat"? Asking him right now to put something into my hand … a doll. Some kind of stringy-haired Barbie-type doll. Well. That can be a straight-out memory, because dolls are part of Viktor's story … but I'll see.

Just shared some pralines and peanut chocolate with Edith and Waltraud Sch.

(Later) **Time synchronicity again!**

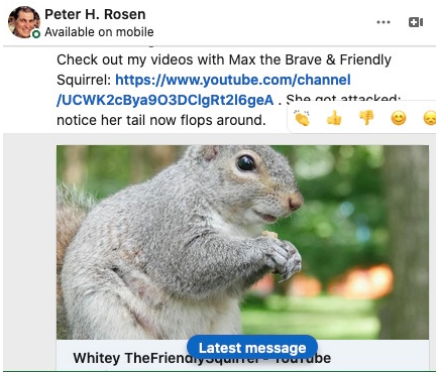
I got a notification from LinkedIn that ***Peter R.*** had messaged me … so I went there. I discovered his communication from December where he told me that he had found *images of him and Bob and wanted to share them but wasn't sure if I'd like that.* And now I opened part 2 of this c. d. to edit for picture size and spelling, and the ***first entry is of Peter who had surprised me on August 11, 2019 with sending pictures of Bob to me*** – pretty much shocking me! Wow! How is this for synchronicity?

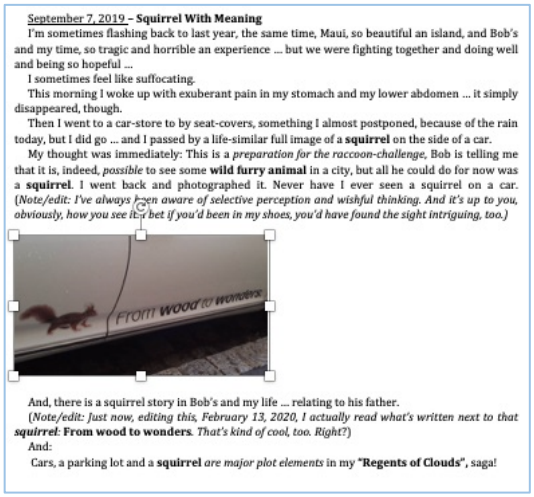


(Later)

Funny! Right after the above synchronicity, as I kept editing part 2 of the contact diary, I came across the "**squirrel**" event … and that after Peter had shared to me his squirrel stories! His main "friends" have been squirrels in the past two years! One named "Whitey", who then had pups, and

now it's "Max" who even sits on his arm for feeding! Actually, as I read it, I thought of that squirrel image I knew I had somewhere in this c. d. And there it was! Right here.





September 7, 2019 – **Squirrel With Meaning**

I'm sometimes flashing back to last year, the same time, Maui, so beautiful an island, and Bob's and my time, so tragic and horrible an experience ... but we were fighting together and doing well and being so hopeful ...

I sometimes feel like suffocating.

This morning I woke up with exuberant pain in my stomach and my lower abdomen ... it simply disappeared, though.

Then I went to a car-store to by seat-covers, something I almost postponed, because of the rain today, but I did go ... and I passed by a life-similar full image of a **squirrel** on the side of a car.

My thought was immediately: This is a *preparation for the raccoon-challenge*, Bob is telling me that it is, indeed, *possible* to see some **wild furry animal** in a city, but all he could do for now was a **squirrel**. I went back and photographed it. Never have I ever seen a squirrel on a car. *(Note/edit: I've always been aware of selective perception and wishful thinking. And it's up to you, obviously, how you see it. I bet if you'd been in my shoes, you'd have found the sight intriguing, too.)*

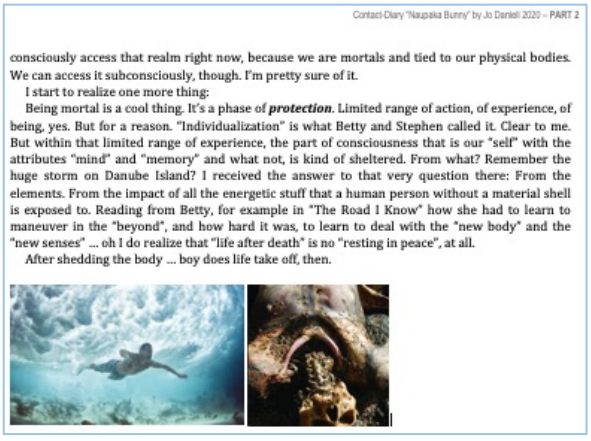
And, there is a squirrel story in Bob's and my life ... relating to his father.

*(Note/edit: Just now, editing this, February 13, 2020, I actually read what's written next to that **squirrel**: **From wood to wonders**. That's kind of cool, too. Right?)*

And:

Cars, a parking lot and a **squirrel** *are major plot elements* in my **"Regents of Clouds"**, saga!

Also, what I came across next totally fits what I wrote today as the very first intro of this "Contact Diary" – **mortality** and the fact that we are not **bodies**, we have and use them! ***Time and content synchronicity at its best!***



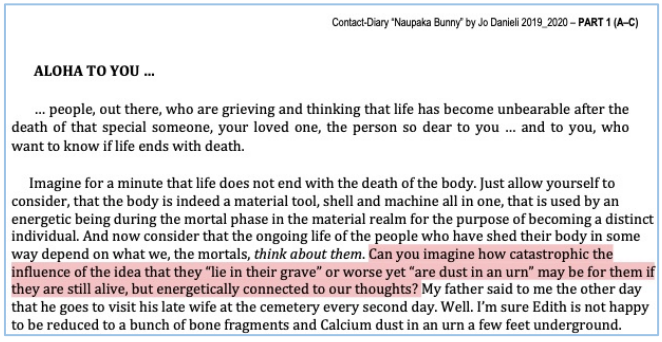
Contact-Diary "Naupaka Bunny" by Jo Danieli 2020 – PART 2

consciously access that realm right now, because we are mortals and tied to our physical bodies. We can access it subconsciously, though. I'm pretty sure of it.

I start to realize one more thing:

Being mortal is a cool thing. It's a phase of ***protection***. Limited range of action, of experience, of being, yes. But for a reason. "Individualization" is what Betty and Stephen called it. Clear to me. But within that limited range of experience, the part of consciousness that is our "self" with the attributes "mind" and "memory" and what not, is kind of sheltered. From what? Remember the huge storm on Danube Island? I received the answer to that very question there: From the elements. From the impact of all the energetic stuff that a human person without a material shell is exposed to. Reading from Betty, for example in "The Road I Know" how she had to learn to maneuver in the "beyond", and how hard it was, to learn to deal with the "new body" and the "new senses" ... oh I do realize that "life after death" is no "resting in peace", at all.

After shedding the body ... boy does life take off, then.



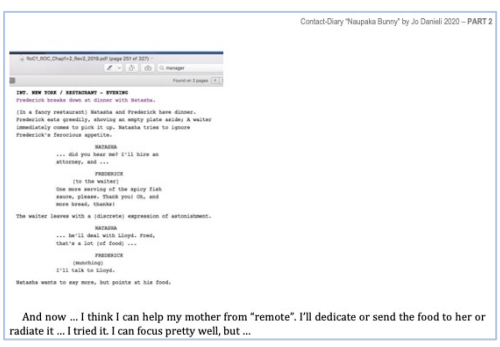
Contact-Diary "Naupaka Bunny" by Jo Danieli 2019_2020 – **PART 1 (A–C)**

ALOHA TO YOU ...

... people, out there, who are grieving and thinking that life has become unbearable after the death of that special someone, your loved one, the person so dear to you ... and to you, who want to know if life ends with death.

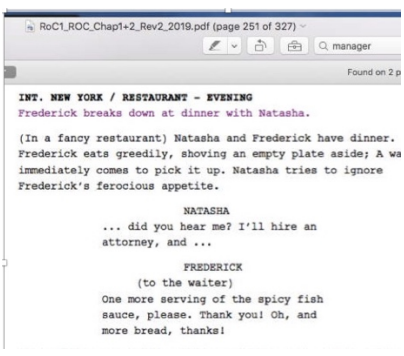
Imagine for a minute that life does not end with the death of the body. Just allow yourself to consider, that the body is indeed a material tool, shell and machine all in one, that is used by an energetic being during the mortal phase in the material realm for the purpose of becoming a distinct individual. And now consider that the ongoing life of the people who have shed their body in some way depend on what we, the mortals, *think about them*. Can you imagine how catastrophic the influence of the idea that they "lie in their grave" or worse yet "are dust in an urn" may be for them if they are still alive, but energetically connected to our thoughts? My father said to me the other day that he goes to visit his late wife at the cemetery every second day. Well. I'm sure Edith is not happy to be reduced to a bunch of bone fragments and Calcium dust in an urn a few feet underground.

Plus ... in *"The Seven Purposes"* I've been reading what the disca "**Frederick**" has told (wow! Loud crackling at the balcony door next to me, three times in a row in the last minute!) his mortals ... and just now, a whole "Frederick" entry showed up, too! I had all but forgotten that I had named a major character in ***"Regents of Clouds" Frederick*** ...



Contact-Diary "Naupaka Bunny" by Jo Danieli 2020 – PART 2

And now ... I think I can help my mother from "remote". I'll dedicate or send the food to her or radiate it ... I tried it. I can focus pretty well, but ...



THE SEVEN PURPOSES

wrote a little. Then came something very hard to get. Over and over we tried. "Com… come… comf… comp…." I suggested various words. Always the answer was "No." Finally, very clearly and slowly, "Comfort dear Mother." After the M of the last word I expected Manse, as I thought Mary was still writing. When it proved to be "Mother," I said, "Is this Frederick?" "Yes." I promised again to do all I could. He wrote, "Thank you," and went.

So what that means … all this fitting together today, is, to me, that all happens in the right course of things. If I hadn't taken the time today to work on some editing today – only possible because I did not get any (!) jobs today! – it would not have fallen into place like this. But it did and does. So … all good?

(Later)

Something else interesting came up during editing: The **number "15"** in relation to the "magical ring" I found on Danube Island, and the I Ging topic related to it ***"Mothering Change".*** Now that I'm taking care of my mother. What are the odds? I wrote this in 2019, and right now it's relevant that I'm re-reading this section – which I did not intend to do! I only realized that the pictures were way too big in the first chapters of the contact diary, so I started editing the pictures for size and spell-checking again while I'm at it. And there is all this that's relevant literally today. That I wrote in September 2019. Wow.

Contact-Diary "Naupaka Bunny" by Jo Danieli 2019_2020 – PART 2

I googled meanings …

"Sign QIAN/Sky conveys the meaning of active creative efforts, meetings and control at all available levels of being, it is an allegorical way flight to cart pulled by six dragons."

Well, and "6" is one of the three numbers the astrologer mentions, my "lucky" numbers. Including "4", the day of Bob's death.

The three-pointed star of that ring is all "**dragon**" … it's also called "Dragon's Eye". And I am a dragon in Chinese astrology. So I found the eye of the dragon in 2012, surrounded by 15 gem stones. Uncanny. The **star-symbol** is a sign of protection and superiority.

I Ching: Mothering Change

A Project of In the Family Way

Home From the Authors Introduction Consult the Oracle The Trigrams

15 Humbling QIAN

Humbling. The Grey Rat. Make an offering and you will succeed.
The Realizing Person brings things to completion.

Balance and adjust things by cutting through pride and complication. Reduce what is overdeveloped. Don't try to advance yourself. Beware of conceit and arrogance. Be consistent and resilient. Don't follow policy, do the right thing.

The Image
The old character shows an open mouth, words that bring speaker and listener together and a hand offering bundles of grain or arrows.

Circle of Meanings
Balance and adjust yourself by cutting through pride and complication; stay close to fundamentals, think and act in a modest way;

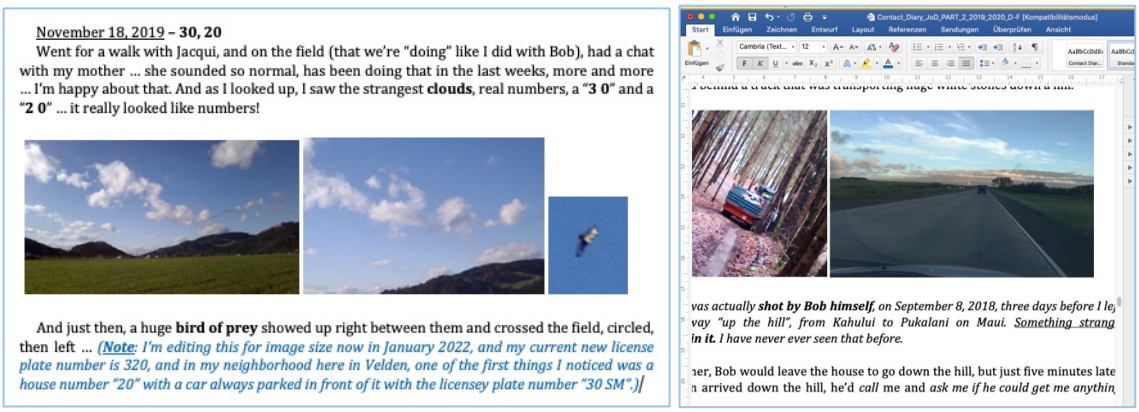
inthefamilyway.c

the past.

Spirit Helpers
Mountain in the Earth. Younge Midwife, find the treasure hidde thoughts connected to fundamer energies within, you acquire the then act directly. Your actions wi humble and stay close to fundam can use an opponent's strength a completion. Be clear about this. power of earth. This releases you

January 20, 2022

(***Note***: Again … I've found several screenshots of older entries that relate to ***time synchronicities*** of this date, and as I'm putting in the images, today, April 2, 2022, I can't remember the events … so I just put the screenshots of the old entries here anyway … Something about my own license plate number, that is ***"320 FL"*** and me discovering the cloud "writing" as I was working on size editing the imagery of older edits and discovering the 30 and the 20 in the sky … that's one meaning, for sure.)



November 18, 2019 – **30, 20**

Went for a walk with Jacqui, and on the field (that we're "doing" like I did with Bob), had a chat with my mother … she sounded so normal, has been doing that in the last weeks, more and more … I'm happy about that. And as I looked up, I saw the strangest **clouds**, real numbers, a "**3 0**" and a "**2 0**" … it really looked like numbers!

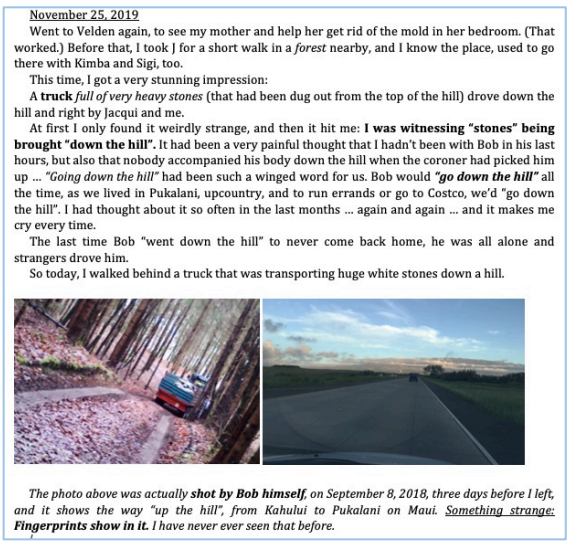
And just then, a huge **bird of prey** showed up right between them and crossed the field, circled, then left … *(**Note**: I'm editing this for image size now in January 2022, and my current new license plate number is 320, and in my neighborhood here in Velden, one of the first things I noticed was a house number "20" with a car always parked in front of it with the licensey plate number "30 SM".)*

Contact_Diary_JoD_PART_2_2019_2020_D-F [Kompatibilitätsmodus]

Start Einfügen Zeichnen Entwurf Layout Referenzen Sendungen Überprüfen Ansicht

*vas actually **shot by Bob himself**, on September 8, 2018, three days before I le vay "up the hill", from Kahului to Pukalani on Maui. Something strang in it. I have never ever seen that before.*

ner, Bob would leave the house to go down the hill, but just five minutes late n arrived down the hill, he'd *call* me and *ask me if he could get me anythin*



November 25, 2019

Went to Velden again, to see my mother and help her get rid of the mold in her bedroom. (That worked.) Before that, I took J for a short walk in a *forest* nearby, and I know the place, used to go there with Kimba and Sigi, too.

This time, I got a very stunning impression:

A **truck** *full of very heavy stones* (that had been dug out from the top of the hill) drove down the hill and right by Jacqui and me.

At first I only found it weirdly strange, and then it hit me: **I was witnessing "stones" being brought "down the hill".** It had been a very painful thought that I hadn't been with Bob in his last hours, but also that nobody accompanied his body down the hill when the coroner had picked him up … *"Going down the hill"* had been such a winged word for us. Bob would ***"go down the hill"*** all the time, as we lived in Pukalani, upcountry, and to run errands or go to Costco, we'd "go down the hill". I had thought about it so often in the last months … again and again … and it makes me cry every time.

The last time Bob "went down the hill" to never come back home, he was all alone and strangers drove him.

So today, I walked behind a truck that was transporting huge white stones down a hill.

The photo above was actually ***shot by Bob himself****, on September 8, 2018, three days before I left, and it shows the way "up the hill", from Kahului to Pukalani on Maui.* *Something strange:* ***Fingerprints show in it.*** *I have never ever seen that before.*

Contact-Diary "Naupaka Bunny" by Jo Danieli 2019_2020 – PART 2

They had single stems, but their umbrella-heads were grown together! *I have never ever ever seen anything like that*, and I've gone to pick mushrooms many times and must have found thousands of mushrooms! Immediately it flashed into my mind "***connected by the head means connected by thoughts***" … And that relates to me and Bob. Does he know what I'm thinking? Does it work when I "project" my thoughts towards him, or rather, when sharing food with him, my "impressions" and my "emotions" and the "energy of the food" and the "energy of the experience of eating and drinking"?

So I immediately thought that this was an answer, and the answer was "***yes***".

On the way back … I was so … numbed, in a way. Of course I took the mushrooms with me (and I did steam and eat them later … they were soft like butter and so tasty!)

I saw a **tree** that reminded me so much of Bob's face and his thin frame in the end … and I got

January 21, 2022

Lost it towards my mother again, today. She didn't call like she had promised, and I was so worried, that I felt clearly how close I am to my very limits. I drove there, she was moving clumsily and complaining about the pain, but unwilling to go outside in the sunshine, fresh air or to accept that this had been her problem for years that she didn't move enough. Now she only wants to sit around watch TV and eat sweets. And her pain gets worse because of mainly sitting. She didn't even touch the yogurts and healthy stuff I brought her. Her silence and ignorance just got to me today, even though maybe she can't help it. I have been suspecting, though, that she is pretending, too. I talked to her on the phone yesterday, and she was entirely fine and sounded clear and strong. An hour later, when I visited her, she talked like she was half-dead and would barely move. She never wanted to go outside, not for years. It may be an excuse. Just I'm dealing with this all the time, not sure how much longer I can take this.

I had a scary **dream**, tonight, too.

I was in a strange city, unknown to me, and there was a blond woman, who was very tall, much taller than normal. And there was the situation that I had to get to the first day of school or of some training, and I was already late. There was some kind of event or even movie set or research setting, and it's blurry, but I had to do with it. I met that blond woman, and in relation to her also a very famous man, a fat man, who was a celebrity. There was something about Keanu Reeves about him. But I think his name was "Adam". And he embraced and kissed me, and people were surprised that he took a liking to me. But we wouldn't be together, he had to go somewhere and left. That tall blond woman stayed, and we did something together, I want to say paper cut-outs, but not sure. I was, I think, in her place, which was some loft kind of place, but maybe even outdoors … and she wanted to help me get to that lesson on time, but it was so late already. Somehow we then separated, she had to do something important and was heading north. I didn't have to go north (along the busy city roads that seemed to be somehow Asian, like in India, suddenly, with carts and old cars and much noise and dirt and stuff like Aquaeducts that needed to be passed). The big famous man was there again, too. And somehow it was about me getting on a truck with three other people to be transported to the appointment where I had to be at 9 a.m., but it was already 10 a.m. I was so upset in my dream to have missed the first hour already, but I just needed to get there.

Somehow, in between, the famous guy and I did something, like plucking something apart, or building something, it's very strange, and sometimes he even turned into that blond overly tall woman.

That truck's driver had a dog, and he needed to get the dog, or it was in danger, not sure. The truck with a very strange open tailgate area was parked, and two people went inside the cabin to sit there. The truck driver, maybe some man from India? … then came and asked me to sit down on the open transport space that was covered with something velvety white and nothing to hold on to. I said that this is dangerous, and if he drives fast there is no way to hold on to … a man who I didn't

know but I think he wore a black suit, sat down on that loading space already, and the truck driver said to me that when the time came, I'd be finding a way to keep myself safe on that truck loading deck … and I thought that this was crazy.

Somehow the dream flashed to me being with the tall blond woman, who had a bike. I thought that I also better take a bike to get to my class … and somehow we wanted to do that together.

Then I was back next to that truck … and something was with the dog, and the truck driver wasn't even there. I was so stressed about having missed the first hour already.

Then the truckdriver came back and said that the blond woman had just died! She had apparently been on her bike and surpassed a car and had been struck by an oncoming car! And she was dead!

I was so shocked as my dream persona. I was back with the famous guy who again had to leave, and I was left with a big task and my grief for the blond woman with who I wanted to be friends!

There are other aspects of this story … having to do with that task I had together with famous guy. But the fact that I had just been with the blond woman and that she had died right after that … it was so unthinkable. I was very irritated when I woke up.

It has been bright sunshine for days now … and kind of warm. And I really don't like this. Went to see the ***bridge*** that leads into that pond just into the water …

Yesterday Rudi sent a text asking me if I was up for a walk and a chat. I wish. Couldn't do it, had to work and visit my mother.

Not sure what to think about this anyway … do I want to chat with him at all? Probably will have to see him eventually.

<u>January 22, 2022</u> **– The "Piece of Cake"**

Wow. *Bob was with me at the shore of the river Drau* in warm weather, as I stood there, my eyes closed, listening to the splashing of the waves against the rocks and being totally on Maui. Several times I dove so deeply into the "being on Maui" that I "knew" that Bob was closeby and we'd in a little while be back up the hill in our housie. I felt Baldwin Beach and then our housie atmosphere, it became so close and clear, that I had to open my eyes – as I stood on the edge of a drop, so to not "step into the ocean" for a quick swim before we'd be back home in Pukalani. Twice my tears welled up, that's how intense it was.

I had been shopping for my mother, who is trying other pain meds, still so much in pain, barely able to walk …

It was so warm and nice, I took Jacqui to Gottestal for our "summer walk" along the reservoir and back along the river, where we too a detour into the jungly area of the shore forest there, where I ended up at said shore and totally "was on Maui" several times.

Of course I asked Bob if he was there, too. And the first thing I saw was a garbage bag hanging on a tree with a bottle in it saying "Take me with you". Alright. I put my hand out and asked Bob to put something inside, and right away, something like a ***"brown round cake on a white plate"*** appeared on my hand.

(a mix of those two images of sorts)

"Okay", I said, ***"chocolate cake or something?"*** I didn't "see" the size of it, could be any size, with anything I receive. My subconscious just translates something that is real in Bob's realm and gets it to my conscious, discerning mind, who then "reads" it, and my brain gets me to see it and say it out loud. It was a round "brown or dark cake" but without any frosting, just the dark surface, and a little … well, rugged in a way.
So I walked on along the shore and then turned to the cemetery parking where my car was. There Jacqui and I passed by a ***Christian "shrine"*** kind of "Bildstock" (picture altar), and I photographed the very weird imagery. I've been there before, but it just called out to me. So I walked around. And on the North-East side of it, where the actual altar is – there it was: **a white plate with a round dark "cake" on it**. I was baffled shitless. It was actually a **round stone (!!!!) on a plate**, looking like a piece of chocolate cake or a big cookie from a distance. And a cross was on it and the writing: "Kraft", meaning "***Power***".

So. There.
Bob was with me. And it has worked again, our communication. Directly. Immediately. Amazingly direct and fast.

I did ask Bob to put something else on my hand to tell me if that was it what I was supposed to see, and first a *"small yellow crown shape"* appeared, something like a "crown" with yellow spikes, rather, and then *"something wrapped in a golden paper"* like a piece of candy.

Wow.

I drove back to my mom, and she was so clear and is such a good mood. She is definitely better. She said what she wanted in this life was to get married one more time and to travel around the world. That is entirely possible. And then a text-message arrived from Rudi who asked if I had time now.

I had.

I met Rudi and walked with him and Jacqui around the Rosegg paths for two hours. The feeling was familiar, like we had been together just yesterday and not 37 years ago. He talked and talked, about all kinds of people, but not about him or me, asked no questions, just chatted. I listened, although in between I started to feel stressed a bit. He is handsome and slender. He has a black partner with Congolese roots. There is no way in hell I want her to be jealous. I could see him again, yes, as a friend – if the situation with her is entirely clear to me and if he has no "intentions" with me. I felt closer than ever to Bob while walking with Rudi. He is nice enough. No way he'd ever understand me or my life. Or even want to or should know what my life is like. He has a preconceived opinion of me, talking about how I "used to be". He has no idea. He is the father of the two unborn children of mine, that's tough enough.

He wanted to come for a coffee into my apartment, but in the last moment I was true to myself and said no, some other time, I must make soup for my mom, which is true.

It was weirdly inspiring. Through Rudi I seem to have realized more clearly who I am and what I must do. I must make films. I must strive "imua", forward. I'm not like him or anyone he ever knew. If he should ever walk with me again or visit me, he'll have to face the real me. I was proud to call off the coffee drinking. It wasn't right. And I don't want to be the reason for some … I don't know what …

I look at my life and think "Jesus Christ, I couldn't possibly ever make any of this plausible to Rudi". Only Bob knows. I love Bob. I could give Rudi attention, but I don't know what for.

It felt good when he hugged me. Nobody ever hugs me. Hasn't in a long time. Except Werner a few weeks ago. So, well. It was a pretty exciting day. Not over. Will go have soup with my mother.

<u>January 23, 2022</u> **– The Golden Wrapping Paper & the Crown**

I had procrastinated – but it still worked!

Right now I'm sitting quietly at my laptop in my brightly lit apartment, 'cause winter sunshine, and I'm so excited that I'm really numb. Who to share it with? Rudi? No! I woke up with a "sober" feeling about our chat yesterday, his strangely self-absorbed behavior, no normal chat among people who were together more than 35 years ago, no "how have you been", "what are you doing now" … just a lot of talk about other people and no ability to structure the conversation from his side and way too much patience from mine. So, no.

I was exhausted last night, so I stayed with my mother longer than ever, we watched a bit of a game show, and I only got back home at 10 p.m., then took Jacqui out quickly and went to bed soon.

I intended to work on the *part 3 of this Contact Diary,* for editing the imagery for size, but I just couldn't make myself. Had I … I would have ended up yesterday, January 22, at the date where I ended up today, as I'm editing this afternoon, at "***January 22, 2020***". Yes, same day, two years ago.

Today, after bringing my mom's car to the shop and walking back with Jacqui along a ***forest path*** I had used in the days when I was with Rudi (!) … I remembered closely the day when – at the very spot – I had had some *heart episode*, extreme pain, back then, not being able to breathe or move, just standing there, expecting to die … I was about 20 years old then … so strange to walk by right there. I used to run or walk there many times, way before I had a dog … in the days when we had lived next door to the car mechanic's shop, who was a friend of my mother's along with his wife who were all drinking buddies … We had moved into that apartment in the year of my school graduation because my father had thrown us out of the house … and my brother was highly

aggressive, and my mother's boyfriend died in a car accident, and she began to drink, and I was so desperate and spent a lot of time out in nature and jogging, and I nearly got raped … and so much tragedy back then, so much drama … and my father didn't give a shit, I think he already knew Edith. So much time later … I was walking there again, with Jacqui, coming from my mother's place taking the hike to pick up her car from repairs …

I walked through the street tunnel – and saw the ***yellow crown shapes*** that Bob had given into my hand *yesterday*! In yellow! That was it! Not a real crown, I hadn't seen one, only ***yellow crown shaped stuff!*** And there it was! I recognized it right away!

And what was the entry on January 22? It was about the ***golden wrapping paper*** that also was a major element in my movie script trilogy "Curly Fish".

And it was what Bob had put into my hand yesterday, ***a golden wrapping paper,*** after I had asked him if the plate with the "stone cake" was meant to be what he had put into my hand before, a a plate with a dark round cake.

So there. I couldn't have possibly known that the golden wrapping paper was in the upcoming section of the contact diary, because it was so long ago. When Bob gave it into my hand, though, yesterday, I did think briefly of exactly that section in "Curly Fish".

So I sat down to do some editing after being to my mom twice and bringing her car to the drop-off at the car shop … and it was "January 22, 2020" where I ended up – and I had just been about the golden candy wrapping paper all over the place where I had been walking in Griffen back then

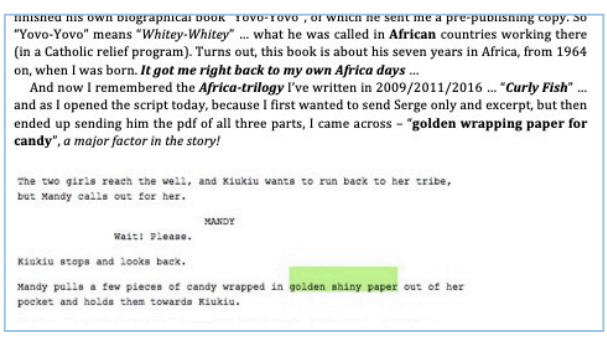
Wow. Bob knew that I was going to edit this – *I should have yesterday already*, on the same day as the entry 2 years ago, but I wanted to keep my mom company.

Still, it worked, Stoneman. I'm very proud of you as a master communicator.

January 22, 2020 – **The Candy Wrappings**
Well, something interesting, on the 22222 day (… 01 22 2020 or in German 22 01 2020)

I've been seeing **golden wrapping paper for candy** all over the place, walking with Jacqui in Griffen … I only thought of it as "dirt on the road", but I did feel a strange *tingling* about it being all over the place … Yet, I wasn't clear why.

The medium Dr. A. had told me "from Bob" that I should "*get back to the basics*". This has been going around on my mind.
I had contacted Serge King because of Stewart White's writings, and he had told me that he


finished his own biographical book "Yovo-Yovo", of which he sent me a pre-publishing copy. So "Yovo-Yovo" means "*Whitey-Whitey*" … what he was called in **African** countries working there (in a Catholic relief program). Turns out, this book is about his seven years in Africa, from 1964 on, when I was born. ***It got me right back to my own Africa days*** …

And now I remembered the ***Africa-trilogy*** I've written in 2009/2011/2016 … "***Curly Fish***" … and as I opened the script today, because I first wanted to send Serge only and excerpt, but then ended up sending him the pdf of all three parts, I came across – "**golden wrapping paper for candy**", *a major factor in the story!*

The two girls reach the well, and Kiukiu wants to run back to her tribe, but Mandy calls out for her.

MANDY
Wait! Please.

Kiukiu stops and looks back.

Mandy pulls a few pieces of candy wrapped in golden shiny paper out of her pocket and holds them towards Kiukiu.

And my **dreams** tonight!

Wow! About me being in some town with some major task combined with me looking for something … and I was around in big houses, I think I needed a place, and there was Christian K., the fucktest-up person ever, and he had a woman who looked mentally disabled, and she was very ugly, but he was nice to her and they were very close, and I was very jealous or rather irritated why he hadn't been nice to me (in real life) but could be nice to another person. He and her simply went away, and I think I didn't get a chance to live in that huge house that either was his or where he also lived.

I had to go some place and escape a torture that was supposed to be a healing treatment … that a whole group of people was supposed to undergo, mostly women, I think. One of them was Andrea, my former landlady! Inge had texted me last night that she had seen her with Marshall several times, it made me very happy to hear that! And in my dream I was there, where I had lived and snuck into the garden where A. was with several kids. And I tried to spy over to Marshall and didn't see A. at first, but then I saw her and made some story up about why I was there. She didn't care, chatted with me about something important – I think about that gruesome treatment we were supposed to undergo. I saw that there was no more fence between the two properties, and that Marshall was running free. That was so nice! And then: Marshall came and recognized me! He had a way larger mouth than a Cocker Spaniel naturally has, and I was wondering about it during my dream, but he saw me and he was beside himself, so happy! It was so sweet, how he jumped and turned around himself, not knowing how to show my happiness.

And then I kind of moved somewhere in the city, and there were men blocking my way … and to get ahead, I lifted up right next to them and flew! I used my arm as a steering rudder, and it was kind of an effort to stay up there and really fly, but they were as baffled as anyone should be seeing someone else actually fly … *and I flew away. It was a grand feeling of accomplishment. I was so proud of myself, and so happy that it had worked right when I had needed it to work.* There were Asian men, I think, among the guys who actually had ellbowed themselves in my way, recklessly, and now they had to see me fly away. Ha!

Then I was back with that gruesome treatment, it had to do with some sharp objects like big needles or nails that one was supposed to be "treated" with, and I don't know in what way, and something about the stomach or having to eat something horrible, and then one had to throw oneself into some kind of a stream like the flow down a wooden pathway at a mill and further over a concrete underground. I saw people do that, throw themselves belly down head first onto that stream, and I thought that this is crazy as one would for sure scrape one's knees badly … and there was something horrible that one had to ingest, some black goo, and it was poisonous and I think full with stuff like shards … and there was no way I was going to do that. But I was next! And people expected me to do like the others before me, but I simply turned to Andrea and said no, I certainly wouldn't. I was kind of surprised that this was accepted, as nobody had dared to refuse before. It was very strange … I looked at the people who had gone through the outrage, and I felt so sorry for them. There was some kind of backyard connected with this place … and I think I went to hide out there …

When I woke up, I think I said out loud several times to calm myself "It was only a dream".

But wow, what a fucked up one.

(Later)

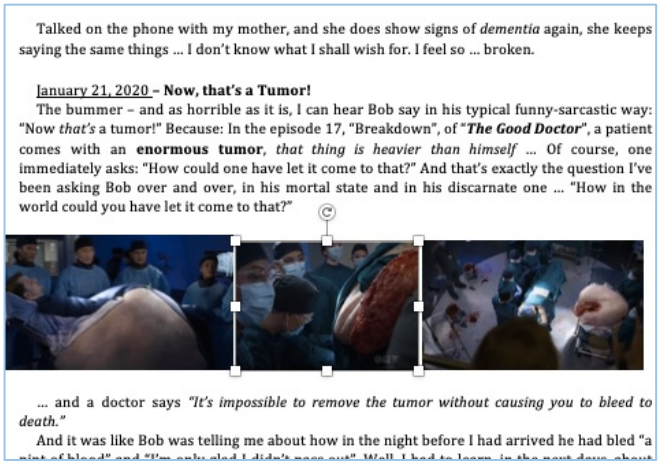
Oh, geez … another one! Earlier, on the page before the candy wrapping, was the entry about the huge tumor in a TV-series, and I remember exactly, when I saw this, I "heard" Bob say in his dry witted way: "Now that's a tumor!" And I said that.

And now, I just came back from a walk and picked up editing at a later time – and there is a ***sponge*** that looks like that tumor! I didn't notice that before.

are all the responses in **advance** ... when I say "give me five", he can say "***Did it all***

I'm already breaking out in tears already again, just now ... that happens a lot, there was a **tree with a tumor**, that looked just like a penis cancer.

And there was a **sponge** ... and it's silly to think *"Sponge Bob"*, but just e highway, I had seen a ***yellow sponge***!


Talked on the phone with my mother, and she does show signs of *dementia* again, she keeps saying the same things ... I don't know what I shall wish for. I feel so ... broken.

January 21, 2020 – **Now, that's a Tumor!**

The bummer – and as horrible as it is, I can hear Bob say in his typical funny-sarcastic way: "Now *that's* a tumor!" Because: In the episode 17, "Breakdown", of "***The Good Doctor***", a patient comes with an **enormous tumor**, *that thing is heavier than himself* ... Of course, one immediately asks: "How could one have let it come to that?" And that's exactly the question I've been asking Bob over and over, in his mortal state and in his discarnate one ... "How in the world could you have let it come to that?"

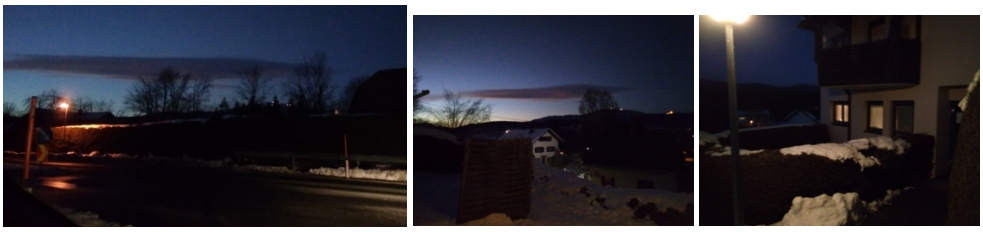
... and a doctor says *"It's impossible to remove the tumor without causing you to bleed to death."*

And it was like Bob was telling me about how in the night before I had arrived he had bled "a

(Later)
Stunning sunset cloud ... as if two creatures were reaching out to each other.

Full crying breakout ... while driving to my mother's. I put on the radio – which I haven't done in months, and there was a very dramatic love song, with a ***refrain about a "last kiss***", and somehow I turned up the volume and sang along ... thinking, *"Wow, Bob and I never sang together, but we should have",* and I felt some welling up. I wanted to turn it up louder, but instead I hit the "search" button, so the drama was off, suddenly. Me, idiot, searched for it, found it, sang along – and got totally undone. Crying really hard for Bob. I did realize that maybe Bob intervened, not wanting me to listen to that song knowing what would happen and somehow "lead my hand" so that I would switch it off? But stubborn me ... so there.

The weirdest ***cloud*** hovered there, too ...



I got to my mother, still close to tears. And she immediately notices and asked if I had a cold. She is so aware ... we watched a report about Venice, Italy, and I thought all the time how Bob would be next to me and comment on the quality of the shots and the editing, and I kind of talked to him silently ... and there was some talk about a famous rose, and my mother really knew that rose's name. Yesterday she had answered several hard questions at a game show properly. And today she even pointed out that she knows that it's hard for me, all the stuff about her ... I wouldn't have thought that she'd ever be so mentally alert. She could totally drive, if her body was alright. Of course, chances would be that she'd go get alcohol right away ... but in half a year she could be entirely fine. I really want her to.

I was close to losing my shit again, today, though, because I got so upset when she looks at me with those baby eyes, not talking, letting me do all the thinking only to then refuse my suggestions. When I get upset and insist she talks, she does so, entirely normally.

She never says the food I'm cooking is nice or good or anything. She takes it for granted that I bring something and sit and eat with her so that she'd eat. I'm not happy about this. Things must change. Then I realized that when she bought her car in 2018 (October 10, when we were fighting for Bob's life), they really took advantage of an elderly woman … and my heart opened up so much for her, and I felt fiercely loyal. Which I am, that's why I really want to enable her to try and heal that hurting hip her way, and I trust her being alone at home.

So … wow. Me, I have stomach pains and head aches … but anyway. There are many moments now with my mother that make it all really worth it.

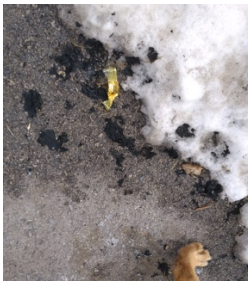
We did watch a TV-show for a bit about a guy presenting all kinds of gardens, with ***roses***, in Venice, Italy. My mother keeps saying "I was there! … and "I was there once" … when it was ME who was with her there. Never "We were there", never. Always only her. What was there about roses, recently?

January 24, 2022

Blew up on my mom again, made her cry again. I think it's because I'm so worried that her pain in her left hip is something much more severe than she lets on. I brought her crutches today, but at my evening visit she kept gasping and can barely walk. I think she sat on the sofa the whole day. Tried to refuse to eat again. Refuses to get fresh air. Just refuses everything. I tried to get her to tell me how she really is, and at some point she said she doesn't know, she can't think, and then that she knows she has a hard time thinking and is embarrassed about this. Wow. This was deep. I was so ashamed for being such an ass. But I just didn't know what to do.

We kind of patched up things, I massaged ointment on her, and then I left and drove my car backwards into something hard, and there is a dent now. Great. I got reminded to get my shit together. Of course she is afraid that it might be something severe. And so am I. But tomorrow we must go for another x-ray, there is no other choice.

I took a short walk today with Jacqui at Lind, but I hadn't really intended to … and there it was: a ***golden candy wrapping paper*** right next to the dog baggies dispenser! No other garbage, nothing. Just that one. Bob gave one such like that into my had the day before yesterday.



Was this meant to remind me that I'm not alone?

Driving away from my mother and after bumping my car I had to really cry. I am really kind of desperate. And yet … I felt so driven this afternoon to get back into filmmaking. I thought I'd tell my mother about it. But as soon as it came to eating dinner (that I had prepared) she reverted into her strangely helpless childing persona, after she had been entirely normal before that, complaining

that she can't eat, isn't hungry, it's too much and shit … and I just get so upset about this and I hate it. I asked her if she was playing an act. She said that she is dizzy all the time. I blew up also because I ask her all the time if she is dizzy or something and she always says no. I just don't know what to think. And then she gets all upset when I talk to her and get upset, and it's a vicious circle.

I always wince when she says "Thank you for everything, Daniela" when I leave. It reminds me too much of Bob saying this on the phone during out last conversation before he had that stroke, as it seems, that lead to his aphasia and the his breakdown …

I'm so afraid for my mom. I worry so much about her. I so much want to help her. I'm not sure if I didn't fuck up again, letting her her will for so long as she has been refusing to get an x-ray for a while … but strangely, so have I, I just realize. I even said today what a fucking nightmare of making reservations and testing for Corona it would be to get an x-ray appointment. But it really won't be that, a I'm going to call the ambulance to get her and take her for the x-ray and then bring her back. I can only hope and pray that it's nothing severe that they must keep her there.

Jesus, how fucked up is this all. But I was right all along … when I told my mother that her refusal to walk and move enough outdoors over years will weaken her body, and it did. Her fall was the result. She hadn't been walking well before that for months. She ruined her health by her refusal. I couldn't force her. I was always worried … this constant worry … it's like digging some hole into me.

Oh geez. And I get so little work. It's less than a week this month and I have only earned about 800 Euro so far. I'm just so very tired … a lot.

January 25, 2022

I'm grateful.

Barely slept, so worried about mom and regretting that I didn't take her to the hospital earlier … after reading up on what her pain could mean.

But – no obvious fractures, possibly just the impact trauma shook up bones and joints. We sat there side by side for hours, waiting, and I saw the little fragile lady she had become. On the way home – she went shopping with me on her new crutches. That was nice to see. I hope that she'll realize now that she will have to do something in terms of moving more, after she'll be fine again. The last word isn't spoken, though, because if her pains don't subside, she needs more technology to examine her (MRT) and might have to be admitted for a few days, said the very nice short-haired boyish doctor.

Waiting with her I kept thinking what if she needs an operation … she'd be so desperate. She said, at some point, out of the blue, that she wouldn't allow surgery. Oh well. For now – phew!

January 26, 2022

What a dream again … Kolonistenheim and me on a very adventurous trip to somewhere … I think on a boat or a ship, to some remote outback place … where then … oh shit, I can't remember … but it was a whole lot of danger and stress because of the other people. And the good old home of my grandparents was once again entirely altered … Maybe the memory will come back later. I hope so, it was a grand dream. Something about underground Kolonistenheim … some brightly lit space in the forest ground with a subterranian big lake that could actually be seen from the east side of the real life Kolonistenheim, some kind of high-end-resort feel? Was I traveling there? From somewhere else? Mysterious, strange.

I'm very disappointed because I think I don't qualify for a filmmaking subvention … well, will check.

January 27, 2022 **– Spiehs dead! The Big Stone & Amazing sunset**

Strange: Yesterday I googled Karl Spiehs as a potential collaborator on my Carinthia movie project "Dirndlkrawall" and was wondering if I'd be able to talk to him directly at his old company Mona Film or with a younger producer – and ***today he died!*** He was one of the most famous old-school Austrian filmproducers. So strange that he is now where Bob is. And just yesterday I thought of him and checked out his "Lisa Film", and today he passed over.

Wow. PLUS: I was googling big companies in Carinthia – when I saw at the side line a video by Thanatos.tv about Oliver Lazar, who had just written a book about the proofs for contacts with the beyond. Huh.

Took yet another walk with Jacqui through the forest up to the meadow with the view like from our Maui housie to Ma'alaea … and I saw it again: **The big stone!** I saw it already months ago, but today it seemed so prominent. What are the odds? I move into an area where the "big stone" adventure continues.

I sat *under the tree on the bench* before that, looking down, and I looked next to me and had the feeling that Bob was right there … so strange to then find myself there alone, in the mortals' playground … so lonely.

The sunset … just wow. Worthy of a great filmmaker who is now in heaven. Imua, Karl Spiehs! Come to my filmmaking aid, please.

January 29, 2022 – **The Black Woman, the Kohlrabi & the Magazine**

Strange. Started to revise "***Dirndlkrawall***", my Carinthian traditions feature screenplay … and it includes a black person who lives in a remote Austrian village because of a great love story. And that after my ex told me that he lives with a black woman in a remote Austrian village.

And: I bought a ***Kohlrabi*** the other day and made soup for my mother and me with it yesterday. And today, among the scenes I'm revising: a character cuts up Kohlrabi!

Aber wir haben uns schon aufgewärmt, miteinander.

Kathi lächelt ihre Großmutter begeistert an; Mutter Elise zischt beim Kohlrabischneiden empört.

Kathi lächelt ihre G
Kohlrabischneiden em

Took my mom to the doc today, even though it's Saturday, and he agreed that she has to remain fully in charge of her own life, nothing is going to happen that those criminals at the rehab facilities wanted to do to her … (claiming her to be incapable after she fell and hurt her head because they gave her meds that she did not want and that made her dizzy … oh, if I only could like I would).

Talked with the boss of the Carinthia film commission yesterday about submitting my project "Dirndlkrawall" for funding, and she sounded like she had no fucking idea about filmmaking, about the funding program or what's written in those papers. I remember well Bob being so frustrated about the exact same situation on Maui … it kind of makes me want to succeed, one way or another.

I'll contact people alright. As soon as I'll be done revising the scrip.

At the doc today I happened across a magazine with a lot of very interesting names of people in Carinthia from the cultural and economic field. And I was wondering yesterday how in the world I should find out who to introduce the project to! And there they were!

Also, the horoscope says on January 31 and after that is the perfect time to introduce a new project to people and that I'll be heard!

Well. We'll see.

January 30, 2022 – **The Rising String**

Oh wow. **What a manifestation. It's almost beyond words … and yet, entirely clear.** I woke up from a deeply stirring **dream**: I had been in some kind of cellar or basement or storage room, and there was a simply brown wooden chair in a small chamber, and something like a **small red pouch** or piece of thick red cloth was there, actually, there were **several**, on the seat of that chair. And suddenly – **they began to move on their own.** I was bent over the chair, and I don't know what my intention had been, but when those red thingies began to move without being touched by me, I turned around and I "said" – but really just "thought" it to **my brother Peter**, who stood behind me: *"It's possible. It works!"* And in my dream I thought of "the dead are communicating with us". I said to my brother *"They are here!"* And I embraced him and broke out crying hard. I held on to him for a while, crying. While dreaming I kind of thought that my brother was there with me but in reality he is dead, too. And in my dream, I knew that.

For some reason, somehow, I had a **string** in my hand, a **rough brown natural bast string** … and as I simply held it, **it also began to rise!** ***On it's own!*** Like a long thin snake **it moved up and up in a zig-zag** manner rose and rose, on its own!

I shouted out for my brother to see that. I remember exactly the *uncanny feeling of seeing material things move on their own!* It was so eerie and such a deep deep feeling of satisfaction. I said *"I must photograph this!"* And I reached for my camera and struggled to get it out from my bag or pocket … and **I lost hold of the string,** and **it took off and rose, zig zag up and up** …. And it's front part turned into a kite! And I shouted out "Kite! A kite! I must photograph it!" But because I didn't hold the string anymore, it kind of fell apart in the air and dissolved!

And I think I turned around to my brother Peter again and cried and cried – actually over Bob.

So today, a sunny bright Sunday, before visiting my mother, I went to **Rosegg** to take Jacqui for a nice walk and to get some fresh air for my huge headache.

So I walked along the usual paths … just a few people with dogs around … and suddenly I saw the strange view of **an airplane stripe rising straight** behind the mountains. It looked so weird, I immediately photographed it … and I was stunned shitless when the at first **straight line turned in to the "zig zag rising string" from my dream!** I immediately realized that that was what I had seen in my dream!

Then, as I was photographing, a **young man with a beagle dog** came along a path … and he did remind me of my brother, with his tall stature and the curly hair … He was a bit weird, and I did remember having seen him before. His dog totally ignored Jacqui.

So I really saw in reality what I had dreamed about. A young man ***like my dead brother Peter*** while I was totally fascinated by the ***rising string*** … the zig-zagging motion of something high up. **Like in my dream.**

This is intense. Very intense.

Very direct.

I should check what that guy Lazar who has written a book about his belief that the dead area alive is all about. But something is holding me back. I'm a bit pissed off, and I don't know why. I should write to him and tell him that he must read my contact diary, and he'll know exactly how to communicate with the dead consciously. I should do that. Just briefly. See if he responds. But first I must see what he wrote. The thing is – I just don't have the time.

I must read through my screenplay of the Carinthia folk tale that I must submit for funding, I must write and picture-size-edit my contact diary, must work and care for my mother and my dog. I just don't know, at times, what I should do first.

My mother – who is very fine! – said something funny to me today (she is funny a lot these days, and we went for a short walk today, she on her crutches … and when she thought that I had left but I really had a chat with the neighbor, she walked out alone again with just one crutch walking just fine), that it's good that I don't have a man, otherwise I wouldn't have time for her.

And that is so so so true. If Bob was still alive, I would likely not be there for my mother. She totally picked up that thought … maybe from Bob. She has been using the good shampoo I bought her, and her hair is so nice now, so shiny, no itchy scalp, and small black hairs are growing back among the white ones. She feels better, I can tell. Tomorrow is the first date with the physiotherapist. Hopefully she'll like it.

I got to check on my father.

He worries me.

January 31, 2022

A **dream**. Of many **many tiny *cats*.** I can't remember the details, but there were about fifty kittens, somewhere *outdoors*, and I had to choose just one. I think I did, but suddenly there was someone and gave me all kinds of hassle which seemed to make it impossible to take that kitten with me. Don't remember more, woke up.

Took mom to physiotheraphy. First, I showed up at her place, and I'll never forget the confused, horrified look on her face, as she had been really surprised that I was there, when I told her that we had an appointment. She had already put her pants out to wear, but on the spot she had simply forgotten that she was about to go out. Then she realized her mistake, and in her now usual clear way she talked about how she had known about the appointment just earlier, but when I showed up she was busy cleaning her teeth, and she had forgotten. Not a big deal. Just that look on her face … my heart really went out to her, I really really really will do anything for her to feel good and be safe and well.

After the appointment we went to buy fried chicken, and she got me a fish salad, and we ate together. I think she enjoys that.

Back home, my father called me at night. He wants me to call him on February 11 to then talk when we'll meet. Wow, complicated. He told me that the relationship with Picej is over, wow, he had a falling out with him, as it seems. Like with virtually everyone else. I have learned a lot in the last year, though, so even though my father talked utter bullshit at times, I didn't get into it, pretty much made him feel comfortable talking to me. So comfortable that he told me that beagle dog *Sandy had escaped from the garden today.* And only because the doctor who lives next door had seen her could they go look for her. So lucky they found her! Of course Sandy wants out. She has not enough to do, mostly in the kitchen … weirdly, I thought so intensely about her today. My father said he almost called me to help search for her. But "searching" for a dog who has run away, well, that's a near impossible thing.

Just yesterday there was the situation with the young man with the beagle dog in Rosegg, and I had thought about Sandy intensely. I can't do anything but hope for the best and wait for February 11.

Just a bit earlier I felt urged to check out the animal help websites I go to at times, and I searched for "cats to adopt" at one of them – and there was one with the name "Kimba"! My beloved dead dog! So was that cat dream about this? A greeting from Kimba?

I'm trying to follow my guts. The horoscope says I should communicate my projects to people, and I'll be heard now. Well. I'm editing the screenplay of my Carinthian folk story, but it does feel odd.

February 1, 2022

Took mom for shopping today … and sure enough, afterwards, my father called again … I had missed his calls, and he had asked me for help finding Sandy – who had escaped again. But she had

come back on her own, and he told me so. He said pretty much the same things like yesterday … I had a hard time being patient.

(Later)

Evening … father called again, to thank me that I had called him back (I hadn't), and again, he kept talking about the same things, the dog, Picej, and now how he had shoveled snow until 6 p.m., and he told me again about his extended Aorta, and how dangerous snow shoveling is. I don't know what he wants me to say. He also said he wanted me to have and wear Edith's clothes! Jesus! Never!

Weirdly,

Just before he called, I had been editing my Carinthia screenplay, and I had fallen into some serious reminiscing of Maui …

Suddenly, I felt a very sharp pinch at my left arm. But there was nothing. It was a sting – and it happened three times again! I put out both of my hands and asked for something to be given into them so that I would know that "they" or "somebody" was there, and right I "saw" … on the palm of my hand and left something like a small cube covered with something brown, really nothing clear.

I went back to reminiscing, my eyes closed, and I was so intensely in "housie" that I was surprised during my "Astral travel" how clearly I know everything still, every shape and form and the handles and the window sills, the fridge, the stove, the screen doors … I "was" there, at the table, alone, like so many times when Bob was with Tom and John … and I "saw" in my mind the surroundings in housie and the views outside, and I heard the neighbors and the street …

And just then then phone rang again, in reality. Again, my father.

Well. It's strange.

<u>February 2, 2022</u>

Amazing dragon formation covering up the "volcano" at Rosegg. Found a sticker of a mole when shopping.

<u>February 3, 2022</u>

Single long cloud over Selpritsch. Strange.

<u>February 6, 2022, Sunday</u> **– The Cap, the Banana & the Whole Dirndlkrawall-Story on a Screen**

No time to work on this contact diary.

Mom pain on the other leg, yesterday, couldn't walk, probably fell, emergency hospital again, thank God nothing broken … my father called several times, dog ran away, yesterday called again, wants me to go shopping with him on Tuesday. *(<u>Note</u>: It became clear that it was because of her climbing onto the bathtub to close the bathroom window and miss-stepping when stepping down … oh fucking shit, she wouldn't listen, and now the shit hit the fan … she can barely move.)*

(Oh, just now: New neighbor upstairs plays techno very fast very loud, on his first day, recklessly. Wow, what a prick. At least it's techno, not some Schlager or shit.)

So today, walking with Jacqui in Rosegg, I talked to Bob, telling him that I don't know if we are still connected … although, yesterday, at the **hospital emergency waiting room,** something amazing happened:

As I sat waiting for my mother, I watched the **entertainment** screen for a while … and it took me a few minutes to realize that I was seeing what I'd been writing about: "Dirndlkrawall", a folk story set in Carinthia's ***mountains*** … with a ***donkey*** as one central element! I looked up there – an animated donkey smiled at me! But I wasn't fast enough to photograph it, I only got the next animal, a goat … but wow! "Mathias" the donkey from "Dirndlkrawall" was there! And ***people wandering over mountain pastures***, like I'd described!

And there were ***proverbs***! And proverbs are an essential part of the "Dirndlkrawall" story, too. An interesting saying too, it says *"At the beginning one needs to be brave to be happy in the end."* Ah. There was even a real ***rural rhyming proverb***. And *bridges*. Shit I didn't get my cell phone out in time to take a picture! Wow! What are the odds of seeing it? Had I not brought my mom to the emergency room and waited there fore her, I wouldn't have seen reflected back at me what I had just been working on for the last days, and yesterday, too, before visiting my mother only to find that she couldn't walk and didn't know why!

So I took that as a greeting.

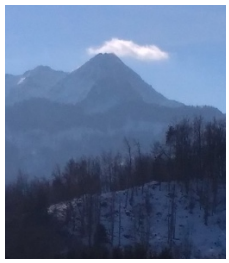
So today … I talked to Bob, and I said *"Remember how often we walked together in Pukalani on the sports ground, you not saying a word, me trying to chat … and eventually I gave up my attempts to speak, and so we'd walk in quiet so many times. So was this a preparation of what it's today, us walking together quiet, not being able to talk to each other, or were you just being a* ***dick*** *back then?"* And I stretched out both hands to receive a response by Bob, and I looked at my right hand and said "Preparation", then looked at my left hand and said "Dick"! And right then, a "**banana**" showed up on my left hand! O-kay. *That's a dick alright.* I said that out loud too.

It really felt like coming from somewhere else than from my subconscious. It was Bob's answer.

I asked him to let me know if he was walking with me, and put my hand out for him to "put something there", and it was something like a ***"small golden bell".***

Then I asked him to be more clear about being here with me, and two red figures showed up, not like humans, just two red slobs, with patterns, maybe. Then, I asked for me, and I saw a ***knitted red striped woolen hat.***

So I walked on – and as I looked into the distance, there were *two people dressed in red walking* !But they were too far away, I couldn't take pictures of them. I did photograph the amazing mountain scenery with the "Mittagskogel" really being a *volcano, "smoking*" … and more beautiful and amazing views that reminded me of Maui.



I walked on, and there on a piece of wood, was a gold-brown mushroom! Was that the "golden bell"?

And just a little later – I had taken a turn I hadn't intended to – and walked around the wall of the palace enclosure: the two red people came right at me!

Bob had told me way before that I was going to encounter two red folks! And then I looked over to the path where I had intended to go, there were three people with a dog, and one of the folks wore a red knitted cap!

And just a few minutes later, back at the car, a couple came out from a construction site, and the woman wore a red knitted cap, too!

So!

Yes! We're talking.

I also had an incident where I asked Bob something, out loud, and an answer was right in my head, but I can't remember right now. I think it was when I said out loud that I really don't know if I'm still supposed to pursue anything "film" … and the answer was right there, "***Dany you know you do",*** and I answered myself saying that I get it that I must use what I "have", and that's my stories. And in my momentary environment there is no point trying to reach out to Hawaii or the states, I must just do what I'm able to do now. I told Bob that I'm not sure I'm able to do anything without him, as I know now that we fucked up. In the beyond we may have (had) a great plan, but as the mortals we sucked and didn't develop we were supposed to. And now? ***I had several times an answer right away in my mind, small pictures or even Bob saying something***, but everytime I immediately dove back out from this elevated state of consciousness because I was aware that I had been in an elevated state of consciousness, and that brought me back down. But I did manage to walk on "knowing" that I'm not just the body here on this earth, that I "use" this body.

There was a lot of conversation going on today …

Also … I got a newspaper for my mother earlier, and I opened it and read a commentary by a society lady and sex therapist, and she writes that in peoples lives can be just moments that change

their lives and the outlooks on it forever. Often such moments are sexual. And I flashed back to the one experience with Bob, actually right after sex, when we were still connected … and we both experienced an electric tantric event that really shook us both in a spiritual way. And it never repeated itself, and I never had it with anyone else.

I think, seeing this story today was a message answering my question that I had asked myself often, because I simply don't have the time to get into the contact stuff … whether or not Bob and I are still "on" and communicating. We are.

February 8, 2022 – **The Star Came Back!**

Can't seem to catch a break to write in this c. d. … yesterday the state insurance crushed me by demanding me to pay insurance for 4 years (back and two ahead), more than 17.000 Euros they want to divide in 24 installments … and I don't earn more than 1000 to 1500 Euros per months. I don't know what to do. I'm numb.

The day before yesterday I had found a three-pointed star on the ground at Rosegg. I picked it up but can't find it. Later that night I thought of my father and how stressed I am only thinking of him, and I suddenly had to think of a former colleague of mine (who has been mentioned in this c. d.), Peter Stern, who was the most patient person I've ever met. And of course, his name is "Stern", star.

I looked for the star, couldn't find it so far … and it frustrates me. The star also is the same like the one in the mysterious ring I once found with the three-pointed star and the 15 crystals.

I watched the movie about ski star (ha!) Franz Klammer the other night, Saturday, and his starting number in the famous Olympic race was "15". I simply noticed it, don't know what it means.

Yesterday, when I drove to my mother, I saw a car with the license plate number "910 ES" drive down the hill where I live. I thought "okay, 910 coming to me now"! (Note: There are several poignant license plate numbers that I get to see nearly everytime I drive around this area: "808 JD", "910 FL", even "910 DW"!

Coming back from my mother, I found that car parked in front of the house where I live. And sure enough, as I walked Jacqui a guy came stumbling out of the other building, obviously either drunk or on drugs. It reminded me so much of the Sigi situations back in the day … where I was in a constant mode of dread and fear. Oh shit. So that guy entered that car with "910 ES"!

I also saw two more "910" in one day in my area!

So today I took my father shopping to Villach. I had dreaded this, but knew it was necessary. He must have sensed it, because he was calm and nice, even sweet at times. We did not fight at all. When he broke out in his tirades of hatred (against his neighbors, who he insulted, but still claims it's their fault that they broke off contact, and I didn't contradict) I simply stayed quiet. It was kind of touching to see what wreck of a human body he had become, like a small worn down tough tree …

Back home, I got to see Beagle dog Sandy – I think she though her beloved Edith had come back when I entered, she was so happy! Then at some point she realized that I was not Edith, and she shied back and barked at me. It was so heartbreaking. Then she remembered me as she knew me and relaxed again. I let her out in the garden, and shit shit and peed so much. Poor dog! She is so fat, she looks so sad, she really wanted to come with me. I couldn't do anything for her. My father claimed he was going to walk her to the cemetery. And he said that the doctor neighbor had taken her over to their property a few times so that she could be with their dog Anton … The look in Sandy's eyes when I left … she needs help. I don't say that my father treats her badly, but his

hatefulness and the dog being locked into the tiny way too hot kitchen for so many hours and hours every day … poor poor dog. I know Edith sees it and is so sad. I'm not sure what to do.

My father then gave me a whole lot of stuff of Edith's cooking and baking stash in a big basket, of course most of it is long expired. It's kind of … I don't know, odd, that he gives that to me. I can't use most of it. But he expects me to accepts this as kind of "payment" for me driving him to Villach.

He is so incredibly stingy, it's shocking. He wouldn't buy his favorite fruit syrup because it's 1 Euro too expensive. He is looking for the most cheap version of everything. I know he has money. It's one of his old age spleens, I think. I didn't say anything. Not my place. I just won't be his taxi for free, that's for sure. I thought I'd get dog food or maybe pick up my laptop from repair, but ended up doing nothing of it.

So when I sorted through the stuff in the basket, I suddenly was stunned:

A white star! Right there! *On a clip, right with all the food stuffs.* The star! And I had been fretting about the lost star yesterday! Today I got a much better one! With a ***winter landscape*** on it! Like I had found the other star in the winter landscape!

That is so amazing! Also, today there was a single cloud that kind of touched me … looked so lonely like I feel mostly.

So now … I'm trying to finalize the screenplay for the Carinthia folk comedy feature … the production company I had contacted, Lisa Film, whose owner had died after I had intended to contact him, did respond and said that they'd get back to me after the funeral which his on February 14.

My father also complained badly about Picej, and I even had to defend the poor guy. I understand him thoroughly. He can't visit my father all the time, who is so painfully stingy and aggressive. He has long realized that I'm not the bad person my father makes me, and he has been attacked by my father and shocked by his demands. He is a 50 years old single man who works a lot. He must be very lonely. I feel for hm, I do. I almost want to befriend him. But then, I'm an old woman. That's what I look like, sometimes now. So old.

My father shared a bit of a story how he and Edith traveled to the North Sea … oh Jesus, I know Edith had a horrible time so many times. My father wants his way, and nobody has a chance to contradict. Edith gave herself up entirely. She was sick all the time with many accidents and operations and even cancer after her retirement. She couldn't stand being around him every day all day. Poor Edith. But I did try to help her many times. She couldn't get out of the entrapment she had gotten herself in. When I now see my father fret over having to spend 79 cents for ten small sponges when the other choice is three bigger sponges for 49 cents … I get an inkling how deep Edith's suffering was.

Also the stories my father tells and the things he claims about his own behavior. He is painting himself in the greatest loveliest colors and he either can't remember or he lies. But I was there, at the things he talks about, and I know that what he says is immensely far from the truth.

I want to go visit that neighbor of his, Klausi, who was nice enough to help me but who my father insulted, complaining that they were able to run to church but couldn't get their ass over one door to visit him. Wow. He even told me that and said that "he only said that" … but my father has a way of talking that's so aggressive and bitter and hateful that it feels like your blood is curdling when you hear it. He is a very heavy very sick narcissist psychopath. I'm sure his dog suffers. Poor girl. She is now 7 years old. I so much want to help her. But how? I do believe my father when he says that he doesn't care living anymore without his Edith and being so old. But at the same time he buys

four packages of good quality underpants so that he has them for several years. This was very touching. I mean, he is alone in his house, does everything himself. He bought ready made dishes that he likes … I felt so sorry for him. I can't even make myself remember the horrible behavior he always had towards me, all through my life. I just feel for him now. He is lonely, and he can't help but seek the fault in everything with others. That's his mental handicap, he can't feel for others or accept his own responsibility for his misery and the reactions of other. He is a poor man. I know, though, that one day, he'll wake up "on the other side", and Edith and Peter and everyone will be there, his parents, everyone … and he'll realize everything and be finally free of his earthly role.

When I look at him I see so clearly that we all play a role. Same for my mother … she is so sweet, and sometimes so confused, and yes, they both take up pretty much all my time.

If I didn't have the disaster with the insurance, I could say that it was just fine. I accept life the way it is right now. I do want to be a famous and highly influential filmmaker and – medium.

I do. Must read what Oliver Lazar is writing and then contact him.

(Later)

Just realized that without Bach-Flower-Essences my mom wouldn't be where she is today. I started smuggling the drops into her mineral water about in later summer, and since then, she has been improving mentally, so much.

She is often aware that she is forgetful, but at the same time, her mental capacities are improving all the time. I sometimes forget that she is going to be 78 years old on March 13. I still see the young version of her when I look at her. And then I see her hands and feet and see how she had a hard time eating … and I think how confined she is, in a way …. And then I realize how horribly I have failed to help her, years ago, already, when all the degeneration due to alcohol and isolation could have been prevented. She did go to doctors ever again when she realized how unwell she was … and all those years she was all alone. She wanted to be, she keeps saying and kept saying, back then. But today I know that she didn't even know what she wanted.

I regret so much that I "believed" her and left her on her own. And my stupid uncle who was in contact with her all the time didn't intervene at all.

So now … it's so many years later … and I can only hope that I'll myself grow into this and be as nice and helpful as I can be for her.

I don't know what I shall think about my father. I have read up about narcissists again. There is no way that he seriously would be "nice" to me. He only tries to lure me in and make me do what he wants me to. He is 81 years old. Fragile. But full of hatred.

So this is a challenge.

It's my life, though. I'll have to live with the regrets and the longing and the losses. I could emphasize my plans that are still there.

But many times I feel so far removed from my time with Bob and all the plans … it does feel like I'm remembering someone else's life.

February 10, 2022 **– The Dream, the Name, the Pullover & the Snow Cock**

Wrote to Prof. Oliver Lazar last night, told him about an *impression* I have for him, a white dotted dark cloth or scarf.

Couldn't sleep. Had to think of Marshall and that I really would like to be part of a mediumistic test run or study or something. Maybe with Lazar?

I had such strong impression of my grandmother Maria, and I flashed back to her home next to the forest and realized how quiet and empty it must have been, how lonely she must have been,

living there alone, such an old woman, for so long. I thought about myself that I had always considered myself spiritual and smart and loving and attentive … but I was an ignorant asshole. But then – I was a nice and well-meaning and attentive young woman. So what assholes are other people then! Mankind is such a fucked up species, in the mortal realm. There was a woman who I hadn't thought in … well, never, actually. She was a renter in my grandmother's house, on the first floor. She was very fat and big and red … and her face was right in front of me, smiling at me, as I was lying there, in the dark, unable to fall asleep … not totally dark actually, kind of diffuse. *And I thought, geez, I wonder what her name was … and why do I see her?* Well, of course because she is there and wants to connect, maybe she is dead?

I also thought intensely of a man who I grew up with, who had lived in that house where my grandmother was, ***Richard*** … who died a while ago. He was right there … in my half-awake state last night …

So I had the most weird **dream** tonight … I was a t a ski resort, kind of in the depth under a southern slope, and there was a structure like a house or hotel or hut. I kept looking up, and there was a woman like Halle Berry or Lisa Bonnet and she reminded me that I had to get going … and I knew I had to get on the track and then somehow to the airport, but first I had to do some cross country skiing. For that I first had to get up the step southern slope, for some reason. It was a cross country track I had to use, then, and I kind of did … I only realize that my upper body was naked! Behind me was **a big black man**, and I tried to lie down forward in the snow to hide my boobs that I felt swinging. All the time there was such and urgency, I had to really catch a plane ... but suddenly I was in a romantic embrace with that man. We were lying in the snow, but it was not could, back at the bottom of that southern slope, but at the same time in some hotel room. He really wanted to schmooze with me, and I wanted it too, but I knew that I had bad breath, so I avoided to kiss him or be kissed by him. He didn't want to let me go, and I wanted to stay, but that woman kept showing up on the slope or waved at me to get going. He then did leave himself for some reason, but was back … and it was clear that we were both in some kind of project, maybe film. There were other people around, and there was something about that area that was very important, and he was majorly involved in this.

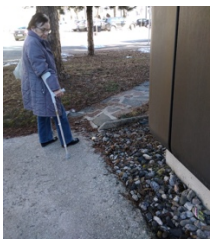
We ended up lying down embracing each other again – and I noticed that his legs were naked, and I looked down and saw **his very long and thick black-purple-brown penis**. I thought in my dream – but I think I thought it in reality – that it would be impossible to have sex with that man.

Somehow, the dream shifted … and there was an aspect of me talking with that woman about that big dick and that there was indeed no way … but I imagined that man fucking some woman, and I tried to see how that could work. So weird, when I woke up I felt kind of embarrassed.

So this morning, I picked up my **mom** to drive with her to the gov office for a new passport for her and me … and she wore a **nice pullover** (important, because she refused to change for a while!), and it was a **checkered pattern, in certain colors.**

On the way, I saw a sign that read "*Rutar*", and it reminded me of my childhood, and I asked my mother whether she could remember. And she said that it was a furniture house, and I said out lout "Rutar Center", and in that moment, the fat and big and red woman whose face I had seen last night came back to my mind, and her name was "***Rutter***"! Oh geez! This was no coincidence, that I noticed that sign and the got my question answered, *as I had really wondered what her name was ….*

So we went to that office, got our applications done – and then we stepped out, and on the path was a flat **painted stone** with "Bleib gesund!" on it, meaning *"Stay healthy!"* And it was the **same pattern like on my mother's pullover** – it was her favorite, she said, and she hadn't worn it for a long time!



What are the odds?
But it gets better.

I was back to my editing work … and my colleague C. (the one with who I had had that amazing spiritual connection in 2020) sent me a text to edit and noticed (tongue in the cheek) that she had considered asking for the "***cock logo***" when she had to ask for that client's logo, but then decided on using the word "***rooster***". I had no idea what she talked about … only when she sent me the actual logo with a rooster or … cock, a switch flipped! I had dreamed about that **big cock in the snow** today! And C. had a funny cock-story on the same day!

Not before, not after, never before – only when I had dreamed of that cock! And the ***client with the cock logo is a winter sports expert and outfitter!*** Yes! And ***my dream cock was in the snow!***

There!

Erotischer Traum mit schwarzem Mann und mit Langlaufen … und ich musste so dringend zum Flughafen, also weg …

THE COCK! Gabi reflected it right back at me!

(Later)
Took a walk with Jacqui … and realized that there is a very strange sculpture in a garden where I keep walking by, of two fighting boys, as it seems.

February 11, 2022 **– The Kiss, the Song, the Proverbs & THE BELL!**

I had an intense dream of little Marshall today, he was older and in a strange way heavy, and he recognized me, and I realized that he still was as neglected as he had been when I knew him. I woke up knowing I must take some kind of action …

Hairdresser called and told me that my mom had made an appointment for tomorrow, 8.15 h! Jesus Christ! (Later we changed it to 9.15 h, still early for a Saturday.)

We went to get food for her (fish and parsley potatoes), then some shopping … and suddenly I saw a car parked right next to the entrance with "**KSS 1**" as license plate number. I photographed it – because I thought about the **"kiss" of the black man** in my dream last night. Also, there was a **kissing scene** that I had written last night newly into my screenplay! So there! What are the odds? After writing this I had heard the very distinct loud crackling kind of high up the balcony door next

to where I'm sitting and that had occurred several times now, always in situations when I had been fretting about being without Bob. Just one loud crackle, nothing before and after that.

On the way back home I took Jacqui for a walk along the field paths at Rosegg … and when I drove back up the hill, after the bridge, a tall blond man came walking down the road … and I was stunned to recognize a former love interest of mine, ***Heinz***! He looked just the way he had … we were together when I was about 20 years old, before I met Sigi … or actually right during the time when I had first met him. He was a motorcycle driver, and I was one too, back then, and we were in the same motorcycle clique … and I remember that he had a strange story about having been "used" sexually and trained, in a way, by a much older woman, a teacher, when he was very young. Shortly after that, a woman, I think her name was Karin, took such a liking to him, that she lost half her weight and got him to be with her. He was a drinker and wild guy back then … oh, I remember him well. His bushy eye brows, his blue eyes, his soft smile …. Actually maybe two years ago Sylvia, when we still had contact, had told me that she had met Heinzi at a pub, and that they had talked about me, and he had given her his phone number for me. I think I still have it.

But now, here comes the most interesting part: His last name is Kos. And when you think that I had just before that seen a big car with "***KSS***" as a license plate number, and then I saw a man who I haven't seen in over 35 years, named "***KOS***", that's quite something, isn't it?

(Later) **Oh the bell!**

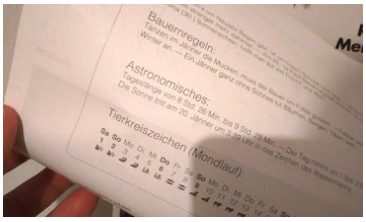
Bob gave me a distinct golden-colored bell into my hand on February 6, Sunday, and I thought, "well, had bells before". Today, opening the living room window, I noticed a ***small golden bell*** hanging on the side of the window. I hadn't noticed it, but had of course put it there.

Then, later, *at my mother's*, ***we watched TV*** a bit, and there was nothing interesting. I read up in the magazine, and there was a documentary about a very ***remote valley*** in Austria, Montafon, and I felt attracted to it because of the folk feature I'm writing about a mountain village in Carinthia. As soon as we switched it on – a man was presented, **who collects – bells!** Oh, wow, exactly ***the bell I saw was among them*** too!
Bells! A whole collection! When I had received a bell from Bob!

Oh, I almost forgot. Driving to my mother in the rainy dark, I switched on the radio – which I NEVER do! And a song was on with the refrain **"You're always just one song away"**. Geez! I realized immediately what it means: *Bob singing to me: "You're the sun, and I'm the moon,* ***you're the***

words and I'm the tune … play me." Makes me tear up right now. I miss Bob and our time so much. Today and right now more than in a long time. Don't know why.

Also, something else came to my mind … my mother gave me a nice ***calendar*** for this year. And when I took off the first page of the year, I saw, that on the backside of the pages are typical **Austrian proverbs**! And I *need proverbs for my feature film script*, as one of the characters only speaks in proverbs! And there they are! Many many proverbs! And I already wondered where I could get more!
Wow! Manifestation!



February 12, 2022 **– 910 AO & BOB everywhere + *my own prediction*: The Pendant! The Chimney Sweeper**

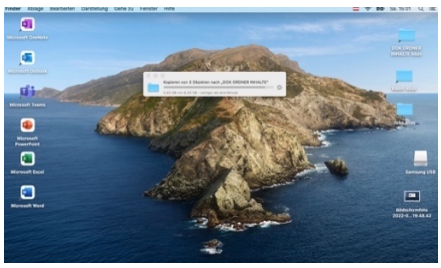
The best license plate number yet: "**910 AO**", "ao" meaning the day world as opposing the beyond, the "po", right after "**808 EC**" and before "**808 AF**". Yes, 910 the last day with Bob and his license plate number is always everywhere I am … and he is to, "808" equals "BOB" … and it can be that he is "talking" about himself.

Mom is happy, was at the hairdresser's today, the first day it's possible again.

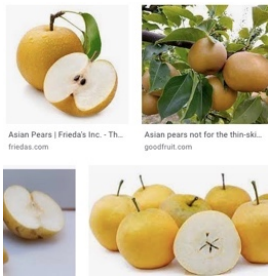
I drove to Villach meanwhile, shopping, and took Jacqui for a walk close to the hot springs wellness center, and the ***creek*** was steaming in the icy winter air … it was quite inviting.

(Later)

Sat down to my newly updated-repaired MacBook Pro (the first laptop I bought for myself) and looked at the desktop photo of ***Catalina island*** … and some document icon was ***"in the ocean***" … and I flashed very hard back to my Maui ocean feeling. And I said to Bob ***"So can you enjoy the ocean still?"***



And I held out my hand for him to put something into it, and right away a "**pear**" appeared. (*pear* ap***pear***ed, hahaha) I immediately realized the play on Bob's and my longtime funny story about the "Asian pears" (where I had mistaken the word "pears" as "pairs", at my first visit with his parents, when they had talked at breakfast how the coyotes had eaten the "Asian pairs" who had been on the trees, and I was horrified, until I realized that it wasn't about poor Asian people having been killed while trying to save themselves on trees, but that it was about a type of pears, fruits, the "Asian pears" that the coyotes had eaten …
And I said out loud ***"Oh, pears … ocean pairs!"*** And then I made it into "***Asian pears***" … and I even chuckled. It was like Bob was right there next to me, as if we really had that play on words in my fucking mortal realm.



What is special about Asian pears?

Unlike European pears, which are best eaten when they begin to soften, Asian pears are enjoyed while they are still firm. They have **a crunch that is as audible as an apple but much juicier**. Their somewhat speckled skin is usually golden in color, but can be tinged with green, brown or yellow hues.

https://foodprint.org › real-food › asian-pears

Real Food Encyclopedia | Asian Pears - FoodPrint

(Later) **Immediate manifestation *of my own prediction*: The "pendant" & the Chimney Sweeper**

Something amazing happened.

I took Jacqui for a late afternoon walk up the meadow with the great view close to where I live (not the one with the view similar to that from housie).

On the way, I was in some kind of thoughts about Bob, but I wasn't talking to him.

Suddenly, I saw very clearly a piece of jewelry in front of my inner eye, something like a "***pendant***" or something similar, hanging, ornamental, with *small golden round thingies all over it.* I said out loud "So am I gonna find something like this in a minute? I guess I will."

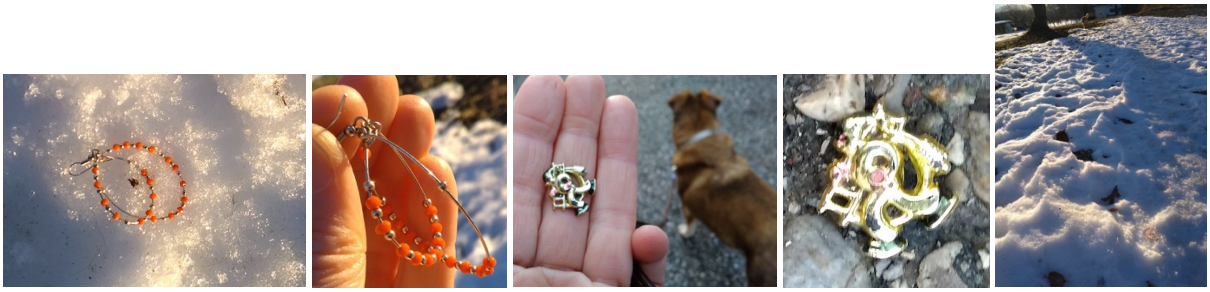
I was very surprised about myself. It was not something that I had asked Bob to put into my hand. I kind of talked to myself, and that thing was in front of my inner eye so clearly and immediately, that I looked to the ground to see if there was something right in front of me, but there was not.

On the way across the meadow I encountered a group of three young people, two women and a guy, with a Corgi dog, and they walked by me without even one of them greeting me. Mind me, I'm an older woman with white hair, even though I might look sportive, and it should honor me to not be considered "old". But the way these people walked and behaved and not even looked at me, upset me big time. So I looked back at them, cursing under my breath and I wished I could just dissolve them in black smoke.

I took a break on the nice sunny bench at the edge of the forest and calmed down. I did imagine sitting on the bench on the Pukalani sports grounds like we did during one of our last walks ever, next to Bob, who was so desperately ill. And I remember saying to him that when he'll recover I'd really like to go with him to the Major Hannibal Tavares Community Center for some event or a concert or a dance. So many times we had taken our evening walks and heard the music from the Center, but we never went in, in all those years. I reminisced how at home I felt there, and how many things we didn't do, Bob and I. And now he is dead.

I have been having that very deep longing and nostalgic feeling about Bob and being with him … it's very painful. It's intense right now.

So on the way back, I was almost at the descent from the meadow down the small forest path that ends up at the street, when I saw it right on the path in front of my feet: **A piece of ear jewelry that looks like a pendant, with small golden and orange round thingies!**



I picked it up and I was just kind of numbed by the experience. I had foreseen the find. Wow. Stuff like that had been part of my life when I was very young, like in my twenties. It was a distinct feeling today, "seeing" that "pendant" on the ground half an hour before I'd actually find something – in that very area no less! It was so intense and clear that I had spoken it out loud … and yet, I remember rejecting the impression right away, thinking "Well, since when would I be clairvoyant like this?"

Well, I don't know since when, but ***I foresaw finding that "pendant" ear jewelry!*** Or maybe Bob and his folks were involved in getting me to "see" it. If I could only do that with lottery numbers. Well, maybe I simply should.

So I even talked to myself how excited I should be about that event, but then … with who to share it? I actually did share it later with my mother, who was quite excited about it too. I went to her, to find her in pain and totally unwilling to eat dinner, like every day. I forced her pretty much to warm up the fish like we had agreed to do after the hair dressers today, and then she did eat all the fish and potatoes I had put on her plate.

But the story of the pendant is not over!

I took the turn into the small alley that leads to the house where I live now – and something golden lay right in front of my feet! A "chimney sweeper"! And I had seen a car of a chimney sweeper yesterday and had thought that it must bring luck! So I found a small fake **gold good luck charm in the form of a chimney sweeper**, too! Right after the "pendant"!

February 13, 2022, Sunday **– As Above So Below, reverse use of "Play me" & The Tantric Energy Transfer & the Red Woolen Hat**

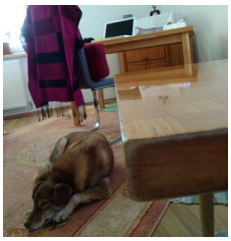
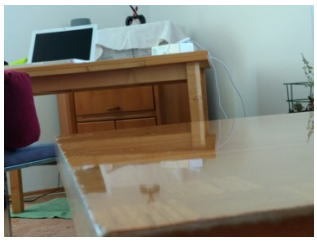
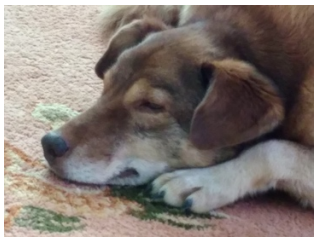
Dreamed of a cow that was very "human", but still a cow, and I had to lead her through a landscape. She was soft and had a lot of skin under her head, along her neck and chest, and there was something white and pink about her. I was supposed to ride a horse, and there were horses around, but I decided to help that cow. I have the feeling there was something about a handbag or purse, weirdly, but can't recall. People wandering across that hilly meadow approached me about that cow. We went downhill and up again and right and left, I don't know what we were looking for.

Exhausted. Headache, nausea. Probably because of the impending weather change. So I had to lie down again after the extended morning walk with Jacqui up the "Ma'alaea view" meadow.

As I was lying there, I realized ***I could do the "play me" with Bob by imagining I could give him access to my mortal eyes*** so that he could lie there on the sofa looking at Jacqui, who lay facing me (to make sure I couldn't get up and disappear while he'd be asleep). And there were several instances where this really worked, I had the feeling, because of the ***emotional surge I experienced when I "was Bob"***. I made my "Bob face" that gets me to "be him" in an instant after inviting him to lie down with me and in me and connect and merge with me, so that he'd get "use" of my mortal eyes and sensations of lying there in the quiet. Wow. It really *zinged* several times. I could see and feel Bob so clearly, I was so sure he was there. Of course I was wondering if he really had received a glimpse into my mortal dimension, not as a disca, but "like an inca" …

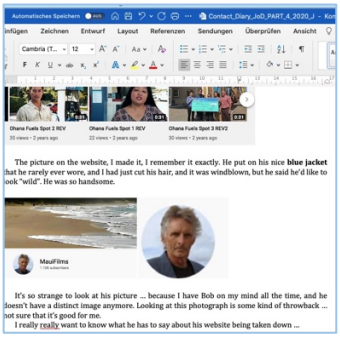
So then I felt it was time for me to get up, as I have a lot planned for this Sunday, and it's already noon, I thought. I tried to get up, felt weak and nauseous and lay back down. Then I looked at the **table** from close, that I was lying next to, the table I had gotten from the old woman's appartement who had moved to a care facility. And I thought of what that table had seen already …

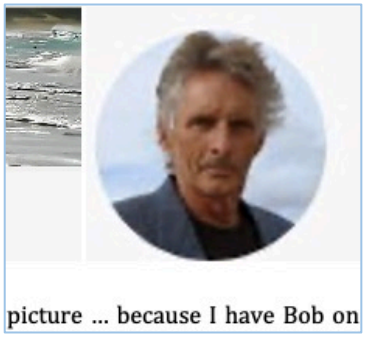
and suddenly realized that *this table has a reflecting surface, like a mirror,* and that I what I was seeing behind the table ***I was also seeing upside down in the table too.***

Wow – what an impression of ***"as above so below***"! *It was like Bob had given me the ultimate message that it had worked what I had done, sharing my "mortal being" with him.* I realized that <u>most people think that it's all about getting access to the beyond</u>. It is not. **It's about getting the discarnates to be with us in the obstructed dimension if they so desire or as a means to give them energy.**

I did a short masturbation session the other day, without any erotic feeling, only the urge was there to do the ***Tantric energy*** collection, and at the climax, as always, Bob's face was there, of the one day, when we had been at a small ocean cove and I had handled the Sony FX1 camera for the first time that Bob had borrowed from Willie K. I will never forget how I turned around, the camera in hand, to see what Bob was doing wanting to tell him how great that filming stuff was … and he was sitting behind me on a bench, looking at me directly, with a kind of weird expression, so distant, seemingly cold, even hostile, but in reality slightly "spaced out".





That's the Bob-face I always get when I'm climaxing and that kind of "forces" me to send the Tantric climax energy right to Bob. I think that's the whole point of this: As mortals we learn how to have orgasms, not just for physical procreation, but as ***energy boosting method to then send that energy to areas of our lives, bodies and to other people, inca and disca alike. The old Tantric teachers knew that and taught that, but this knowledge is lost today.***

I'm reviving and using it. <u>Everything I learned and researched when writing my book "We Creators of the World" is coming in handy right now.</u>

Great insightful time, this Sunday. Now my headache, nausea is gone, as I'm writing this. The fucking sun is shining. I'll try to part-take at Dr. Alice's mediality session on February 18.

(Later)

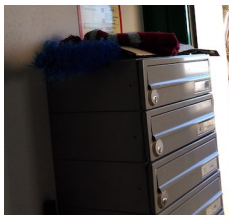
Went to pick up my mom for a **walk** near river Drau – she was ready and tried to be nice, but I could see the resentment against me a lot of times in her eyes. She ignores my dog, and deliberately snorts and breathes heavily in the car to demonstrate that she "is allergic" against Jacqui. But she sneezes and snorts on the way to the car just the same. And then … we met a woman with an old dog on the way. I took a short detour with Jacqui – and I saw that my mother was addressing the dog and his owner! So she speaks with strangers about their dog but ignores mine. I'm not sure how long I'll be able to tolerate that kind of attitude.

I talked with her about her cooking stuff for herself or simply warming up food … and she looks at me like I'm crazy. She is youthful and only 77 and refuses to cook for herself but won't eat the food she buys for herself. So I'll have a strong talk with her about a few things, maybe tomorrow.

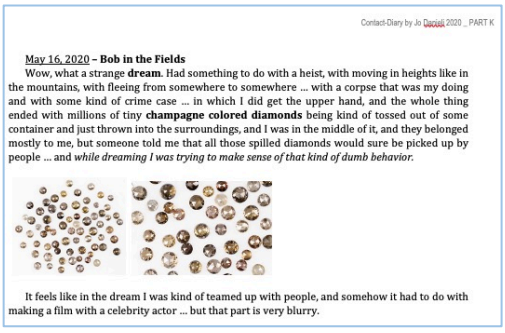
She looks nice and normal and talks normal. Ate the soup I brought her. She could be young and normal and independent again, but something inside her wants her to be an old and helpless and suffering woman. Now that I think about it … it was always my mom's thing to be "suffering". I think it was a means to help her not get hurt expecting people to be careful with her because of her "misery" … but it never worked. She ended up with disrespectful and abusive partners, and friends who didn't buy into her victim-game. She can't help it, maybe. But it won't hurt just pointing out to it. Maybe it has some effect.

I hope so. I see that she could have really good years ahead of her. But if she insists on lying on the sofa watching TV all day and eating sweets and biting her nails all off … this won't happen.

So as I walked into the house where she lives – there it was: The **red striped knitted woolen hat** that Bob had put into my hand a few days ago in Rosegg! It was a distinct cap he had given me, closeup, and there it was – in a way that I could touch it.



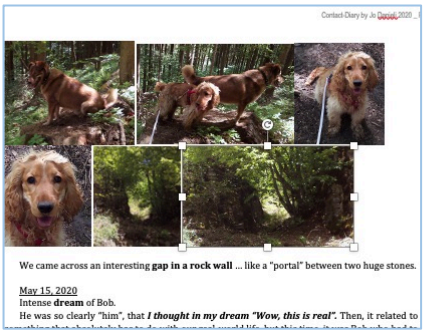
Also … in the chapter of this c. d. that I'm editing for image size right now, there are lots of things that are relevant in my actual real life right now … like the *small golden round thingies* of two days ago … and my beloved Marshall and his fate that follows me around in my dreams.


Contact-Diary by Jo Danieli 2020 _ PART K

May 16, 2020 – **Bob in the Fields**

Wow, what a strange **dream**. Had something to do with a heist, with moving in heights like in the mountains, with fleeing from somewhere to somewhere … with a corpse that was my doing and with some kind of crime case … in which I did get the upper hand, and the whole thing ended with millions of tiny **champagne colored diamonds** being kind of tossed out of some container and just thrown into the surroundings, and I was in the middle of it, and they belonged mostly to me, but someone told me that all those spilled diamonds would sure be picked up by people … and *while dreaming I was trying to make sense of that kind of dumb behavior.*

It feels like in the dream I was kind of teamed up with people, and somehow it had to do with making a film with a celebrity actor … but that part is very blurry.


Contact-Diary by Jo Danieli 2020 _ (

We came across an interesting **gap in a rock wall** … like a "portal" between two huge stones.

May 15, 2020

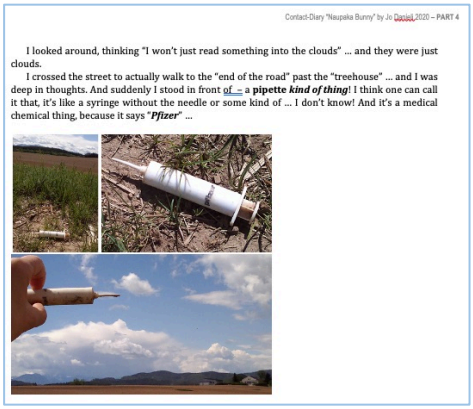
Intense **dream** of Bob.

He was so clearly "him", that ***I thought in my dream "Wow, this is real".*** Then, it related to

Also … the current craziness about the Corona vaccinations seems reflected in the "syringe" entries of way back that I'm editing right now for size.

I looked around, thinking "I won't just read something into the clouds" ... and they were just clouds.

I crossed the street to actually walk to the "end of the road" past the "treehouse" ... and I was deep in thoughts. And suddenly I stood in front of – a **pipette *kind of thing***! I think one can call it that, it's like a syringe without the needle or some kind of ... I don't know! And it's a medical chemical thing, because it says "***Pfizer***" ...


Contact-Diary "Naupaka Bunny" by Jo Danieli 2020 – PART 4

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February 14, 2022, Valentine's Day.

Yeah right. Valentine's. I really had to do with the realization about my mom's hostility and refusal to feed herself normally. I feel trapped, somehow.

I also couldn't take my thoughts of Marshall, Inge wrote that she hasn't seen anyone with him for a while. That is not good, along with my dreams ...

Had a lot of dreams again, intense, but don't quite remember. Saw a sticker of a feisty girl on some kind of building where J and I walk by often.

(Later) **Wizzard Stones!**

Drove to Klagenfurt to post a letter that has directly to do with saving little ***Marshall***. I felt absolutely urged to do something ... the closeness of the helpless dog who "asked" me to not leave him, in two dreams ... that was not for nothing. The astrologer whose newsletters I'm editing wrote the other day ***"Note what's in your dreams"*** ... she wrote it several times, "mind your dreams". And I do.

I didn't know where a mailbox was, so I drove into Klagenfurt, looking for one, but it got dark, and I found myself in the middle of the traffic. I took a few turns – and I ended up at the very exact parking lot where I was the last time I was in Klagenfurt, which is so long ago, that I can't remember. I only was startled about that ***directness of memory, the feeling of "having just been there"***, and there were people with me, but I don't know who. Maybe my niece and my mother ... but why? What did I do there?

Most fascinatingly: I walked a whole long round in the cold until I found a postal mailbox, where I put my letter, and coming back to my car, I realized that I was facing "**wizzard stones**". That was my first thought – the same kind of stones like at Kuhio beach. The famous rocks representing wizzards of old Hawaii! Wow! I walked a few steps further: The same thing! Three fat big wizzard stones! There was something about me having landed there of all places and seeing it! I also had very strong thoughts of my niece, a little bit with worries.

February 15, 2022 **– The Farmers, the Cow & the Indigo Crystal**

And … for a few days I have found myself ***"quoting" somebody*** I once knew – but I don't know who – who used to pronounce the German "ei" like in "Sonnenschein" (sunshine) like "ai" … and I've been saying German words with that "wrong" and kind of funny pronunciation, like "Sonnenschain" or "Stain" instead of "Stein" which means "stone". It was just there, that impulse. I know it's from long ago and from someone I cared about. But who?

It's very mysterious.

(Wow)

It goes on!

Remember my **dream** of the very *personal "human"* ***cow***?

Today I decided to drive to my mom with the lentil soup I had made for her even though it was snowing hard … and I left my editing work of the screenplay "Dirndlkrawall" about the fictitious remote farmers' community in Carinthia, "Felsendörfel" … and sure enough: A TV program started right when I arrived at my mother's – about **today's ancient farming traditions in Austria!**

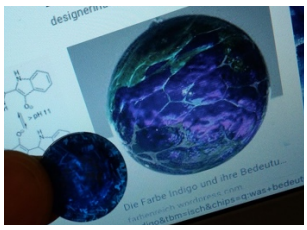
And one of the farmers told the story of **his cow** – who was a friend to him and who had died!

And there were images just like in my dream, him with the cow on slopes and hilly meadows, going back and forth! I had dreamed that!

Wow!

Before driving there I had picked up an ***indigo blue plastic crystal*** from my floor, I had found it a few days ago on the street. I had struggled with myself whether to keep it or not, thinking "not

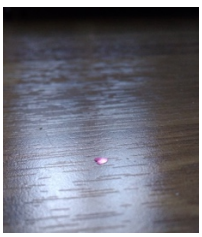
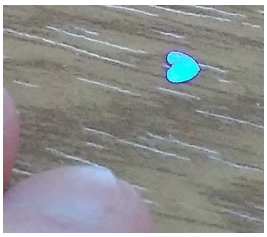
everything has meaning" … but kept it … Back home I saw that I had received an editing job from N. – and one of the subjects was a new food concept called "***the naked indigo***" … and *as I googled "Indigo", there it was:* ***my indigo blue "crystal"!***
What are the odds? None. It's all to let me know that I'm really "on". Probably more than ever.
Snow and rain today.

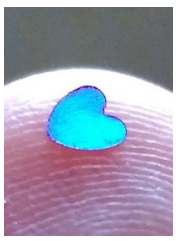


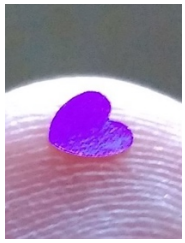
February 16, 2022
A shitload of snow last night! Wet and thick! Took a nice walk with Jacqui at Rosegg today just to take advantage of the snow … and I asked Bob to give me something into my hand, I longed for him so much … and right away, there was – again! – ***a yellow round thing with something sticking out on top***, like a yellow fruit with some yellow spikes sticking out on top where the fruit was attached to the plant … something like this.

But I've received several yellow "bowl" or "ball" type stuffs … One manifested in the form of the garden bulbs along the path where I walk with Jacqui … So I didn't take it seriously. I even *said "Well, I guess I'm simply remembering"* … I was disappointed. I tried again, and it was a matchbox, I think … So I gave it up, said to myself that probably I simply didn't have the connection. I can't expect Bob to be with me all the time.
Strange day … shopping with me mother, and as much as I feel for her, I get strangely upset seeing her walking so slowly as if she couldn't walk at all. I'm picking up something … and I'm ashamed to even think that her inability to walk isn't all that real and true … she simply doesn't want to walk, has refused to do that for years. I really worked on my patience.

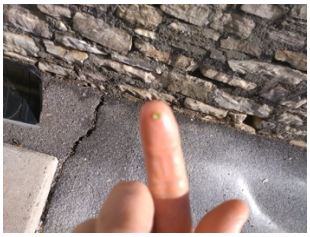
February 17, 2022 – **The Yellow Round Thing With Something Sticking Out on Top**
My body is 58 years old today. Birthday without Bob. Or is it?
I got up and found a ***tiny heart*** on the floor next to my bed. It changes color depending on the angle. Quite cute. No idea where it came from. Is it a birthday greeting?





Funnily, as I stepped outside – I found a tiny **four leaf clover** in front of the house door!



Later, I drove with my mom (who was nice and clear) buying stuffed peppers for the birthday meal with mom … on the way back, she showed her hateful and nasty face, which constitutes a big birthday learning …

And right in front of the door to the house where I now live: a tiny four-leaf clover.

So … there.

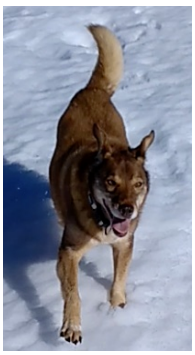
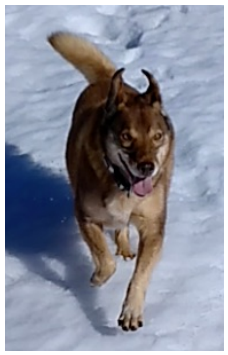
Other than that … more confusion than anything. But then … not really. I'm gonna totally stand in for me from now on, no more bullshitting me from the sides of my parents.

Father called yesterday to complain that I didn't call to say thanks for the (all totally expired old) stuff he gifted me with. He had told me to wait until he'd call. I called back, he was all tears and poor and told me he was eating dry bread and is so poor. No word about my birthday, only that this week is already too late for a meeting. So I got an appointment on Tuesday, 22, good date, actually, 22 02 2022, that gotta count for something, and I swear we'll clarify things then.

Plus … in the forest I saw the very first butterfly of the year, a *yellow lemon flutterer*.

(Later) **The Yellow Round Thing With Something Sticking Out on Top!**

I got back from dinner with my mother, didn't talk about anything with her. She was in pain, moaning, but friendly and all into tv-watching. So we ate stuffed pepper, I watched a bit with her, and then I left. Took a walk with Jacqui in the area, he enjoyed running in the snow. He is my birthday present, every day he is.

Back home I needed desert, and I ate a few of *the new sweets* I had bought *yesterday*, while shopping with my mother. Something entirely new, never bought it before, an interesting wrapping … I had already taste-tested it last night. It reminded me of Edith because the filling is "marc the champagne", and I had given a package of such sweets to Edith in winter 2019/20 as my last gift to her. Together with a good luck elephant whose ear had broken off. Not a good sign.

So I sat down to do some jobs and opened the package with those new sweets again and ***put one in my hand, marveling at the strange packing … something yellow round with the paper sticking out on top***. And then it hit me: I had received exactly that in my hand in Rosegg yesterday. So it was no "remembering", it was an actual new thing to come that Bob had given me a preview for.

You may ask how I know it was Bob … well I don't "know", but I assume, as it's our pattern of communicating. I'm sure he is proud of me right now for having finally gotten it. Should have already last night, but I didn't "see" it.

Yes, Bob had given me this strange thing into my hand as a proof that he is around and with me before I had even known that kind of strangely packaged sweets even existed and before I actually bought it at Hofer. I just now see that the image is also outside on the package … wow …

Wow.

Mahalo, Stoneman, for this amazing birthday gift.

Earlier, before driving to my mother's for dinner … my father called and asked me to come pick up a box of empty beer bottles and go to get him new ones. I immediately knew that he wanted to "get something back" for the amazing gift of all expired old cooking stuff from Edith he had given to me. He is so petty, so stingy – and he is outright nasty. The way he talked today, also about Picej, his former buddy, was so bitter and horrible that I got very bad stomach ache listening to him. It numbed me. But I didn't have the energy to contradict, that's how aggressive he was. I know exactly what happened between him and Picej. The guy realized what an aggressive abusive person and liar my father is … and Picej after trying his best and spending a lot of money for food for my father and driving him around, after hearing the same rants over and over again, couldn't take it anymore and wasn't willing to take the time and drive so far (at least 80 km one way) to visit my father. He couldn't do anything right, my father must have been such an ass to him. And then came the day when Picej wasn't willing to spend money for my father anymore and when my father said he'd pay back what Picej overpaid for him in a certain situation, and Picej accepted the offer, my father got out of himself with hatred.

My father is so stingy and greedy, it's impossible to describe. I recorded most of the conversation today again … he isn't just sad, he cries all the time, he is simply psychotic. I might even go there about the beer story tomorrow, but only to gather information and see dog Sandy.

I felt numb and sad when I was with my mother.

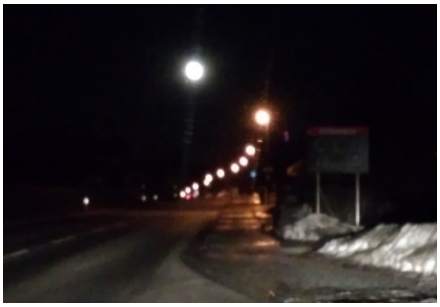
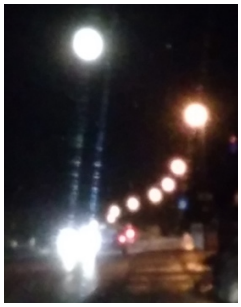
She wished me good things from afar, no way she'd ever try and hug me or kiss me. Never.

My father didn't mention my birthday with one word.

The phone conversation ended because someone rang his house bell, and he had to stop talking.

He is so bitter … oh poor Edith. I know she is so fine right now.

Oh, yes: "**808 DJ**" came my way today. "BOB" and "DJ", that would be me.

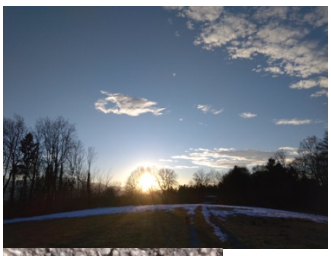
Driving home from my mother's … the moon was out and full. With his friend, the street lantern. I had to stop to take a pic, that's how great it was. Really can't see it on the image.

February 18, 2022

Fulfilled my promise and went to see my father to drive buy beer for him … and we had the biggest blow-up ever, and I was totally and utterly honest. At some point I worried he'd get a heart attack or a stroke and die, that's how he yelled, but then … I won't play his game. He is an evil asshole, totally sick in his head … and I *recorded* everything. Still went shopping for him. And afterwards we said we'd still have our "meeting" on Tuesday, 22/02/2022, what a date … never will another two-date like that happen in my lifetime … double "222", Stoneman, and you're not going to be there.

I also saw "Jo SKI 8", a strange license plate number indeed.

Took Jacqui for a walk in the evening to calm down. My father of course didn't even mention my birthday yesterday. Found parts of a puzzle where my mom lives. We still haven't finished that puzzle that we started a while ago.



February 19, 2022 **– The Dead Stranger**

What a strange encounter today.

Went shopping with my mother, and we were looking for a certain flower pot, but didn't get it at the flower store where she bought a new Efeu (climbing plant) for her wall, after the one she had had for 28 years kind of dried out. I actually took it with me, I want to see if it can still recover. We bought a new one for her, and she loves it.

So we drove to the NKD store (mainly clothes and beddings and stuff) – and my old frenemy *Sylvia* just then walked by that store. Since our falling-out a while ago we haven't seen each other. And there she was, tall and fake blond and with her typical Sylvia walk, and I waved at her and smile, and she smiled and waved back, and my mother smiled and waved at her too, having forgotten that she had told Sylvia to stay away in her unaware days … Then mom and I entered that NKD-store, where we pretty much never go. And sure enough, a nice green plant pot that suited our purpose of hanging it on the wall. I also saw underwear, didn't look for it, but saw pretty much perfect bras and underpants and socks … and bought them. The sales lady wasn't particularly friendly, a bit gloomy I thought. But we all must wear masks, so it's hard to tell what mood people are in.

Later at home, I realized that there was a hole in one of my new underpants, and before driving to the chicken dinner with mom, I returned to the store. The sales lady was alone, vacuum cleaning.

Somehow I noticed her mood, again, and we ended up chatting how people make big deals out of tiny nuisances … and out of the blue, ***she told me that her mom had passed away a few days ago … in her sleep.*** No sign. Totally healthy. Lay down for a nap and never woke up. Had prepared soup and all.

I felt so compelled to tell her that her mom is living on, and I tried … but I also realized firsthand how it is next to impossible to even get someone who has never considered life after death to listen.

I only realized that I had to get back to that store for the lady to be able to share her grief and shock with me. I'm the right one for that. I was "called" to that shop. And that within a network that included my own mom and her old plant and our search for a *plant pot* … NKD is mainly a *clothing store!*

Oh geez, poor woman. Having to philosophy to help her. I'll probably go back to the store again next week and talk to the lady again. I think I'd be able to give her a message from her mom.

"910 EC" I keep seeing, and also "910 FL".

February 20, 2022, Sunday **– Lea, Malia & the "Hagazussa", the Herbs, the Tree & the Nut Shell**

What a lesson.

This morning, I woke up feeling full resentment against my father, he had said that he wouldn't ever care about my life or my feelings or experiences because I'm not worth enough to him, in other words, I don't mean enough to him. It was spontaneous and direct and clear: He meant it.

So I woke up fretting about my decision to go see him anyway on Tuesday and to bring him the chicken he wants. He doesn't deserve it, he is a stingy abusive manipulative bastard, and I should stay away.

So I took Jacqui on a rather **early walk** into the forest. I had meant to go a different path, but because I saw the crazy neighbor with his Dogge and poor aggressive Debbie, I went the other way. Then *I changed my mind where to walk again* while on the tour and took a path I hadn't intended to. I ended up on the **bench under the tree** with the "Ma'alaea" view.

So I sat there, talking to myself (not to Bob!) and saying that "this is me", and I tried to feel myself, but it was hard, my thoughts were like maniacs. Suddenly, down under the hill, next to the houses, *children's voices* sounded. I thought "Oh great those are the kids whose parents don't give a shit about the neighbors and that it's Sunday, they just scream like they are alone in the world." I had to think about little Isabell, my neighbor in Griffen, who had yelled as screamed like crazy on Sundays, and nobody had said anything.

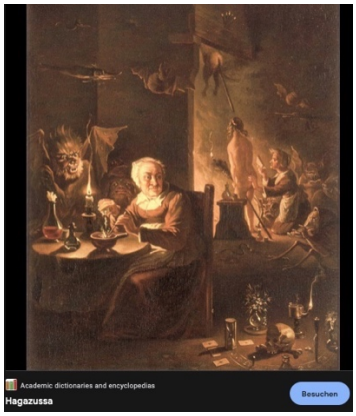
So I walked down the hill, along a path I hadn't taken yet and intended to take a turn before reaching those noisy kids – but the two little ones came running towards Jacqui and me. I was mildly annoyed, but then I saw how sweet they were, and one of them, the older one, was one of the two girls I had met weeks ago walking alone through the forest with her sister, and I had worried about them.

What happened was the sweetest encounter between the two girls, "**Lea**", 10 and her sister "**Malia**", about 4 or 5. They decided to come along with us, so I took totally different routes than I had intended to. They loved so much chatting and playing with Jacqui, and Jacqui loved them too. Lea said she was a witch and told me all kinds of imaginary things, and I played along. She said she was a *herb expert*, and at first I thought it might be true, but she only made that up, so I taught her something about Spitzwegerich and how to recognize and use it. She said, of course, she knew all that, but she was so eager. So sweet. The little one was really interested in her own way, totting along, babbling about the mole hills and picking up grass and plants and running with Jacqui. I told them the names of the mountains I knew, and we guessed the nature of an old tree, I think it was pear. I showed them how to imitate animal cries with a blade of grass and how to get Jacqui to bring stuff. So Lea threw her shoe, Jacqui brought it, and it was so sweet.

She kept saying things into his ears, and she said that he understands her. She also said that he used to be her dog. There was something uncannily true in the little girl's fantasies … it was so interesting and touching.

Such sweet faces … and I was thinking of the souls in there and what bodies they were getting to use.

So of course **"Lea" is a Hawaiian name meaning "joy"**, and **"Malia" is also Hawaiian and means "quiet, calm"** and the like in the form of "malie". As "malia" it can mean "perhaps". *(The images show similar girls, of course not the real ones.)*



The Old High German word for witch OHG *hagazussa*, G *Hexe* appears in the glosses in varied morphological, lexical and semantic forms. Chart #1 gives a synopsis of these forms, as listed in Taylor-Stark. Included are the volume, page, and line in which they appear in Steinmeyer-Stevers information concerning manuscripts, geographical locations and dates are taken from Steinmeyer-Stevers

GENERAL LINGUISTICS, Vol. 27, No. 2, 1987. Published by The Pennsylvania State University Press, University Park and London.

Later, as I walked back home I thought how those two girls gave me the greatest lesson today:

Think of the child in people. In my film "Making of Barricades" I have a character say a line to a supposed mass murderer "You were a baby once!" meaning "What happened that you became a monster?"

And my father, a monster to me, was a child once.

I realized walking down the forest path that maybe he felt that he wasn't worth enough to his parents to care for him, that he was so unloved that this pain has made him into a monster. So he handed it right on, to animal, to his wives and his children and to many people he is hurting.

This prompt utterance that he has no interest in me to care about anything about me … that may have been a very strong clue.

And being **with those two innocent trusting and vulnerable and very impressionable children** … with Hawaiian names no less … wow, **what a lesson**. They literally pulled me out of the dreary and numbing thoughts that I had while under the tree on the bench.

Later we all three went to the bench, so the children's energy really is up there now. Those eyes, those faces … for the children of the future I must really "imua" – move forward.

The only thing that bothers me is … they went with me, so trusting. I could have told them all kinds of bullshit. Their parents where nowhere. I was a total stranger, and they let these kinds walk with me to the forest. Geez. I realized in my own reaction that I would be able to protect those kids no matter what.

It was a very magical experience.

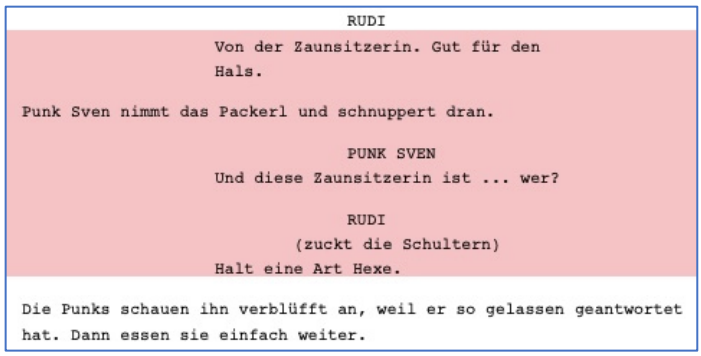
I'm thankful for that.

It will help me deal with my father on Tuesday. Of course he'll get the chicken he wants, even though I know that he is trying to take advantage of me.

I'll be directing my attention to the child in him, and I will remember that *little Lea took everything she saw and heard from the perspective of the "witch" that she thought she was*. I told her where the name "***witch***" in German – "***Hexe***" – comes from, "**Hagazussa**", the one who sits on a fence, meaning "between two worlds. Oh Jesus!

JUST NOW I REALIZE ANOTHER MESSAGE in it all! I had worked on my Carinthia screenplay last night, and one of the characters in there is called "***Zaunsitzerin***" which is "***Hagazussa*** in German. **And today I met an actual "Hagazussa", little Lea**, even though only in her imagination, but who knows what quality of consciousness little Lea really has.

(This is an excerpt from part two of the screenplay that I was editing just last night:)



RUDI
Von der Zaunsitzerin. Gut für den Hals.

Punk Sven nimmt das Packerl und schnuppert dran.

PUNK SVEN
Und diese Zaunsitzerin ist ... wer?

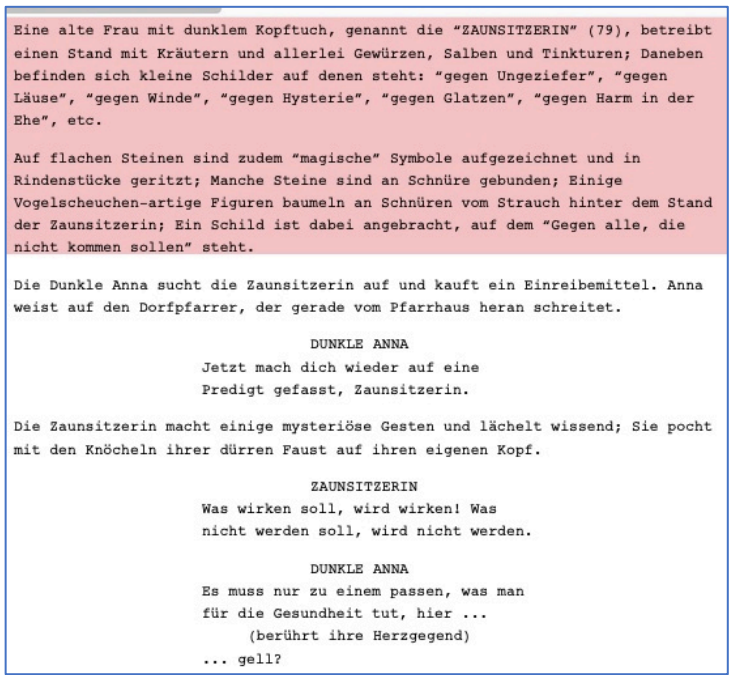
RUDI
(zuckt die Schultern)
Halt eine Art Hexe.

Die Punks schauen ihn verblüfft an, weil er so gelassen geantwortet hat. Dann essen sie einfach weiter.

Translation: "*Rudi reaches into the pocket of his Lederhosen and pulls out a package of hand-rolled cigarettes (just herbs, wrapped in leaves). RUDI: From the fence sitter. Good for the throat. Punk Sven takes the package and sniffs at it. PUNK SVEN: And this fence sitter is... who? RUDI: (shrugs shoulders) Hold some kind of witch. "*

WOW! OH – and there is more: *Lea is a "herb expert", she said.* **And the "*Hagazussa*" in my screenplay is – *a herb expert!***

It can't be clearer. (This is an excerpt from part one of the screenplay, where the "Zaunsitzerin" the witch "The one who sits on the fence" is first introduced:)



Eine alte Frau mit dunklem Kopftuch, genannt die "ZAUNSITZERIN" (79), betreibt einen Stand mit Kräutern und allerlei Gewürzen, Salben und Tinkturen; Daneben befinden sich kleine Schilder auf denen steht: "gegen Ungeziefer", "gegen Läuse", "gegen Winde", "gegen Hysterie", "gegen Glatzen", "gegen Harm in der Ehe", etc.

Auf flachen Steinen sind zudem "magische" Symbole aufgezeichnet und in Rindenstücke geritzt; Manche Steine sind an Schnüre gebunden; Einige Vogelscheuchen-artige Figuren baumeln an Schnüren vom Strauch hinter dem Stand der Zaunsitzerin; Ein Schild ist dabei angebracht, auf dem "Gegen alle, die nicht kommen sollen" steht.

Die Dunkle Anna sucht die Zaunsitzerin auf und kauft ein Einreibemittel. Anna weist auf den Dorfpfarrer, der gerade vom Pfarrhaus heran schreitet.

DUNKLE ANNA
Jetzt mach dich wieder auf eine Predigt gefasst, Zaunsitzerin.

Die Zaunsitzerin macht einige mysteriöse Gesten und lächelt wissend; Sie pocht mit den Knöcheln ihrer dürren Faust auf ihren eigenen Kopf.

ZAUNSITZERIN
Was wirken soll, wird wirken! Was nicht werden soll, wird nicht werden.

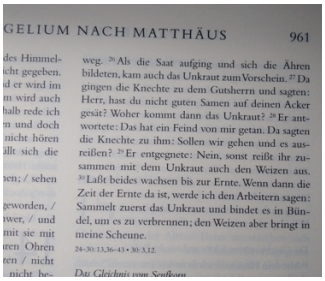
DUNKLE ANNA
Es muss nur zu einem passen, was man für die Gesundheit tut, hier ...
(berührt ihre Herzgegend)
... gell?

(Translation: *"An old woman with a dark headscarf, known as the "ZAUNSITZERIN" ("fence sitter, the one who sits on fences", 79), runs a stand with herbs and all kinds of spices, ointments and tinctures; Next to it are small signs that say: "against vermin", "against lice", "against winds", "against hysteria", "against bald heads", "against harm in marriage", etc. "Magical" symbols are also drawn on flat stones and carved into pieces of bark; Some stones are tied with strings; A few scarecrow-like figures dangle on strings from the bush behind the fence sitter's stand; A sign is attached that says "Against all those who should not come". "Dark Anna" visits the fence sitter and buys a liniment. Anna points to the village priest, who is just approaching from the vicarage. DARK ANNA: "Now get ready for another sermon, fence sitter." The fence sitter makes some mysterious gestures and smiles knowingly; She raps her own head with the knuckles of her scrawny fist. ZAUNSITZERIN: "What should work will work! What shouldn't happen won't happen." DARK ANNA: "What you do for your health, has to fit to ... here ..." (touches her heart area) "... right?")*

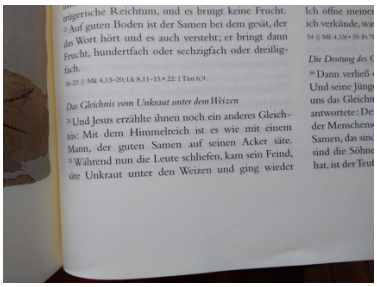
Maybe the dead mom of the sales lady – that I heard about yesterday – has something to do with that, too.

(Later) ***The Herbs, Old Tree & the Nut Shell Manifested!***

Went with Jacqui for a walk along the castle paths at **Rosegg** … and I felt drawn to the little chapel today, walked in … and felt compelled to open *the big religious book* on a random page … and guess what? It was about **sowing on a field** and **weeds** and **herbs** and all! Talk about "***Hagazussa***" from earlier! "The story about the weed and the wheat", namely. The ***teaching*** (Matthew) is *"Don't pull out the weed in the wheat field so that you don't accidentally pull out the wheat plants, but let both plants grow to maturity. Then the weed will be pulled out before the harvest of the grains."* There. What am I supposed to learn from this …?

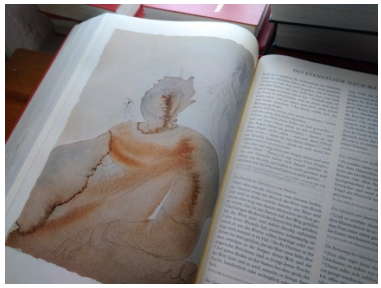

GELIUM NACH MATTHÄUS 961

des Himmel- weg. 26 Als die Saat aufging und sich die Ähren
icht gegeben, bildeten, kam auch das Unkraut zum Vorschein. 27 Da
d er wird im gingen die Knechte zu dem Gutsherrn und sagten:
n wird auch Herr, hast du nicht guten Samen auf deinen Acker
halb rede ich gesät? Woher kommt dann das Unkraut? 28 Er ant-
n und doch wortete: Das hat ein Feind von mir getan. Da sagten
nicht hören die Knechte zu ihm: Sollen wir gehen und es aus-
llt sich die reißen? 29 Er entgegnete: Nein, sonst reißt ihr zu-
sammen mit dem Unkraut auch den Weizen aus.
en; / sehen 30 Laßt beides wachsen bis zur Ernte. Wenn dann die
Zeit der Ernte da ist, werde ich den Arbeitern sagen:
geworden, / Sammelt zuerst das Unkraut und bindet es in Bün-
wer, / und del, um es zu verbrennen; den Weizen aber bringt in
mit sie mit meine Scheune.
ren Ohren 24–30: 13,36–43 • 30: 3,12.
ren / nicht
nicht be- *Das Gleichnis vom Senfkorn*


gyptische Reichtum, und es bringt keine Frucht.
23 Auf guten Boden ist der Samen bei dem gesät, der
das Wort hört und es auch versteht; er bringt dann
Frucht, hundertfach oder sechzigfach oder dreißig-
fach.
18–23 || Mk 4,13–20; Lk 8,11–15 • 22: 1 Tim 6,9.

Das Gleichnis vom Unkraut unter dem Weizen

24 Und Jesus erzählte ihnen noch ein anderes Gleich-
nis: Mit dem Himmelreich ist es wie mit einem
Mann, der guten Samen auf seinen Acker säte.
25 Während nun die Leute schliefen, kam sein Feind,
säte Unkraut unter den Weizen und ging wieder
Ich öffne meinen
ich verkünde, wa
34 || Mk 4,33f • 35: Ps 78
Die Deutung des
36 Dann verließ
Und seine Jünge
uns das Gleichn
antwortete: Die
der Menschens
Samen, das sind
sind die Söhne
hat, ist der Teuf



Then. The ***sky was parted! Weirdly – on both sides!*** Talk about "living in two worlds" like a "Hagazussa", a "sitter on a fence"! It was magical to behold.

There was a ***cloud mimicking the tree*** I was looking at … Yes, and ***the nut shell***. I had talked with Lea about nuts … when we looked at a old tree on the field, and I said that it could be a pear or a nut tree. But because there are no walnut shells anywhere around, so likely it's not a nut tree. And there was the "tree" hint right after I found an empty nut shell. The one I had been looking for in the morning with the two little witch girls.

<u>February 21, 2022</u>

If you aren't trying to connect with a dead loved one, you aren't grieving properly.

Last night I had a very interesting conversation with Traudi, whose way has always been ignorance and repeating what her psycho therapist gets her to believe. The great love of her life, M., had died in summer. I realized that she had tried to call me in those days, but I didn't pick up because it was the high-time of my mother's catastrophe. And just the day before he died she had decided to connect with him – after decades of refusing to! – but she never got to see him again, he did died without her seeing him again.

When I tried to talk to her about the fact that consciousness is the only reality and lives on, she totally warded off any attempt. So I was left with the realization that the true fuckedupness of mankind is that we don't deal properly with our dead. Therefore we can't deal properly with ourselves during out mortal phase and with other during that time – be those dead or living.

I drove to my mom in the evening and switched on the radio – which I pretty much never do – and again, the most poignant refrain was on just then: "*I walk with the dead and the living*" … some Jesus-related song, no I idea about whom, also including the line that those who believe in Jesus "are quick to forgive". And I pondered right away upon that "belief in Jesus" … as it just means to believe in life after death. That's what Jesus tried to demonstrate to us – even though he didn't get back from the dead, he was never dead, I believe that now. Traudi's stubborn and very ignorant refusal to even deal with the topic made me realize how urgent my work actually is.

I realized:

If you are not trying to connect with a dead loved one, you aren't grieving properly. The general idea is that when someone who has just lost a loved one deals intensely with the question of whether life goes on after death or not and whether it's possible to communicate with "the other side", this bereaved person is displaying a "wrong" form of grief, where they "can't let go". And that's exactly the point: **We are not supposed to let go right away. Some of us are even supposed to hang on for a long time.** That's the whole problem mankind has: We were lead to believe that we "must let go" of the dead meaning not trying to even consider they are still alive. We were taught that "the real of the dead" must be separate from the world of the "living", that it's even "dangerous to deal with the dead", and that we must close the coffin and move on, to "let them rest in peace". Oh geez, there is no "resting in peace" from the side of the "deceased" ones. We are talking to ourselves, we, the "living", the humans who still have a mortal shell, when we say "Rest in peace". It's us who truly want to be able to "rest" and be "at peace" again after our loss. But how dare we wishing the "dead" to "rest in peace" and even imagine this – when we don't even KNOW what happens to consciousness after death! We are certainly hindering the "souls" in their development when we are depriving them of what they may (!) need most after their passing: energy. And our thoughts are pure energy. Not all need us to help them move forward "over there" with our energetic projections, but many do. And now imagine that the loved ones in the mortal realm are lead to believe that the "dead" are actually just the rotting corpses in their graves or the ashes in the urns ... and we have "put them to rest", when they are alive and would desperately need us to consider them as such!

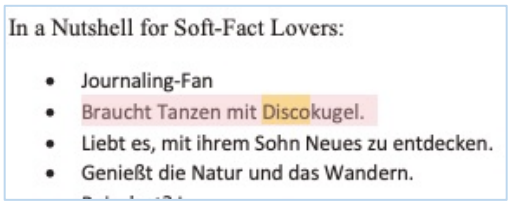
The creed that "the dead are lying in their graves" or "their remains are in their urns" is a horrible mistake. It affects the entire energetic spiritual human world, here and in the beyond. That focus has fucked up the human spirit big time. And I'll exactly tell you in this contact diary why it's bullshit to treat the dead as – well, gone and done and not existing anymore. They are alive and well. Indeed.

(This is going to be the intro of this whole contact diary!)

Tomorrow is the double-"222"-day, Bob. Do something special!

I was drawn to "being on Maui" and remembering my time there so closely, that I felt that emotional wave of looking forward to traveling there and being with Bob … as if it all was still like it was. It happened several times, not just one. I caught myself being happy about going to Maui to Bob soon again … and even though I looked out of my car window and said out loud "It's all not true, it's all gone, you are dead, Stoneman" it still lingered in my totally wake self. While driving I got mad a Bob and said that *"You were never a mortal who had to grieve like this and deal with loss like this,* ***you fucking disca!****"*

And right away I "saw" *Bob dancing in a disco under a disco ball*, and I "heard" him say "I love disco!" And of course I said to him that he indeed did say that and I didn't make this up, of course I need proof.


In a Nutshell for Soft-Fact Lovers:

- Journaling-Fan
- Braucht Tanzen mit Discokugel.
- Liebt es, mit ihrem Sohn Neues zu entdecken.
- Genießt die Natur und das Wandern.

A minute later I realized that I had just read about a woman loving to dance under a disco ball … in a spontaneous job I had received from my boss, Ines. ("***Needs dancing under a disco ball***", it said in an "about me" section on a website.) So I thought, well, I only remembered that, I guess.

But now I'm curious about that disca-disco thing and if Bob will give me a hint what it was, that he put that thought in my head or not.

February 22, 2022 **– The White Flower Petals & the Stickiness**

It's the double 222-day. Woke up and lay in bed wide awake totally immersing into "being on Maui", I played through routines with Bob, it was like really being there again. The thoughts came what I'm supposed to focus on right now … in my mortal phase. I miss Bob and being with Bob so much. Is that what actually drives me to be active and write and do stuff? Just because I can barely stand this mortal life without him? I had just changed the beginning of my contact diary yesterday writing *If you aren't trying to connect with a dead loved one, you aren't "grieving" properly (…) That's the whole problem mankind has: We were lead to believe that we "must let go" of the dead meaning not trying to even consider they are still alive. We must think of them as "lying in their graves" or "being in their urns" … and that's a horrible mistake. It affects the entire energetic spiritual human world, here and in the beyond. That turn towards the actual non-truth has fucked up the human spirit big time. And I'll exactly tell you in this contact diary why it's bullshit to treat the dead as – well, gone and done and not existing anymore. They are alive and well. Indeed.* And after encountering the little "witch" Lea on my favorite pasture, a 10-years old girl who had told me she was a "herb witch and healer" right after I had edited an old screenplay the night before with scenes of a "Hagazussa", a "witch" who was a herbal expert and healer in a mountain village in Carinthia … and the many many communications with Bob of the last weeks … I didn't even get to complete my diary entries with all the imagery … dealing with caretaking of my parents in real life and trying to make a living … so …

Today will be the ultimate visit and talk with my father.
Then I'll know more, maybe.

I **dreamed**, that I was in some **living community** that consisted of **housing** with very little space and a large **hilly garden** with lots of patches of different **trees**, fir, fruit, exotic trees …

I had just moved into one of the tiny apartments of the house that looked a bit like the old "Kolonistenheim" where I part-grew up, and I thought that I had a very small space, but it would suffice for me. My dog Jacqui was with me. We had a shared bathroom (we, the other inhabitants of

that house, and it was like an old people's home, but I don't know how old I was), and as I went there, I saw that someone had shed apples, green pears and even a big melon into the toilet, and they hadn't flushed properly, so the fruit was swimming in the toilet! I was so upset and wondered who had done that idiotic thing, putting fruit into the toilet, of course it couldn't be flushed. I think I tried to flush once but then stopped, realizing that if someone caught me it would be my fault. (Right now this feels like a distinct message, a warning, maybe about dealing with my father later today.) So I left the toilet – and to my shock, meanwhile, many more people – mostly older women – had moved into the living spaces, totally ignoring that we already lived there. I was walking around, in shock, talking to myself that there was no way that this was enough space for all of us … and the new people simply put there stuff whereever they wanted to. Suddenly, a **tiny red striped cat, a kitten,** came walking out of the mess, and I bent down to it to protect it from Jacqui who came running gnarling at it. The owner was a younger woman who had just moved into our livingspace recklessly, and I said to her that she can't just let that kitten run around, there are dogs like mine, and it's natural that they would maybe hunt it. That idiot woman said then it would be our responsibility to make sure the kitten was safe. It was such an outrageous claim that I got so upset in my dream that I couldn't even talk anymore with distress. I looked around, took Jacqui and said that we had to go outside, because it was impossible to stay there any longer!
And then we were **outside**, on the **wide hilly landscape**. Lots of older people were wandering around there. And there were caretakers, like nurses, of a kind, who said to us that we all must **choose one tree** and then it would represent it and we would always be connected to that tree.

Most people just walked around and chose a tree … but I saw the huge number or varieties all over the place, and some trees where hidden under others, and I said that it's impossible to pick one so fast. So I started to wander around the hillside … I don't remember Jacqui being with me anymore. I looked at trees, and I thought to myself – between being my dream persona and my real life dream-aware person – that there will be the one tree that will "speak to me". And I got frustrated for not being attracted to a certain tree. I wanted to choose one, but then I realized that I consciously tried to find something attractive about that tree, and that it wasn't the right choice, therefore. Some trees were attractive, but they were huge. And I knew that the chosen tree would have to be dug out and put somewhere else. So I kept wandering around, and ended up in some kind of thicket, of large, tall shady fir trees … and under them was a scrawny weird tree with a very uneven silhouette. And the tree wasn't really green, it did have leaves, though, it was covered all over with some kind of white sticky sap, even though the tiny leaves … and as I looked more closely, all the twigs were covered with beautiful but hidden white flowers! The petals were pointed, always five, like a mix of Jasmine and Anemones, but small, like less than one centimeter diameter. So I said, yes, that's my tree, it reminds me of myself, as I also have white hair and I'm so not even and not symmetric at all. The tree had grown branches pretty much only in one direction, to the North-West, but the South-East side didn't have branches, as that's where the tree was backing into that fir thicket. I thought that somehow this tree would have to be dug out and put someplace of my choice, and that this would be difficult because of the entanglement in that grove. But I knew in my heart that it was the tree I was supposed to choose.

So I walked away from there looking for a caretaker to tell her my choice … and after long searching (there were no more people, the hillside was empty) I met a younger "nurse", and I told her about the tree. And she looked at me very weird and said no that's not relevant anymore. I got upset and said that it had taken me long enough, and that finally I had chosen a tree like I had been asked to do, and now I wanted that tree to be given to me and planted in a place of my choice. The woman looked at me like I was just an old fool and said that **this program about the trees had ended many years ago.** And I was so baffled, didn't understand it. And she said that it was **in the past century** that this was an active place. I looked at her and said she was crazy, because that would mean that I had been looking for that tree for a century and had been in an different dimension. My dream persona had not noticed time at all. So I stood there on the hillside totally confused and really lost. I knew that this person would not ever "get it" what I was telling her and that she had no clue about what had happened. She didn't even ask me who I was but simply walked away. And I stood there, knowing "my tree" behind me, but no way to connect to the times past where it would have been possible to really use it.

Then I woke up.

And I know right now that this is a big "reality" that I dreamed about.

I thought right away about Elisabeth and Stewart White who had worked so hard on the project "The Bridge" in the past century, along with Ruth and Emmet Finley … and I have the feeling now, that I'm supposed to do something very distinct about their and my work. The memory of the dream tree is very clear and strong, like I can feel the sticky bark and leaves and flowers in their beautiful almond-petal shape and translucent white color with just a bit of yellow in the middle. This tree is a very sturdy plant, can survived much longer than any other tree, is the thought that just came to me. That's why it's covered in that sticky protective sap and grows in that thicket where it was hiding. And nobody saw it except for me.

Well, it's the double-222-day today, as Bob and I lived at Haulani Street 222, the "house of laughter". Not one bit of laughter inside of me, though.

(Later)

Of course, as I was trying to google-find the tree flowers of my dream, I came across a flood of Plumeria flowers … and that's a greeting from Bob.

I noticed that the red and yellow "Ali'i" flowers that I bought – and my mom got pink and yellow ones – have a sweet violet resembling fragrance!

So nice! A strange ***curl cloud*** along with a fish cloud attracted my attention at my west window. And in the south there was a distinct ***"flying man" cloud*** that turned into a ***mouse cloud*** in the sky … I used to call Bob "mouse" in the early days of our relationship.

(Later)

The white flower petals!

I spent some time with my father – in peace, after I blew up on my poor dog who jumped out of the car before I told him so and almost ran onto the street right when a car drove by. I think I hit him with the leash, don't remember, that's how stressed I was. Not hard, and only briefly, but he glued himself to the ground and I think even gnarled, feeling so helpless as I held him and hit him. I remember it now. Again, it sounds worse than it was, and he got up right away and wasn't scared of me in the least … but I was worried. That it had even happened that Jacqui got into a dangerous situation.

I also meant to write, but forgot, that I had an intense dream of Bob himself, maybe two days ago, but can't remember … only that he was there, very tall and very serious. And also I dreamed of Jacqui and that he was in a dangerous situation or lost, but I did get him back.

And then that scare today.

Beagle girl Sandy was so happy that we were there. I played with them in the garden … she is so sweet and really needs her teeth cleaned.

Then … as I sat at the table, first eating chicken with my father then chatting with him, without drama this time, as I had really prepared myself …

I suddenly saw: **small white flowers on the table cloth – like in tonight's dream!**

There they were! Embedded in a white surrounding, like in my dream, too! And maybe the stickiness of the "tree" was the stickiness of the table cloth!

I thought of Helleborus niger, the Christmas Rose, when I saw the table cloth … and that's the plant that Bob got treated with, along with Mistletoe, and I don't know whether it would have helped him live or whether it killed him.

Wow.

Right now, I'm just baffled. And very tired.

Something else: I noticed today that with the image of my beloved dog **Kimba** there was been a **rabbit** for a long time. It's on the rubber that holds together the package of the images.

<u>February 23, 2022</u>

Big long **dream** of me on an island with heat and ocean on the one (North) side and snow on the South side. There was also some concert or gathering of many people that I attended, but I had a job there, can't recall clearly though. There was a messy situation where I was stuck amidst people who didn't hear me and didn't make space for me, oh, yes, now I know, **I owned or used something they wanted** and I kind of had to save that "thing" and make my way out of the mass of people, I think it was a hearing device or a phone. Other people of relevance were there, a blond younger man for sure ... A hotel setting … and I had to travel by **bus** several times around the island and get off in the proper spot, on a hill … a lot of confusion about me **trying to call someone**, something **health**-concerning, and I had a phone that felt **alien** to me, so I reached a surgeon in the middle of a treatment, and I couldn't use the phone properly all of a sudden **as it fell apart in my han**d while still calling, and I couldn't stop the answering of that surgeon even though he couldn't hear me, and I heard him say "Who is that?"

*(Right now writing this down I remember that right before falling asleep I had that experience – like many many times before – that **someone called my name**, and it sounded like it came from*

inside my head and there from far away, a tentative calling out to me whether or not I could hear them, and this time most likely it was my paternal grandmother Johanna in whose house I had been last night ... In these cases, mostly I fall asleep shortly afterwards, but the event remains in my memory as part of the waking phase and doesn't fall into "dream" territory; Many times I dive out of the dizziness of almost-sleeping in a flash when I hear those voices, but I always answer and say "Yes, I heard you".)

So in that **dream**, I thought I had to destroy the phone to get it to stop functioning, I just couldn't switch it off, even when it really fell apart already. I needed to get somewhere, down that South hill, and there was a situation of "barely making it", but it's fuzzy right now … I did get off the bus and started walking downhill, with a younger woman, and we talked about wanting to go skiing. I said, literally how I never really realized that it's just an hour bus drive to get from the beach and the sun and the ocean to the winter landscape with all the snow. However, on the foot of the winter hill was also an ocean, and I thought it was the same ocean like the one on the summer side.

One thing I remember clearly: In the dream as the dream persona I suddenly stood facing **the flowers of my dream from last night**, and I said out loud, in the dream, to myself and other people, ***"Wow, here are the flowers now, from my dream yesterday!"*** I even thought in my dream (without waking up) that I had seen the flowers already in real life last night on my father's table cloth, but they weren't that distinct like the ones I was facing, actual real flowers, but not on a tree like in last night's dream, but on a low bush, somewhere between snow and the ocean. Reminds me that the flowers on the table cloth were surrounded by "Schneerosen", "*Helleborus niger*". And that was the plant that Bob used for his treatment. Those plants had a lot of meaning for me in the first months of communicating with Bob. And in the real life struggles for his physical life. I hadn't had anything to do with that plant for a long time. It struck me already last night, looking at the table cloth, that those were "Schneerosen".

In the dream I didn't quite get where I was headed to, because the malfunctioning phone stopped my travels right after I got off the bus, facing South down the hill towards the ocean, but I also thought to myself, *in my dream*, that the street up the hill where the bus was going **resembles a road I had been on many times in dreams before**, *also by bus*. But this time I was on the bus, whilst in previous dreams I was struggling to catch the bus and many times missed it. The horrible experience of walking and knowing that I wouldn't make it, was prevalent in previous dreams. This time, I had been on the bus. Yey.

<u>February 26, 2022</u> **– The Chain of Stars, Alarmed by the Cone**

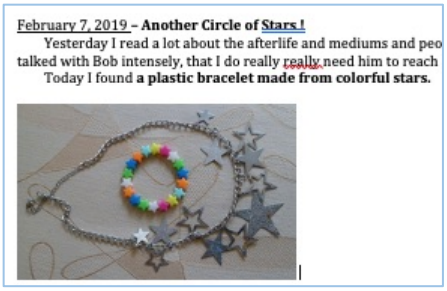
Synchronicity strikes again! First and foremost: Oliver Lazar really answered me. I told him about the "dotted cloth" or "scarf" that I had "seen" or "received" for him, and he wrote it doesn't say anything to him. It will, though, I know it.

Drove back from shopping with mom, and two strange license plate numbers happened: One attracted my attention right behind me, "**THU 6**", and as I drove on, that car behind me and said to myself that I must pay attention to the street, a car came from the opposite direction right then, with "**THUN 1**". That was seriously odd.

Took a walk with Jacqui today along a new route, and so strange car license numbers drove by! First "**VL 321 FL**". Which is amazing, because mine is "**VL 320 FL**". So strange. I tried to "get it" but still don't know what it means. "Closeness"? Maybe? I walked on, and "JO 583 HS" came, which immediately noticed, for some reason, well, "Jo" is my name, and "58" is my age, so …

The end of the walk lead is up the hill along the back road. I talked to myself and Bob and Jacqui, and as I looked at the mountains to our right while walking– there was a "commotion" in the tree to our left, and as I looked and stopped – bang! A **pine cone** *landed right in front of my feet!* No wind. No apparent reason. No other pine cone! So I slowed down, took the pictures and walked a few more steps, and there it was: Some ***container with stars*** on it! And I immediately got reminded of how I used to find "chains of stars", and that this is my Hawaiian name, Kaleilauhoku.

So later, I decided that I wanted to re-edit all files of this contact diary from the 12 point font size to the 10 point font size that I've been using since a few chapters back. For that I had to go through all the files again, and I also started resizing some images. And sure enough – there it was: Me having found the ***plastic bracelet, a "chain of stars"***! It's so uncanny, because I had nothing to do with those stars anymore for a long long time, no thoughts … except when looking at the stars … And there it happened today: **synchronicity about the stars again!** I don't remember why I took a photo of the view from my kitchen window, but here it is …


February 7, 2019 – **Another Circle of Stars!**
Yesterday I read a lot about the afterlife and mediums and peo
talked with Bob intensely, that I do really really need him to reach
Today I found **a plastic bracelet made from colorful stars.**

Sitting on my sofa I asked Bob – whose image I also had to look at while editing, to put something into my hand after me joking about him *"looking like a horse"* due to the entry I had just worked at … and yes, I was able to look at images of him and of housie … and I 'received" a "***piece of brownie***" on the palm of my hand.

I've been having the wildest dreams of people. Even something erotic about Rudi and getting back together with him, just last night, me walking through "St. Egyden", where he really still lives, and me being like some home-coming celebrity, being looked at by people.

I really felt bad, though, waking up this morning, as I immediately got aware of the horrible situation we have been having for a few days, with Putin the insane bastard invading Ukraine … I just can't believe how it can be that one single person AGAIN fucks up life for so many people!

People have been dying already! Nobody really wants to be in a war, but they do it because a single crazy fucker says so? This is so unbelievable right now to me, that I'm getting really nauseous only thinking about it.

It snowed a lot yesterday. But today it's all gone.

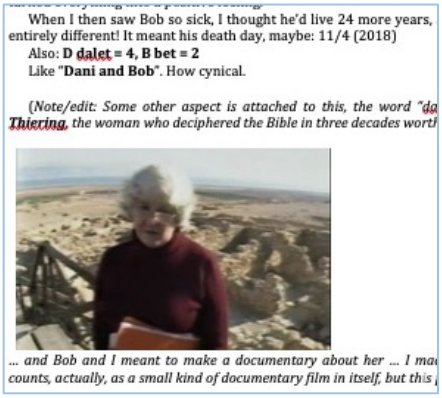
(Later) I saw a "Light Head" later today, but only wrote it down next day …

February 27, 2022, Sunday – **The Stars, the Colors & Dr. Thiering + The Light Face**

Time sychronicities again! Last night I played "Mensch Ärgere Dich Nicht", *a board game* that I had bought two days ago with my mother. She liked it, and she won! We chose ***cones*** of different colors: hers was ***red***, and mine was first ***yellow*** and then ***green***.

During this morning's walk with Jacqui I found ***two candy wrapping papers*** on the path: one with a snowflake **star** pattern that got my attention because of the stars encounter yesterday, and because it was the only paper anywhere. Then, just a minute later – another ***candy wrapping paper with the colors of the game cones that my mother and I used yesterday!*** That's not a coincidence. I "read" from this that "everything is in the right order" and that I'm on the right path.

Wow. I also focused consciously on the here and now and on me, to get rid of the burden of the nuisance of the collection office of the Catholic church that has been giving me shit for a few weeks, with a clerk insisting I was still a member – even though I quit the church decades ago and haven't received any payment demand since then! – and giving me a lot of shit, even in a threatening way. So walking through the quiet landscape (with only one other woman with a dog on the way, sweet labrador mix Aisha, who Jacqui loves) I decided to not give this nuisance any more energy … and suddenly ***the image of Dr. Barbara Thiering showed up in my mind*** … oh her wonderful work! Bob and I wanted to do the documentary about her research about the true Jesus Christ … and I did think that what a shame it is that with Bob's death all of this is now … well, down.


When I then saw Bob so sick, I thought he'd live 24 more years, entirely different! It meant his death day, maybe: 11/4 (2018)
Also: **D dalet = 4, B bet = 2**
Like "**Dani and Bob**". How cynical.

(*Note/edit: Some other aspect is attached to this, the word "da*
***Thiering**, the woman who deciphered the Bible in three decades wort*

… and Bob and I meant to make a documentary about her … I ma
counts, actually, as a small kind of documentary film in itself, but this

And as I got home and sat down to keep editing the first chapters of the c. d. for image size again, as I changed the font on all docs, the first thing that was "next" in the chapter A–C was – ***Dr. Thiering!*** And there she was, ***the image of her!*** So there. Time synchronicity to the max.

Last night something uncanny happened, though, too. While editing I felt urged to look into a folder of untreated screen shots for this c. d., *and my brother Peter smiled at me.* I looked at his

image closely and kind of really really remembered him. The war in Ukraine right now made me think of him, too, because he was so afraid to have to go to some place in the army and kill other people. In his lifetime it was the Yugoslavia war that was the threat to my brother's peace of mind. And there he was … and I gazed at him and really missed him. And I talked to him, suddenly, to the "disca" brother of mine.

And a little later I felt tired and leaned back, just looking into nowhere … and suddenly I saw – but literally, not in my mind! – ***a bright oval just by the upper part of the window*** *where I was gazing.* It stayed there while I took a closer look, as before that I had kind of "gazed" with unclearly focused eyes, not looking at anything particular … but there was the shape of a "***face***"! I couldn't see features, but it was something like ***a head made from milky light with the face turned towards*** me even though I couldn't see the features. It wasn't dimensional, more like a pear shaped upside down milky spot, but with distinct outline. Wow, that was so odd … that I talked out loud to that impression and asked my brother if that was him. That face shape simply dissolved, and as I tried to "get it back" like looking in a certain way, it didn't work. It was an experience I haven't ever had before. I don't see "visions". All I see is in my mind. But that was a ***real light impression right there in my room.***

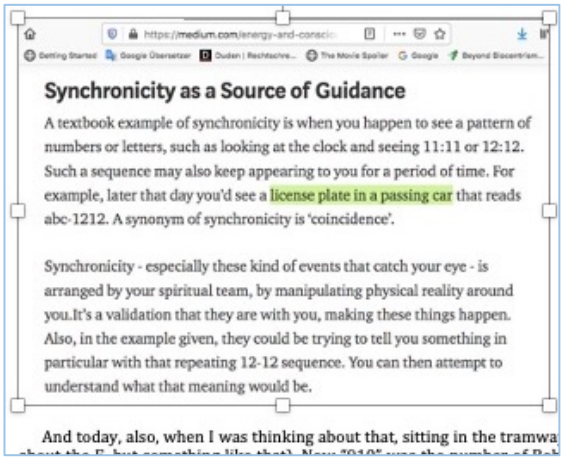
Whatever it was, it was new.

Also editing this c.d., I came across the images of my visit in Waldviertel, where the Hawaiian farewell song had greeted me … and the image of myself on Maui. It felt like the universe was telling me again that I couldn't just strip off my Maui-persona and Maui-past … and then of an entry about time-synchronicity from very early, July 7, 20219 … as if I was supposed to be reminded that it's a real thing. Oh, I know.

March 14, 2019 – **The Hawaiian Farewell Song in Remote Austria**

(Original diary entry)

The daughter of the house was here in the morning with her small son Theodo
(!) song, that she had learned in her most recent lesson at the local choir, just a da
aloha, puni ka'aina" … a funeral and fa…well song!



(Later) **<u>Immediate manifestation!</u>**

Saw it in real life, the ***oval thing!*** Oh, geez! I took a new path in Rosegg! And there is was: ***A big oval thing*** against the light background … some sort of a weird … container! Reads "Garant". Wow! How often have you seen something like that? Never? Neither have I! Except right after I had seen that kind of shape in my living room the night before!

February 28, 2022 **– A Crab on an Island in a Bubble!**

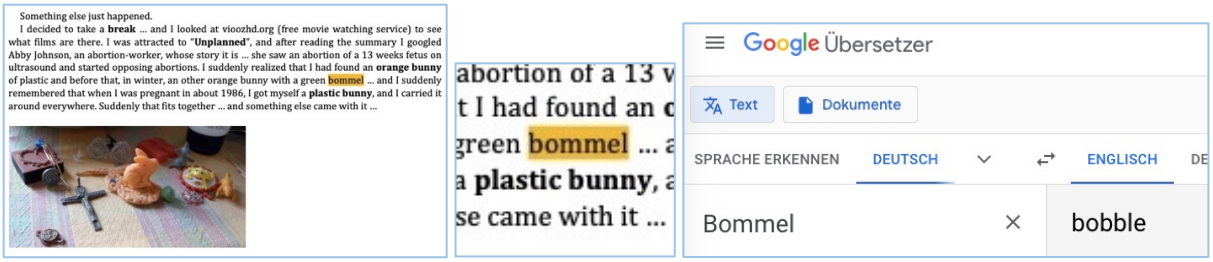
Found the weirdest thing ever: a teal and transparent bouncing ball filled with an "ocean" with "rock" and all and – a crab! A "cancer"! In a bubble with Bob's favorite color! **A cancer on an island with sand and ocean in a jelly bubble!** Jesus fucking Christ, what's that supposed to mean? I didn't dream of anything to pre-head this! I took Jacqui with me when driving my mother to her physiotherapy, and waiting for her I took him for a stroll around the neighborhood. Suddenly – that strange thing on the ground! I picked it up, photographed it and *put it down back on the ground next to a lantern.* Strolled on, pondering. Suddenly I felt the urge to get that thing – and I hurried back to where I had placed it and picked it up! *(**Note**: Oh, it was about to get big big meaning in a few days!)*

Amazing angel in the sky today, too … just a baffling view.

March 1, 2022 – **Island-Crab in a Bob-bubble + "Bommel" = "bobble"!**

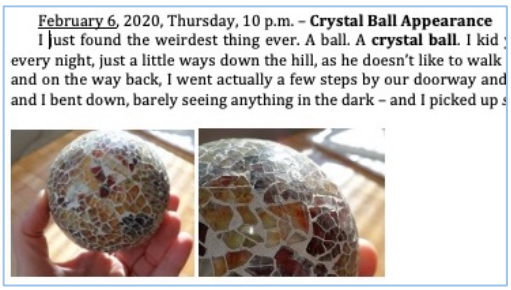
Oh geez – I got it! I "read" now what I have been given into my hand literally this time by Bob in the form of the cancer-ball! Strangely, this morning, I found another "ball" right in front of the house where I live now, a ***clear small glass marble!***

Taking a walk for "consciously reflecting the find" with Jacqui this noon, I suddenly realized what it all was about! The day before yesterday I ***edited the part A–C of this contact diary***, and I exchanged one word that was in there still in it's German version – "**Bommel**" – against the English equivalent word: "**bobble**". Of course I talked out loud about it and said *"How fun, Bob, there is a thing that's actually a bobble, and it has directly to do with this contact diary and there with you!"* But I hadn't realized how serious that sentiment was.



Then I found that "**cancer in a bubble**" **jumping ball** yesterday. And the first thing I thought and said when I saw it lying there in the brown grass in front of the house where my mother's physiotherapy was taking place and where I was talking a walk with Jacqui, was: "*Cancer in a bubble in an island setting".* And immediately I reflected back to the word "**bobble**" that I had just found the day before. And only today it was clear to me that ***"bobble" is the mix of "Bob" and "bubble".*** And there are so many implications! That "bubble" that Bob was living in on the beautiful island that lead to his horrible demise by cancer, was not a healthy setting ever. I'm flashing back so hard to our early days when I felt so closely that something was off. But I was so in love with Bob – and with Maui. I had a new home. It was all so dramatic from the beginning. And then when I look at the jumping ball today it's all so clear ... and Bob *"gave something into my hand" literally* on top of it all!

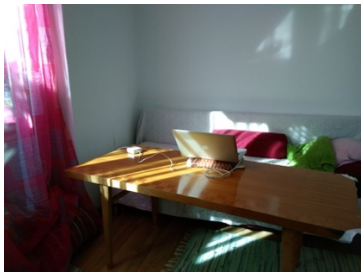
And then the **little glass ball** today ... I remember distinctly reading online newspaper commentaries last night and someone wrote about the Ukraine war and took the liberty to predicting stuff, and then he or she ended with "***I see this in my crystal ball***", in German "Ich sehe das in meiner Glaskugel". Reading this I was sitting on my other sofa, it was late, and I had such a strong longing for Bob ... Und "*Glaskugel*" that's a "glass ball" or "***glass sphere***", just exactly what I found this morning. Plus ... my own special crystal ball of February 6, 2020 came to mind:



So seeing the "bobble" and the "glass ball" together ... I thought today that Bob's mortal days in his bubble that lead to him dying of cancer are over, but I'm still here, and I'm kind of "clear" in a way ... to move forward. Forward. Not on.

I have to do something about my projects. The time is so good astrologically. I must figure something out. I keep thinking of the brother of the nice computer expert Argjend Itaj, Gazmed Itaj, who is a Carinthia born comedian ... and I should probably connect with him. About "Ka Nui Puckerfiddle"?

Took a walk with Jacqui in the wider neighborhood ... and I was baffled about the very interesting Bob-resembling carved wooden **face** I encountered – right on top of a big slob of **marble stone**.



(Later)

While editing … just sitting and reading, in the late afternoon, after discovering brown pee … well, suddenly I "was" on Maui … in my early Maui days. *There was a distinct feeling of "self like I was then"* including the subtle pain in my belly … a feeling of wariness, even of dread, of the knowing that things went wrong … I remember the Maui moods, being alone in housie so often, worried, wondering, yet hoping and planning and so much … at home. What is in me right now must have been happening then, too. I had the impression that I only needed to look up and see Bob come into the room talking about going for a swim tomorrow morning first thing. I've been having weird thoughts about my own death lately. But I don't want to die. I want to accomplish what I've already put the impetus out for.

Still. Something is off about me right now. My fever bouts for a while, trouble sleeping, being so restless, nauseous, weird things regarding my lady parts, blood at wiping … under the weather? Oh I hear Bob say this. I miss him and being with him so intensely much, I can't express it.

If something should happen to me, I definitely need Gabriela Freund from "work" to "inherit" all my documents and works and film scripts and films and everything.

March 3, 2022 – **The Culmination of Synchronicity: the bobble-connection**

It's just so fucking hard to describe what happened, as I'm so "quiet" inside because of what I've just experienced and discovered, last night.

Drove to Villach yesterday and picked up the **book** by Prof. Dr. Oliver Lazar, **"Jenseits von Materie" ("Beyond Matter")** from September 2021. I thought it was about a big experiment regarding the evidential proofs of communication with the disca, but it isn't. First and foremost, I don't care about the book's content except for a few sections. But I only scanned through it. Immediately, when I took it into my hand while lying in bed, I realized, that it's something other than the reading that was the reason ***why I bought an actual book*** instead of just downloading an e-version or reading reviews and maybe finding excerpts.

I was then lying quietly in my bed until I got myself to take a few pictures, that deep and big was the "shock" of realizing what I was seeing and what had happened.

The **crab-"bobble"** that I just found **is reflected on the cover of the book.** It IS what I'm seeing when I look at the bobble – it's what is on the cover of the book. And when Bob "gave" me the bobble literally, he knew I was going to buy that book as an actual paper print and that I'd realize the reflection. *The water, the earth and the air, all the way to the bubbles in the ocean, and the small glass ball and: the moth!* It's a **butterfly** on the book cover, but just last night, when I edited some pictures for size, I came across my photographs of that **moth** that I allowed to sleep in the clay pot that I had found and that is now in my bathroom. It had been swirling around at night for a while and I had photographed it during the day on my Erica plant. It was strange to see it during the day, and that's why I photographed it. Next day, it was dead.

And on the book cover sits a butterfly of the moth-pattern on the edge of the "bobble" that on the book cover is a sphere that represents the dimensions.

So something really big happened. Lying in bed I realized that it was March 2, so 3/2, and I realized also that my license plate number is "320 FL", and the "L" seems to stand for "Lazar". Of course that's just me making it up, maybe. But I "see" it because I have learned through "MEA 910" being Bob's license plate number that fascinated me just as Bob himself fascinated me and that would turn out to be the most devastating date and event of my life to accept insights of synchronicity and symbolism, because that's what we have here, in our material world: Everything that we have created and made up as of meaning to communicate with the beyond by it. There is only one universe. We all are just right here. **Bob's world is "my world and then some", to paraphrase Betty White.**

This is just breathtaking. I really want Dr. Lazar to read my contact diary. I will send him the evidential of the images of his own book cover and my find and see what he says. I actually think he must read it. His book is … well, in a way, as far as I saw by scanning through it, a typical mix of "obvious" scientific themes that seem to fit the research of the "beyond". He doesn't realize the meaning and role of our material world. That is the playground of the contact with the disca. It's not about mediums or people trained in that. It's about our everyday life connectedness with the "dead". That's what I must tell him, I just realized. Just that.

Then, my **dream**:
I woke up from "being in a basement", alone, having to paint a sculpture of sorts, the figure of a tall woman, made from some white substance. A man and maybe other people had been sleeping in the basement, and I had had to do in there before, but I don't recall what it was. I did meet that man, a black man, I think, that I had some romantic interest in, when he left the basement, with another woman, I think. And there was a bed next to the wall, still warm with muddled bedding, where he had slept. I thought that it was strange that he had slept in that basement, when it was only some work room … then he was gone. A tall woman was there, suddenly, I think a woman of color too, and she was also dealing with that figure … and suddenly I kind of merged with her, so we both were facing that figure that was taller than me, and I found myself putting ***little pink-orange dots*** all over the figure, face body and all.

It was like a ***Mother Mary figure***, somehow, with the long scarf … oh, now I realize something. I had told Dr. Lazar in my first letter to him via email that there is some evidential that came to my mind that is a "white dotted scarf" or a dotted cloth! So did I reflect that in my dream, of is that dream the second part of the evidential!? Wow! So … the dream went on, and that other woman I were one at times and then again separate and standing next to each other. Before there had been some dramatic event in that basement with other people, but that's muddled in my mind now. So I began to talk with that woman how I'm supposed to paint that figure blue, but that it would be hard to do that around the many dots now, and I wondered if I should have put the dots on after the blue, but then I realized that if I'd put them on blue the dots would no longer be pink-orange, so it was okay what I had done. Then I put my paintbrush in a little spot where there was very watery clay-color, and I painted that rusty clay-color on the figurine, and it barely colored her, and that was fine. I thought that of course I didn't have to paint that entire figure, and that the pastel hint of color here and there on the figure would accentuate it just perfectly. That woman also thought so, but then she left the basement, and I was alone in there. I did think in my dream that the basement resembled the basement in the house where my father now lives alone. It was the house of my paternal grandparents Johanna (Just now I realize that the name of the person, a little girl, in Dr. Lazar's book whose death got him to deal with life after death is "***Joma***", meaning "**Johanna-Maria**", and those are the two names of **my two grandmothers.**) … and I haven't been down there for decades. My old and fragile father is, though, all the time. It has been worrying me, because of the steep steps, and he is not in good health.

I talked on the phone with him two days ago and will visit him today.

I'll have to clarify things with him and state my intentions and wishes regarding our relationship.

So … that dream … it was in a way urgent, and it strange that some parts I still remember so clearly. I woke up while I was still figuring out how to paint that sculpture, and the pastel clay-color changed to light-blue, which was strange. I was longing to see that man again, and there was a hint that I would … can't recall more right now.

It's a strange feeling in me this morning.

So something really big happened. (Ok, wrote this to Dr. Alice and Dr. Lazar)

(Later)

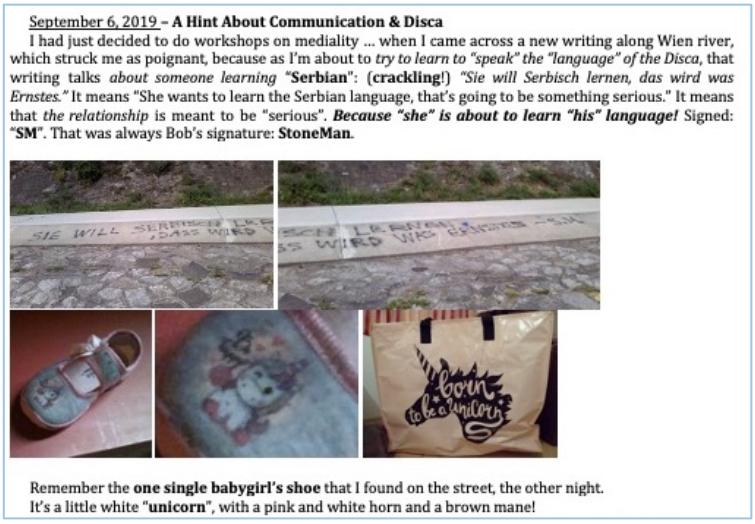
Of course now I realize that the "white dotted scarf" appeared now as evidential in my life – **the cancer in the "bobble" has white dots! And my white dot dream** … wow!

<u>March 5, 2022 –</u> **The Unicorn & the Infrared-connection**

Okay, amazing time synchronicity again!

I started to put in the images into this part R of this contact diary, and today, after doing this for hours, I needed a break and began to go through part "D-F" again to edit for image size after having adjusted the font sizes of several documents. Earlier I had come across an image of a **unicorn** I had taken looking down my window to the *neighbor's house*. I remember seeing it and photographing it on January 30, and I said to myself, as I'd typically talk with Bob, ***"Look, a small horsie … no wonder it's called neigh-bor!"*** And I added the typical Bob-chuckle, "Guch, guch, guch, guch" that he did when he heard some play on words from me. We loved to do that.

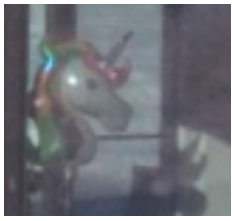
So today, as I started to go through "D-F" – right away, there was the entry about – you guessed it: **unicorns**!



September 6, 2019 – **A Hint About Communication & Disca**

I had just decided to do workshops on mediality … when I came across a new writing along Wien river, which struck me as poignant, because as I'm about to *try to learn to "speak" the "language" of the Disca*, that writing talks *about someone learning* "**Serbian**": (**crackling**!) *"Sie will Serbisch lernen, das wird was Ernstes."* It means "She wants to learn the Serbian language, that's going to be something serious." It means that *the relationship* is meant to be "serious". ***Because "she" is about to learn "his" language!*** Signed: "**SM**". That was always Bob's signature: **StoneMan**.

Remember the **one single babygirl's shoe** that I found on the street, the other night.
It's a little white "**unicorn**", with a pink and white horn and a brown mane!



It's also interesting that this was the day when I photographed that interesting writing on a road in Vienna – I had already discovered my new home in Griffen, but hadn't moved in yet – where someone said that "she" is ready to learn "his" language! This seems very significant, looking back. As I was really getting into communicating with Bob and learning to use the awareness of synchronicity as one of the key elements.

And today this is more relevant than ever.

I'm so very disappointed that a medium like Dr. Alice doesn't even want to read my contact diary … and I don't even dare to read Oliver Lazar's response to my excitement about the "bobble". I need to get to the right people, that's for sure. **I am a unicorn,** in a way. Okay. Got it. Thanks Bob. This just came to me while writing.

The last day were so stressful, with my father admitting to me that he had put Picej as his heir, which is outrageous, but at the same time, my father isn't happy about it … but on the phone he got so abusive towards me again, that I yelled back again … we'll have another talk on Tuesday … I'm very exhausted, in a way.

Lisa Film offered an appointment on Wednesday, March 9, and my mother is often very clear, but can't even remotely remember an appointment we had at an office a week ago … but refuses to take supplements for her mental capacity. I was so close to blow up on her again, today. And then I'm so ashamed of her.

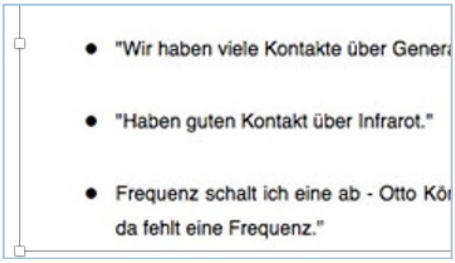
She likes to go shopping, but she is unable to get herself to be active aside from watching TV. And she resists my attempts to motivate her. But suddenly, since yesterday, she can walk entirely without crutches! So strange. She insisted even three days ago that she is in so much pain that she can't move. Today – not a mention of any pain. I'm very happy that she is so much better. I only hope that she'll get herself to be more social again. Yes, she has a bad memory at times, but many people have that.

I'm happy to see her in good spirits, but my heart sinks everytime I realize how lonely she is. She wants it that way, she says. But maybe not.

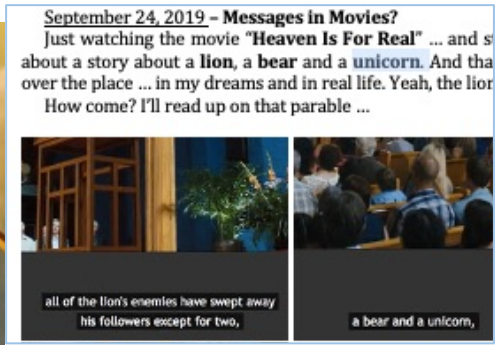
Anyway. It's all very intense. Plus the Ukraine war. And the Corona situation isn't clarified yet either.

(Later) **Infrared?**

Kept editing "D-F" for image size – and I came across König's research about communicating with the disca via ***electronic devices.*** It reads, at some point, that "Haben guten Kontakt über Infrarot." *The disca have good contact via Infrared.* Well, so I read that and turned my head left – and my mouth remained open: ***My infrared lamp stands right in front of the Ouija board!*** And even better: My new editing client at the job is a company that uses the *Infrared C-wave for healing!* Have been editing to that subject last week and even this morning!



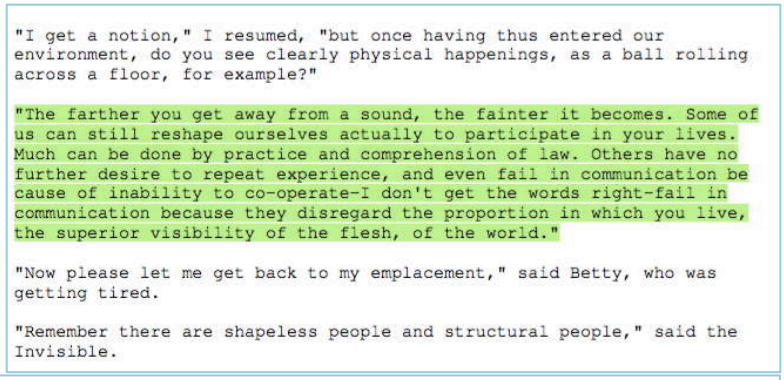
… and: A little further – September 23, 2019, one of my first days in Griffen, I encountered this beautiful **butterfly** on that rugged old dried out tree stump. Back then I pondered why I photographed it … but now look at *the same butterfly that just came into my life a few days ago* … and the ***unicorn*** again:



… and yeah, wow, it was "***Unicorn***" time back then. Plus I dreamed on September 28, 2019 of a print magazine called "Falter", and that's equivalent to "***Moth***"!

There. That's time synchronicity. And had I not procrastinated about working on my contact diary files, I would have encountered the butterfly and the moth on the same day I realized that amazing connection between the "bobble", the book cover, the butterfly and the moth. Wow, that would have been even stronger. But it still is.

And two quotes from back then, that seem to want to speak to me today … for comfort and motivation. As just earlier I got pretty much undone and had to really discipline myself as I saw a picture of "housie", and I zoomed in, and I ***was there.*** And yet – not.

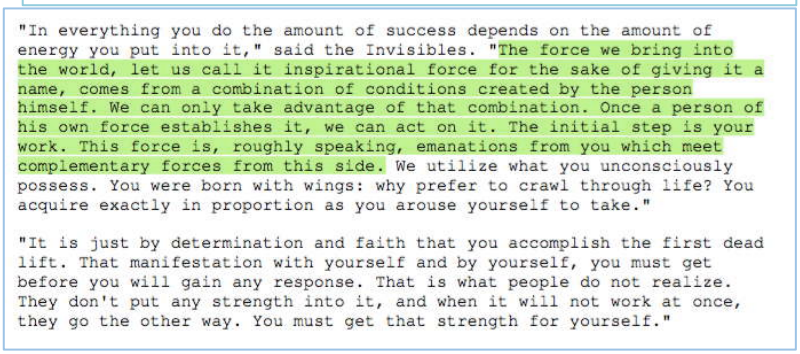


"I get a notion," I resumed, "but once having thus entered our environment, do you see clearly physical happenings, as a ball rolling across a floor, for example?"

"The farther you get away from a sound, the fainter it becomes. Some of us can still reshape ourselves actually to participate in your lives. Much can be done by practice and comprehension of law. Others have no further desire to repeat experience, and even fail in communication be cause of inability to co-operate-I don't get the words right-fail in communication because they disregard the proportion in which you live, the superior visibility of the flesh, of the world."

"Now please let me get back to my emplacement," said Betty, who was getting tired.

"Remember there are shapeless people and structural people," said the Invisible.



"In everything you do the amount of success depends on the amount of energy you put into it," said the Invisibles. "The force we bring into the world, let us call it inspirational force for the sake of giving it a name, comes from a combination of conditions created by the person himself. We can only take advantage of that combination. Once a person of his own force establishes it, we can act on it. The initial step is your work. This force is, roughly speaking, emanations from you which meet complementary forces from this side. We utilize what you unconsciously possess. You were born with wings: why prefer to crawl through life? You acquire exactly in proportion as you arouse yourself to take."

"It is just by determination and faith that you accomplish the first dead lift. That manifestation with yourself and by yourself, you must get before you will gain any response. That is what people do not realize. They don't put any strength into it, and when it will not work at once, they go the other way. You must get that strength for yourself."

Got it.

March 6, 2022, Sunday **– The Keys on the Wood Pole**

Snowfall this morning. Now I understand my fucking headache that I had all of yesterday. Change of weather. My head was right, when the meteorologists didn't see anything coming.

Amazing **dream**.

I was a different person and had gotten married, and I and a black man friend and my blond and handsome husband to be, rather **fiance**, had just finished **remodeling** the old **Kolonistenheim** home of my grandmother Maria and were moving in. There was a situation with injured squirrels, and I gathered them and put them in a box that for some reason was in a tree to protect and heal them. One **squirrels** tail was cut off, and I thought, in my dream, that my paternal grandfather Franz could have done that, he was aggressive against animals, but I didn't find out who it was. The poor animal with only a hole (but no blood) where the tail had been was lying unconscious, and I picked it up and put it in the box to heal it. For some reason, the dream story skipped, and I had to dig out the **box that was under earth**, and it seemed that this was natural, and the squirrels were mostly gone, and there this part of the dream ended. Then I found myself in the old but newly furnished (with a real live stove I have now) kitchen of Kolonistenheim, and I kept looking around and reminiscing how it was in real life. I think I knew that I was dreaming of sorts. I thought that it was far away from my mother who lived in Velden where she actually lived … and there was an element that this new home of wasn't even in Austria, there was an island element to the location. I also thought about my (real life) apartment (where I live now) in Unterjeserz close to Velden, and that it I'd have to keep that too, because I needed to take care of my mother still. (No thought of my father in that dream.) My friend, a tall black man, who may have been a woman, helped me move in, there was also a parallel plot line that had to do with my work. And I kind of "dove" into my dream persona and got the feeling that me being there and married wasn't what I felt comfortable even pondering. My friend and me were busy putting the last things inside the apartment and **cleaning up**, and it was all light wood and nice clean, when my husband – a Ryan Phillipe type – actually wearing a heavy beige leather coat with fur lining – **grabbed** something from a board or table right under the window where the fridge had been in real life and a plant corner and the phone, and as he walked through the room, smiling and chatting about going now and being back later, he left a long and sticky **trace of brown and wet stuff** that he simply spread along the new floor, without caring.

He did leave, and I was left trying to clean up that dirt, and I got so so so upset. My friend watched me, and the feelings of not being in the right spot got so overwhelming (writing this I realize that it has to do with becoming my father's cleaner and caretaker – NO!) that I called out to my husband-to-be, whose name may be something like Hubert or Herbert and said that **I called off the engagement and that it was over!** And I felt such relief! My fiance wasn't there, but came back, and he had no chance to

talk to me as I had made up my mind. It had always been on my mind, I think, and now I had had the chance to act on my feeling of discomfort about the marriage and move. I thought "Oh great, now I can stay in my apartment in Unterjeserz close to my mother!" And I told my black friend that whenever he'd be on the way biking or traveling, he'd be able to stay in this new Kolonistenheim apartment. I pondered briefly how come that there was electricity in the apartment, and then I thought that my (real life) uncle probably had to keep the house functioning after my grandmother's death. (In real life, the house has been sold a while ago, and a family now lives in it.) Then, there was something about that black friend suddenly turning into a female friend, and she reminded me how Herbert and I had met "at the BBLC" (some abbreviation), and somehow I found out that it was a volley ball tournament, and that I was apparently a big volley ball star, and she said literally ***"And that's where he saw how incredibly classy you are."*** In my dream I thought that this must mean that H. and I had known each other before and only suddenly he wanted me? And I also thought that "classy" is the last word I'd choose for myself (but in real life it happened several times that people called me that, whereas I see myself as kind of leger and even alternative-sloppy).

So then Herbert was there and didn't really try to change my mind, but even if he had I refused to reconsider or talk to him. And he left, in a way relieved, as I thought, that we wouldn't get married (w***ow, I have a very strong impression of Edith right now!)*** or move in together after all. I showed to my now female friend that the line of dirt that Herbert had left earlier, that trace, was dirty and also kind of green and red and lila, no way to clean that off. She understood that I wanted to separate.

Then … suddenly, it was like we were in a movie set props-setting, and there was something like a **railway track** from white and pink cardboard, that suddenly reached into the apartment from a north-east direction, and a fairground **train** came tooting, with people sitting on it **singing**! There was a front singer, but I don't really see that person, I think it was a woman, and she was singing to me – but right away I realized that it was Herbert – and he sang a lovesong and a song of apology to me to win me back! And I was very touched, and my **heart** opened so wide for him! But suddenly, that female friend of mine sat on the train too, and she responded to him instead of me totally refusing to even consider being with him and listing all kinds of negative things against him.. I was something like an invisible watcher, I was totally ignored, it was like the friend was now me! And she sang very angrily (*right now I have the impression that some kind of travel over long remote exotic distances was involved in that dream, too*) and aggressively, and there was no way that she and Herbert would get back together. He kind of tried so hard and was standing there helplessly in a way, while I really felt attracted to him again and thought ***"Wow, he really wants me and he regrets his behavior!" and I was totally into starting out newly with him.***

The front singer was now about to call it quits and turn around, as she and my friend who impersonated me were done warding Herbert's advances off, but now suddenly I had a voice! And I was visible***! I stepped up to the train***, that had stopped in the middle of the kitchen, but there was no ceiling or roof, just a very white lit setting, like a bright summer stage setting, milkily lit, and I called out to the front singer: "But she is not his wife, she can't speak for me! She is his sister!" And I said that several times … and strangely, that male friend of mine from the beginning of the dream was there too, and he supported me and also said "No, she is his sister, she is not his wife, and she cannot decide!" And the front singer turned around and saw that too. And Herbert was so relieved, and I turned to him and I didn't speak but I thought that of course we'd be together, as he had proven to me that he was different than I had thought he was.

Then I woke up. Because Jacqui was nervous, and I always hear when he taps around in the apartment needing to pee.

Wow, what a dream.

I really had the impression that it's all about my father, in a way, and the strong impression of Edith earlier kind of tells me that she was trying to share something with me. Some of her experience? Because I've been thinking about and talking to myself about how my father abused her so much and how she suffered, and how he is lying about their relationship now to everyone and whether or not I should tell him the truth I know about Edith having lovers …. It was on my mind strongly yesterday too. I just have the feeling that I must really put myself out there with all my truth.

Before I started to write down this dream, I had decided to write to Bob's son Bryon everything I have to say to him. This has been on my mind a lot, too. I must do it, for Bob. It's for Bryon's growth and for my peace of mind. I might copy Joyce on it. But it must be done. Ever since I saw his twitter postings as his "The one like Stone" rapper persona, that broke my heart, it has been brooding inside myself that his ignorance towards Bob can't remain unanswered. He is reaping the benefits of Bob's work now, this is not right. I will write him the ultimate email today. Yes.

Also, I'll visit my mother today and I'll tell her nicely how the situation is for me. And the same I will do with my father on Tuesday.

I must free myself in the sense of being totally honest. No more fear of confrontation. On Wednesday, at my Lisa Film appointment, I'll be free of anything I ever held back and I'll be entirely outspoken to that Michael Kraiger guy. And then I'll go from there.

This dream was so intense. There is something big behind it. I hope I'm getting the message right.

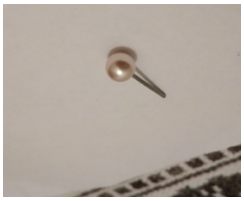
That husband of mine in the dream, Herbert, is a bit like that heir of my father's, Valentin, too. Strange. It's part of me being honest to my father too, that I wish to talk to Picej in person.

Oh I'll be the super communicator in the coming days. It's astrologically the right time for it.

Yup.

So, now outside with me! Fresh air and happiness for the dog.

Found an odd **pearl pin** in front of the door of the house where I live now.



(Later)

Gave in to the urge to drive to **lake Saissersee** for a nice walk-around experience. On the way, "**808 DY**" came right at me, and just a few moments later "**910 DY**". So that got my attention. Starting the nice hike around the quiet lake with no other soul around, I began to think about my urge to write to Bryon, and I asked Bob to put something into my hand if he approves of this, if this urge maybe originates in him. And immediately (!) I "saw" something round and brown and on top something metal in colors, with red being among them, maybe green or blue. First I thought "*a cookie with colorful decoration",* but right away I thought ***"no, it's metal, maybe some container with metal ornaments on top".*** As many times before, I wasn't convinced of my own "viewing", and walked on … but only about three minutes. And then I saw in real life what I had just "received", and I realized how direct my picking up of inner images was, again:

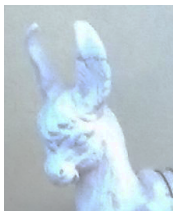
Two rusty keys with a blue and a red cover were placed on the brown round top of a wooden pole. There was the round brown structure, the metal and the color stuffs "sticking out"!

It can hardly get better than this. I was just numbed, again, by the **immediate** manifestation by what I had "received" on the palm of my hand.

So, yeah, will write to Bryon.

March 8, 2022

Walked an entirely new route with Jacqui this evening … only to see a ***Stone Donkey***! Just yesterday, submitting my Carinthia feature "Dirndlkrawall" for subvention, I had mentioned one of the main characters of the story, the donkey "Mathias"!



Found out this morning that Picej is registered to have power of attorney on my father's behalf in case he can't make decisions anymore … right after my father had told me that Picej is his heir by registered last will. So what the fuck … my father lied to me all the time. Last night, a phone conversation, so stressful, I don't even want to share here. Today I wrote a letter to my father, it's final. He lied to me the whole time, now it's clear why Picej never communicated to me, he has it all, he can't risk me getting in the way of being gifted with a million-Euro-inheritance … I'm so disillusioned and disappointed. In my letter I was entirely outspoken. I'm done with this shit.

Realized, doing imagery editing, that the time in Griffen when I had free access to series and movie watching all the time was a time of that kind of messages. The messages relating to film were and are just breathtaking.

March 9, 2022 **– Some sort of mortal real miracle …**

I can't even describe … it's just on so many levels amazing and a bit distressing to me. I met Michael Kraiger, the manager-producer who is in charge of the legacy for film producer Karl Spiehs, at the famous Lisa Film villa. And that man, Michael – listened to me and wants to help me get my films done! He is the first person ever who totally saw the potential of my screenplays … I'm still stunned by the opportunity to have been able to talk with him and share my thoughts about my work. And he listened and agreed. I was treated so nicely by his secretary, I was entirely open and outspoken, just me … and it felt good. He sees my potential … just like Bob has seen it, that's what it felt like. There is a bit of Bob's personality about that man, too.

So … whatever comes of this, I'm thankful.

I wrote a final letter to my father, as after learning that Picej is his heir by notary act and has power of attorney, I'm just done trying. I will have the court sort this shit out, as I worry about the safety of my father who is clearly mentally ill.

Took a nice walk with Jacqui … visited the bridge.

March 10, 2022

Intense **dream** of travel with my mother … attempted rape by a stranger who I then developed feelings for … (Note: Failed to write it down in detail, can't remember now.)

Took a walk in the forest, strange to find ***shiny balls*** in the middle of nowhere. Plus, I ***saw two golden pendants in a car, a dream catcher and some downward spiral*** … that attracted my attention. *(**Note**: Those two would gain new significance a few days later.)*

March 11, 2022 – **Time synchronicity – The Story of the Goat! The Butterfly of 2 years ago! & The Propped up Head**

Dream of Bob … who showed up exactly like the person he was, to help we with something, smiling, in a good mood … and strangely I first put his two t-shirts that he wore in order in his back by stuffing them into his pants. He was busy doing something for me, and it had to do with me being in a relation with a very **powerful woman**, it had to do with work, filmmaking or something creative, and I knew that woman. It seemed like she was in love with me, and I feared that, as my feelings were not of that kind. She got me some kind of **love song or poem** by a young girl … it's a bit blurry, but there was the realization that the woman wanted to let me know that she wanted me … and I was even hiding out in some kind of building where I had a big view of a very bright landscape, like an ocean shore in a northern country. And that's when **Bob showed up**, while I felt embarrassed and wary and was **hiding out from that woman's suspected declaration** of infatuation with me in that building, looking outside. In my dream while dreaming I thought *"Wow, this is the real Bob in the beyond because he is dead, and the fact that he his here means that he has a message for me."* I dreamed on, and also Bob's mood was of a cheerful kind as if he knew that it was great that he had made it to be with me whilst it was so unlikely that it could work at all. There wasn't enough time, though, and I woke up in the middle of the events … that I can barely recall, but Bob's presence is standing out and is so clear. His back was towards me for most of the time, but I could see him from the front too for some reason and saw that he was smiling. And then I woke up, and the story wasn't finished. I said out loud right away "Oh Bob, you were right there. What is your message?"

It probably has to do with my meeting with the producer the day before yesterday … the first person ever who totally saw the potential of my screenplays … I'm still stunned by the opportunity to have been able to talk with him and share my thoughts about my work. And he listened and agreed. It was magical. Last night, though, I met my neighbor Conny, who shared that she has big troubles with her partner who is mentally ill and has an alcohol problem, and she feels like his caretaker and not his partner. I thought that shit I'm afraid of alcoholics. Thinking of her situation made me wary last night, true. I read some pages in **Oliver Lazar's actually wonderful book** – that I didn't like at first. But it's about something different than I thought. He proves through evidence galore that the materialistic theories of how "Life cam to be" on Earth are bullshit. It's a wonderful read. I'll work with him on "Regents of Clouds".

So ***Bob showing up in my dream … and getting busy, turned away from me but to help and support me*** … is that exactly what it seems? Yesterday I had thought about how far away my dealings seem to be right now as I have to deal with my father and mother and so much mortal stuff.

(Later) **Time synchronicity – The Goats!**

Oh wow. I just feel so spoken to. Yesterday, walking with Jacqui along the Selpritsch sunny path in late afternoon, I thought about the conversation with the producer Michael K., and *that I had told him that I was able to create a **story** out of thin air anytime.* So I said to myself, "Is that true? And if so …" I began to talk out loud, imagining and inventing things literally as I was going, and I said – without thinking! – something like this:

*"I entered the Hofer store just minutes before they closed and bought something to eat. Then I was looking for a garbage bin for the wrapping of what I'd bought and walked around the store for the waste container. And there it was: **a little goat in a box.** So I looked around, nobody there. Who does that **goat** belong to? **The goat was all alone and abandoned!** So poor! She looked at me asking for help. So I would consider calling the police … but then not doing it, because what if the goat gets slaughtered? So I take the goat home with me. But what about the neighbors? The neighbor to the left would be a Muslim. So they might want to eat the goat. The neighbor to the right would be an old couple who would complain about the smell. So then I'd take her home anyway, and I'd bathe her and read up online about goats …"* And I was watching myself walking there talking about a story about a goat of all things that had just come to my mind out of the blue. I though, maybe I should really write it, like a satire of sorts …

So, and this morning, just after having finished the entry above, I went back to reediting the c. d. part 3 for image size, and the next date was February 7, 2020 – and that was the entry about ***THE GOATS that I discovered in Griffen, abandoned*** and sad together with the poor horse, in the first months of me living there! I had conversations with a neighbor, Anni, then, about them, and I reported the situation anonymously to animal services. And yesterday – I spoke about abandoned goats as a story I'd make up! And today, the goats where there! I had no way of knowing that I would see ***those goats from my real life memories again*** …

Now, it has turned out that the **poor Haflinger horse** is pretty much lives with **two goats** on a dark and wet property that was abandoned a when they found it too wet and dark. The horse and the goats (and there told me that most escaped into the woods) are on their own, often days a shack, no heating, no space to run …. it's so sad.

I mean, of all things in the world, a "goat" popped into my mind yesterday during my walk! But "Zumbuddzy" knew! ***And the Bob today in my dream!*** It's a communicative day. I got to admit that.

Still, it makes me so sad to realize that I'm sitting here alone, in my mortal story. And Bob is gone baby gone.

(Later)

Shock. Went to see my mother to pick her up for shopping, but much later than usual. When I arrived, she was visibly relieved and nice. So we were almost gone, when I looked into the storage room to check on her mineral water supply. There was an empty wine bottle next to the water bottle.

I was in shock. I know exactly when she got it, during our shopping yesterday when she was ahead, and I still had stuff to grab. So she took the first best opportunity to get alcohol. There is no way she'd ever make it if she started to go by bus. No way to get her to drive again. I'm sure she could, but what an awakening for my naïve expect-the-best attitude! She is an alcoholic. She claimed she didn't know how the bottle got there. Can't remember. She doesn't want to drink, has no urge or need. But the first time I look away – after she tried to smuggle a bottle about two months ago – she snatched the opportunity right away …. And that takes conscious wanting. I didn't even get upset towards her, I was kind of numbed.

At the store I took her to the wine and told her she should get some consciously, but be aware that there

are sulfites in the wine … and she got angry at me for "trying to make her drink". So I noticed, when I dropped her off after our shopping – we had checked out at different registers, again – that she stepped into the door to not let me in. I'm sure there is more alcohol. I just can't deal with it right now.

It's so disheartening. If she falls again … she is so well now.

I don't want to think.

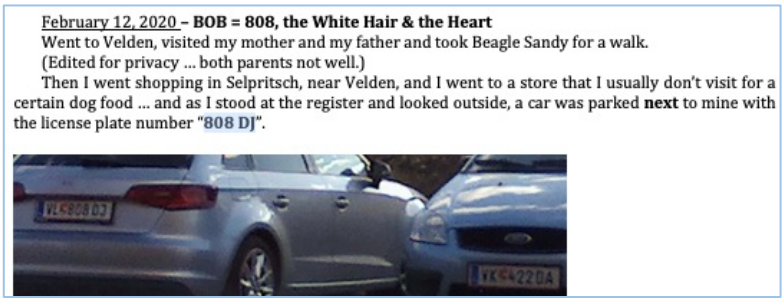
It's her 78th birthday in two days. I won't say anything until after that. But then … there will be a talk.

If I didn't take care of her, she'd be down and done in no time. A danger to herself and others. She can't help it. But that's who she is now. And for so many years my fucking uncle didn't intervene when he knew that something was off. It's his fault that she became that much of a drunk. I tried to connect so many times, she consciously told me off. But not him.

It's a sad situation. That's what I realized today.

(Later)

Oh amazing time synchronicity! I was working on editing the section around February 2020 for picture size – and I came across the day I first encountered the car with the license plate number "**808 DJ**", so "BOB & DJ", and D. J. that's me! Wow! It was February 12, 2020.


February 12, 2020 – **BOB = 808, the White Hair & the Heart**
Went to Velden, visited my mother and my father and took Beagle Sandy for a walk.
(Edited for privacy … both parents not well.)
Then I went shopping in Selpritsch, near Velden, and I went to a store that I usually don't visit for a certain dog food … and as I stood at the register and looked outside, a car was parked **next** to mine with the license plate number "808 DJ".

Since I've been living here, I've been seeing this license plate number all the time. Along with "**808 ED**", like today, when I drove to my mother, or "**910 FA**", like the day before yesterday. Every time I see those I'm in intense longing for Bob or talking with him …

(Later)

Another one …

I had noticed that "C" hat written "***incoming***" with a job note earlier today … and of course I flashed back to Bob saying "Incoming!" so often when I Myna bird came flying. And here it is, too, "Incoming" in an entry of February 2020:

There was also a scene of Pullman with a **bird**, and *Bob loved birds* … and swoop by and I couldn't help saying what Bob would always say: "Incoming!" *the section with the "**Myna birds**" from June 2019 …*

Peter Rosegger - Home | Facebook
facebook.com

Peter Rosegger und sein Leh…
de.wikisource.org

Plus: I read up on **Austrian poet Peter Rosegger** – on a freakin' whim, I don't even know why. He appeared in some jobs in the past days for Styria advertising, and I was bummed to face pictures of him:

I was sitting in exactly the same position like him: ***My head propped up just like he is pictured doing it. Even on the same side.*** And obviously I was gazing directly at him just the way he gazed at me. That was so so so so very strange.

March 12, 2022 – **The Ultimate Butterfly Time Synchronicity & the Disca Tingling**

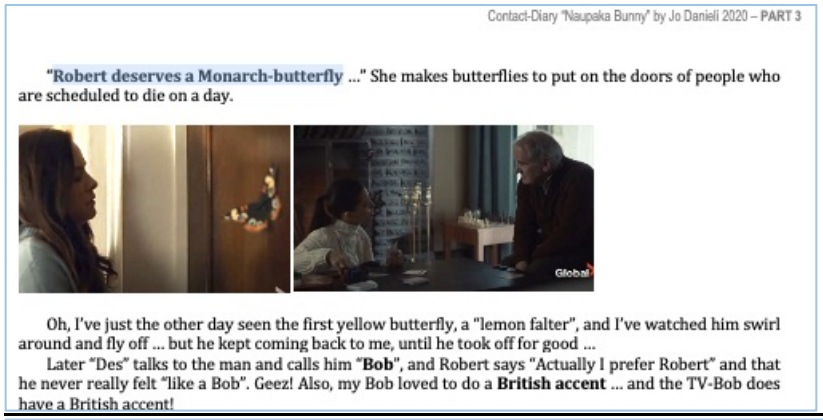
The ultimate time synchronicity just happened. It's just … outstanding. Numbs me that I can't share this with anyone who would care. But at least it will all be in my "Creators of Stone" and "Masters of Choices" SciFi-Franchise-sequels …

I just did some editing of the part 3 of this contact diary, for picture size. So this morning – before even looking into that doc, I grabbed a bunch of **butterfly stickers** that I had bought yesterday on a whim, at a store where I thought I could find something for my mom for her birthday, without having looked for them … and I put some of the butterflies into my birthday present for my mother, a diary (for her memory support). And then … I went and put butterflies all over my front door!

And then I took a walk with my mother at Rosegg. It was hard. She was so unwilling and strange. Then I took her to a store to buy cake for her birthday, and she just wanted to take them and eat them, not caring that I had said I'd come for another visit in the evening. I know she isn't doing it on purpose, but sometimes I'm so very frustrated about her, as she is like a hard to handle child. So I drove home …

And even though I wanted to work on the loglines of old screenplays I want to revise, I decided to do some c. d. editing first …

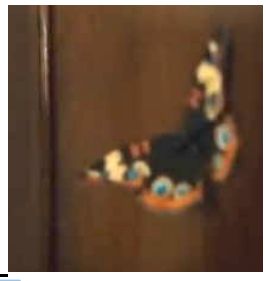
And the ***next entry turned out to be this:*** I had just discovered the series ***„Mary kills people"*** in March 2020, and there was an image of **Mary with a butterfly on a door,** in **a story about** – **Bob! Oh shit, I'm so touched.**


Contact-Diary "Naupaka Bunny" by Jo Danieli 2020 – PART 3

"**Robert deserves a Monarch-butterfly** …" She makes butterflies to put on the doors of people who are scheduled to die on a day.

Oh, I've just the other day seen the first yellow butterfly, a "lemon falter", and I've watched him swirl around and fly off … but he kept coming back to me, until he took off for good …

Later "Des" talks to the man and calls him "**Bob**", and Robert says "Actually I prefer Robert" and that he never really felt "like a Bob". Geez! Also, my Bob loved to do a **British accent** … and the TV-Bob does have a British accent!



In the TV-series "**Mary Kills People**", season 3, episode 2, a character by the name of "**Robert**" is introduced, terminal cancer, and the character "Des" says at some point:

"I think we need to do Robert today … I found him wandering about the property this morning … terminal agitation … He's afraid he's gonna die in his sleep before we get to him …" **No shit**, *Bob, no shit!* You did that, die in your sleep before I could get back to you. I was very baffled, profoundly, when "Bob" showed up in that TV-series, didn't see that one coming … A sanctuary was created, where terminally ill people are officially in "hospice care", but really Mary and her stuff provide the service of assisted suicide for the people to have a dignified death.

Then said character "Nicole", who also runs that **sanctuary**, in the woods, "**I kind of love Robert**." No shit, me too, Robert. ***Crackling*** right now that I wrote this! The first in days! "I'm gonna miss having morning tea with him." Oh yes!

"**Robert deserves a Monarch-butterfly** …" She makes butterflies to put on the doors of people who

So this means … everything is in the right order. I remember distinctly when I put the image of Mary and the butterfly in the c. d. of that time … **and today, just as I had put butterflies on my door – this image came back to me. (***Next day, it was go be clear.)*

How's that for synchronicity and … well, comfort, actually.

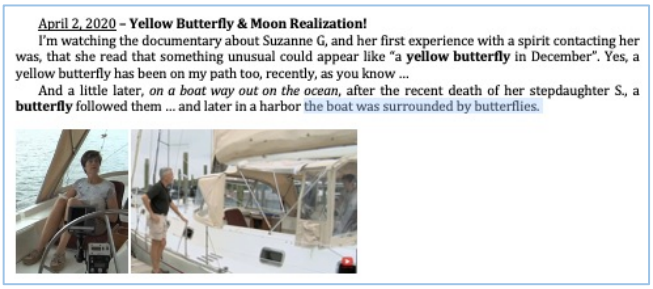
I read a lot about the facts behind the Corona-pandemic … oh Jesus, give me superpowers, please, that I can wipe the scum off this earth!

Anyway, Bob, mahalo nui loa … good one. Very good one.

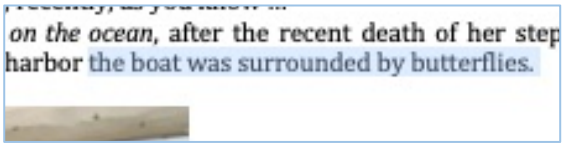
(Later)

Oh, and it went on!

I got tired of editing and impatient after a while, picture sizing the part 3 of this c. d., but I kept pushing myself. And then I said *"Just one more"* … and there it was: The story of **Suzanne Giesemann** and how she got ***swarmed by butterflies on a boat when her stepdaughter had died*** …



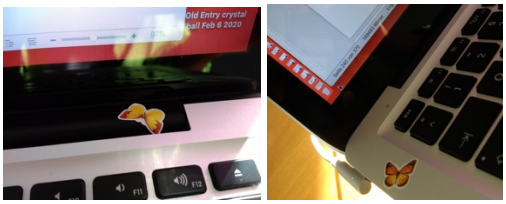
April 2, 2020 – **Yellow Butterfly & Moon Realization!**
I'm watching the documentary about Suzanne G, and her first experience with a spirit contacting her was, that she read that something unusual could appear like "a **yellow butterfly** in December". Yes, a yellow butterfly has been on my path too, recently, as you know …
And a little later, *on a boat way out on the ocean*, after the recent death of her stepdaughter S., a **butterfly** followed them … and later in a harbor the boat was surrounded by butterflies.



on the ocean, after the recent death of her step
harbor the boat was surrounded by butterflies.

No … I **created** my own swarm of butterflies today. So what the hell does that mean?

I had a strange feeling all morning. A horrible dream of Jacqui running away down a hill, a street, and I was so worried, but nothing happened to him. Then I woke up, took him for a walk and had to lie back down at 9 a.m., because I felt so strange. I couldn't sleep though. Didn't find clear thoughts either. Then, after all of that, the thing with the butterfly stickers … and *the urge to create a swarm on my door. I even put butterflies on my laptops. (Yup, I'm a bit surprised about this, too.)*



This symbolism seems to be too strange to be meaningless. Should I worry? Or is it merely a greeting? But ***the butterfly that "Mary" gave to "Bob" was the symbol of transition – of death***. That's for sure. So now – who?

(Later)

I lied down, feeling strangely numb and said and confused even wary on a very deep level. The butterflies … they are symbols of transition. Someone I knew died or will die? I don't like this. Or is it more playful, just a spring greeting … I sat for a few moments without moving and thought what if I won't breathe in anymore … but of course, this was nonsense.

So lying on my living room sofa, ***I totally went to Maui and into housie, and Bob was there too*** … it was like being there. In real life. So close. In such details. I thought while experiencing this how amazing this works, I could spend time with Bob, even … I felt like I had felt on Maui, I smelled the place, I saw Bob do things that he used to do in details, I saw the cup he had used to grab some nuts ("Care for a few nuts?"), the other bowls, the furniture, the switches on the stove … I realized that I was lying (in real life) exactly in the direction my beloved futon had been turned, and I was there, lying there, resting … knowing that Maui was outside, and Bob was there, doing his editing thing, and sure enough, he came walking at me, grinning … as if he was really there and had invited me into his disca-creation of the past …

It was amazing. Then my dog made loud dreaming sounds next to me, and I was right back on my living room sofa. Right then, my upstairs neighbor put on Techno very loudly, which I liked.

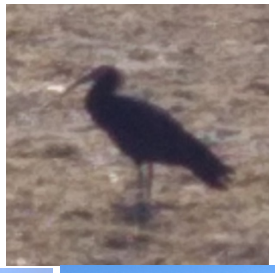
I felt much better, actually, after that "trip". Just that the name and image of a person had come to my mind in a half-sleep state, "Rosemarie Schwaiger", a journalist that I knew many years ago and had no special relationship with, except that we were colleagues at work, me a layouter … and I saw her and her name at the same time, right there.

Yes, I know I have to ask my subconscious what "Rosemarie Schwaiger" stands for. Journalism, investigative. Also vulnerable strangely shy woman for the job. That gotta do for now. Last night Peter Rosegger and today her. So …?

I also found the number 6 on the floor. Then, editing part 3, other numbers showed up. And I know I must play the lottery this time. Will, later.

First visit my mother to eat some cake with her for her birthday.

Forgot to mention:
Took a ***walk with Jacqui and my mother through the Rosegg fields next to the castle***, and there was a strange *artwork, obviously the pre-stage of a outdoors oven of sorts, with stones and all, ready to be ignited, with the wood about to be devoured by fire*. It spoke to me, but I could not understand it. And there was *an exotic bird* all alone pecking in the soil on a wide field.



My mother had fallen into her quiet grumpy state like many times when she is walking outside. I had a hard time to be patient, because I really am taking efforts, and it's not her fault when she just can't make herself talk with me at all, about anything. Feeling sad and exhausted a lot.

*(**Note**: And wow would I be hit on the nose in just a few hours …)*

March 13, 2022 **– The Great Warning of the Butterfly & the Rescue Ointment**

So that **butterfly** theme was **for me**. **The butterfly that "Mary" gave to "Bob" was the symbol of transition – of death, I wrote yesterday. So:** I had a breakdown tonight, and I thought that this was me going to the beyond. (Later: *Breakdown continued in episodes through the day. Still there.)*

Just realized, that I had put butterflies, the ultimate symbols of death, on my own door!
Am I about to kill myself, inadvertently, if I don't change … something?

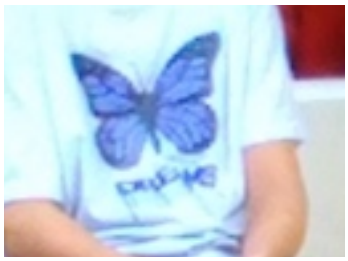
I drove to my mom and brought the ***cakes*** we had bought together She was sweet. Had forgotten that we had chosen the cake together. Only a few hours ago. When I began to cut up the cakes, she wanted to put them away right after I had finished her plate, she didn't think that I was going to have cake too. Something in me sank. I said that I wanted some too (after all, no cake for me on my birthday from anyone, my father didn't even mention it), and she said "of course". The fact that she simply didn't consider me at all, struck me with strange new force. I was so sober, suddenly.

So we ate cake. She had all but forgotten that we had chosen three kinds and that she didn't want one of them at all. She like them. She was eager to keep all pieces for herself, so I packed them up for her. Even the raspberry tiramisu. I got her to play a board game for a while and a little cards, then we went to watch TV. She didn't talk, if, then about herself, but mostly she was quiet. She doesn't even think about doing the exercises her therapist told her to, and when I try to motivate her, she gets pissed off.

So we watched a ***game show*** where kids compete against adults, which is a very unpleasant theme in my mind, seeing the disappointment of the kids when they lose. Mom didn't say a word. At

times, she looked over to me, and I saw utter resentment. It hurt me, I must admit. Interestingly, as I watched her lay there and sometimes said something, she'd answer entirely clearly and promptly being totally aware and alert.

Then a gold competition came … and the boy wore a gray **T-shirt with a lovely big butterfly and under it "Dreams".**



Wow. That struck me. The butterfly on a boy's t-shirt. Not something you see often. And the word "dreams". Be aware of your dreams, the astrologer wrote recently in her newsletter. And I am paying attention. I'm dreaming so much.

I stayed late, after 10 p.m., and like so often I felt so sorry for my mom that her life's path had lead her into such isolation, I have a hard time leaving her always, alone in her apartment. My heart is very heavy very often. I also felt so sad for my father … but what can I do?

My dog freaked out when I came, I always worry for him, as it takes time for him to calm down. I've found out that giving him some vitamin treat paste helps to distract him from his abandonment experience. Poor guy.

In bed I read some of Dr. Lazar's book … and it distresses me greatly that he doesn't know or mention the works of the Whites and the Finley.

So I fell asleep … and when I woke up, it happened.

I always have those crazy bouts of heat when I lie in bed, but I manage to fall asleep when I strip off all clothes. So I woke up for a toilet walk, and while on the toilet, it happened: I think my metabolism just crashed. I felt nauseous and ***couldn't breathe and knew I was about to faint or die***. It was the ugliest feeling I've had since a few months ago, when the same happened, but while I was lying in bed, so that I could barely even more.

I barely made it into my bed tonight, didn't think of getting my Hawthorne medicine, my heart was racing and jumping, and I just managed to take a sip of lemon water before I lay down. I had felt nauseous a lot during the entire afternoon, actually.

So I felt so weak that that I could barely even touch the bedding, but I managed to make the "heart support" mudra – and within a few minutes, I felt better and fell asleep.

And then I today that I was kind of helping a family build there home, young dogs or cats were involved too, that I took care of, and a husband who had to travel a lot. The wife reminded me of my former sister in law, Barbara. I somehow got into the position that I had to travel too, and I did something to help the husband so that he could go that kind of freed me too. I know that sounds so fucking obvious, but that was the dream. It was about building the house for them and furnishing rooms and making a new floor, where we couldn't step on. I make a mistake first, but then I got along very well with the housewife, and there was something about her having been able to have sex with her husband before he left, and that made all the positive difference. I was only a helper, not a family member, but in my dream I thought that what she had said was a clue for me. And I just knew that I was free to go, but I'm not sure why.

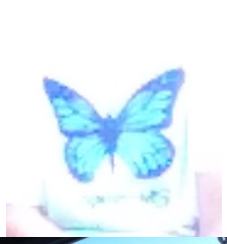
So I woke up and remembered right away that episode during the night. But I managed to get up fine. Until, a few minutes later, I felt like fainting again, and my heart was racing. So I took Hawthorne and Ribwort plantain in water with lemon juice, and realized, it was past 10 a.m. Poor dog! So I pulled myself together and took him for a walk!

But I fell into such episodes of weakness, that I had to sit down on the still frozen ground so not to faint. It was horrible. I walked a bit, sat down several time and noticed that ***I could barely catch my breath. My heart has a problem,*** *I know it. I had to walk slowly slowly up the stairs to not break down.*

Back home I made a Corona test, negative, and I took more Hawthorne.
Put coffee on (still haven't drunk it) …
Then I wanted to put some ***ointment*** on my strangely itching right eye, has been giving me some scaling and itching for day, and I didn't find the ointment I wanted to use.

I looked into my bag, where I have stuff to use for my mother and saw the ***Bachflowers Rescue Cream*** in the drawer and thought I'd try that. Normally, the cream doesn't come out of the tube, it's not much left in there. So I shook it a bit and stood in front of my small mirror to put the cream on my eye. I opened the tube and pressed – and a lot (!) of ***cream spilled in a big old curve all over the place!*** Immediately the words came out of my mouth **"That's for you, Dani … Time to rescue yourself, Dani!"**

And I get it. Today I even saw the huge ***heap of soil*** that has been put there newly in front of my window with new eyes. Like getting "buried" it looked like … a suffocating feeling. No wonder I can barely breathe. Also … in the days around my birthday, either the day before or after, I had seen a car with the license plate number "**58 KO**" on my and Jacqui's walking route. I immediately thought "Okay, I'm going to be 58, and I'll be k. o., if I keep doing things the way I'm doing them" as I felt just so exhausted, emotionally. I didn't photograph it back then, but I did a few days ago, when I saw the car again. Again I felt it was a warning.



I know that I'm so stressed out. During my walk I had even done an exercise that I read about in a text that I edited the other day, a job, it was about dealing with continuous stress. My body and mind can take only so much anymore of the stress and worries about my parents.

I'm at the end of my line. Walking back from the walk I said out loud that I don't want to die, yet, I put out an impetus, it's my free will to finish my "kuleana" here, I have too. Too much suffering of the people in my story involved.

And of course I thought of the butterfly on that little boy's T-Shirt with "Dreams" written right under it.

I got it, disca. I did. I will recover more today, as I had a hard time so far, until I sat down writing this, I'll have coffee now and then drive to get some flowers for my mother and drive to her. And we'll talk.

Alohaha.
If I don't make it – all my screenplays must go to Mag. Michael Kraiger of Lisa Film Velden.
Wrote to Poldi earlier. Just that he knows I care.

(Later)
I blew up on my ignorant confused mother again. I had to. Couldn't hold it in anymore. She broke out crying and says she wants to die because she (!!!!) can't take it anymore. That was too much for me. I had pretty much forced her to go for a walk with me – after I had brought her a nice *birthday flower*, and she was very *happy* about it! – because it's sunny, and it was barely noon, and again, she had decided that she was "in too much pain to go outside". It drove me crazy to see her unwillingness or inability to get it that because she is sitting and not moving most of the time, her ailments get worse! I was so frustrated, that my breathing problems returned, I had to work hard to stay up and not crash.

We discussed the situation a bit, and this time I broke out crying telling her that I was not well but that nobody gave a shit. While I was in the middle of explaining myself, my mother asked me politely to hand her the calendar. Okay. That's wen I realized: She is in a different space. It was like I hadn't said anything at all. Her memory is really bad right now. I know she threw away the food she had from "meals on wheels", but I just couldn't must up more strength to discuss. No point, probably.

She has therapy tomorrow, but she is not doing any exercises, and when I try to get her to, she gets all pissed off.

I took Jacqui for a ***walk to Rosegg*** … and towards the end of it *I had serious troubles walking*. I felt like breaking down any moment, had to prop myself up at a tree*, barely made it to the car.*

At home, I *barely made it up the stairs, and I had to lie down flat on the ground right away*, in my hallway, to make my heart that beat like a maniac calm down.

I took hawthorn and ribwort and magnesium, felt a little better, lied down. Big wind suddenly came and messed up my balcony tarp, so I could not fall asleep, had to get up an fix it.

Feeling really really sick, not sure, what that could be.

It's like I don't get enough air, but I don't have trouble breathing!

Maybe panic attacks.

I'm sad about the big blow up on my mother. But it had to be. I won't be able to go on like this, me trying to get her better and she not contributing. Let's not forget … I used to give her Bach flowers. Without them, she wouldn't be where she is. She is sharp and clear, only her short term memory sucks. And that causes a lot of the trouble.

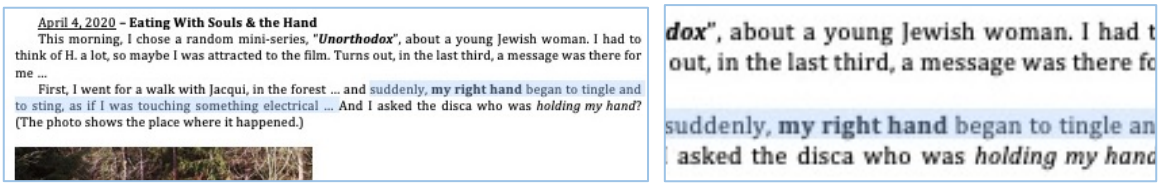
I know that. Still. Not sure what to do with, well – me. I'm feeling my mortality so clearly right now.

No wonder yesterday the butterfly theme came up. It was for me. I feel like ***if I don't take efforts, I could die in the next days.***

(Later)

Lying down earlier I remembered that I had forgotten to note one important thing – the many times that I have experienced a sudden **tingling almost electrical kind of "running" "chicken skin" on one part of my limbs, mostly my thigh and down my leg.** And Dr. **Lazar** mentions this in his book too, how the *tingling "goosebumps" for him indicated the presence of even the touch of a disca.*

Well, since it happened to me mostly sitting of lying down on the same left leg, maybe that's "Bob cuddling"? In our bed, he was lying to my left as we both were lying on our backs, a lot, because of the tropical climate. I have mentioned it before many times in this contact diary, too …



April 4, 2020 – **Eating With Souls & the Hand**
This morning, I chose a random mini-series, "***Unorthodox***", about a young Jewish woman. I had to think of H. a lot, so maybe I was attracted to the film. Turns out, in the last third, a message was there for me …
First, I went for a walk with Jacqui, in the forest … and suddenly, **my right hand** began to tingle and to sting, as if I was touching something electrical … And I asked the disca who was *holding my hand*? (The photo shows the place where it happened.)

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suddenly, **my right hand** began to tingle an
asked the disca who was *holding my hand*

So it took Dr. Lazar to give me an insight into these amazing tingling goose bump events … and they happened twice yesterday and today. Me lying down on my back, and once me walking.

I'm also feeling much better now, it's close to 10 p.m. I had the thought that my symptoms – the feverish spells of the past weeks and the total exhaustion and breakdown-experiences of helplessness today (the feverish spells ongoing) kind of could be Malaria. I had Malaria long time ago, in the late 1980s. But then, normally my joints would have to hurt. But they didn't. The experience for me was today that I could literally barely move. Like my brain got too little oxygen to put strength in my legs, and at the same time my heart raced and I was short of breath and close to fainting. Coming home from the walk, if I hadn't lied down on the floor right in my corridor, I would have broken down.

Then I took a lot of Hawthorne, Ribwort Plantain and Karde-Root, and I'm better. Even made a soup and ate a yoghurt and some sweets and a piece of fish in yogurt sauce. There.

Took a while brushing Jacqui and didn't even get dizzy or nauseous bending down. Strange. I feel a pressure in my heart.
Maybe it was an *onset of a heart attack*, several times today. Can be. But then, no problems with my left side, except for the occasional pulling feeling in the heart area. Have been doing the ***heart mudra*** (*index finger, ring finger and thumb tips of either hand together*) all day. I did it in the night, when I nearly broke down. It helped. Maybe it's Corona. But I tested negative this morning.
I'll take more of my potion before going to bed.

(Later)
Decided to do some more image editing on part 3 … oh shit, I came across an April entry … where I have an image of our beloved ***lanai*** of housie, in the weeks before I left, maybe even the last day … and housie itself. With Peter Rosen's car in the car port … Bob used it for a few years when he didn't have a car anymore himself, couldn't even afford one … oh the misery so long. But I really tried to get him out of that … I failed.

I'm so close to being undone, these days. It's like Bob saying into my ear "Don't do it, Dani" when I was about to zoom into the picture. But zoom in I did. What happened with Bob broke my heart. Literally. I know it. But I have stuff to do. Can't die.

Oh the two empty chairs … the old table that I delivered the day I met Bob in May 2002 … the old lounge chair … I used them so many years … they were still there … so rusty. The clothes pins I used so often to hang up the little towels that Bob used to cover his tumor … I am confused and hurting on so many levels. The view of those two … This is really me there. Okay, crying right now, after all.

And I spoiled my mom's birthday today. I wanted to tell her how happy and grateful I was that she was so well and still around. Instead, I was so sick that I couldn't behave. What a fucked up life. Can't imagine someone else living in housie now.

March 14,2022 – ***The Full Break-Down***

Couldn't move most of today. Literally. As soon as I stood up, I got close to fainting, my legs wouldn't carry me, short of breath, and my heart was racing. *(Note: Without going into details – I had a serious heart failure along with breakdowns of all kinds of sorts … and it was fucking hard to even walk. Spent a lot of the day lying down, sleeping.)*

I have rarely felt so miserable. Seriously though I might die. Heart attack or something. *(**Note**: Later figured out: hypoglycaemic shock, close to falling into a coma.)* Mom called like I had asked her to this morning, and I had to cancel driving her to the physio therapy. It was so very moving how caring she was, called me "Schatzi" several times and kept checking in on me. She also is feeling under the weather … it was so hot today. So maybe just that.

I slept a lot on the sofa, managed to even do two jobs, then I felt better in the afternoon. Went outside with Jacqui – and we met Conny and dog Pauli … and she is really in big shit with her alcoholic partner, in an apartment, she is his caretaker, just turned 44, and she wants out, but doesn't dare to for fear of his wellbeing. I took her to the basement, and we chatted. It felt good to be needed. I can exactly understand her troubles. Have been there with Sigi.

So I told her the story of Sigi and me, and when she asked for the last name and I told her, she said she knows a "Schiller", someone who her partner (yes, the troubled one) used to "take under his wings". Alex. Turns out – it's ***Sigi's brother***!

Geezus Christ, the world is small.

So I'm feeling better this evening. I hope this won't return. I was fine last night too, even not too bad during the night. But trying to get up – didn't work! I had to keep lying down on the floor in my helpless agony. Took Hawthorne, Ribwort and Karde and Magnesium. Nothing else to do.

I even ate lettuce. Feel like eating some more even.

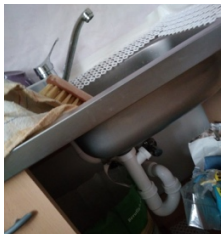
Oh shit, as I'm writing this I'm feeling feverish again. Jacqui is very attentive, didn't want to finish his beloved chewing stick, though.

*(**Note**: Looking back, those two pendants of March 10 that attracted me so much, seem to have indicated what I was about to experience, falling into the "**dream state**" of a coma, on my **downward spiral.** But I refused to give in. Looking back today, April 2, that I'm putting in this note, I'm feeling so healthy like not in a long time. The day before, I had spilled some cards I had pulled out of a drawer, too. Did that mean that my cards were about to me mixed anew?)*

March 15, 2022 **– *Back to Life, sort of***

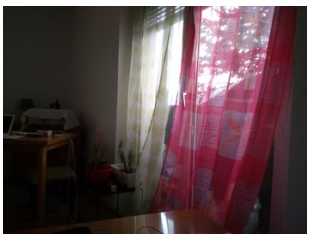
Horrible night. Sweating, fever, like in the past months often. Yes, my breakdown from yesterday had it's forebodings. Getting up to pee – I could stand upright, though! A struggle, my head and my heart pounding, but I could stand up without having to lie down on the floor or anywhere right away.

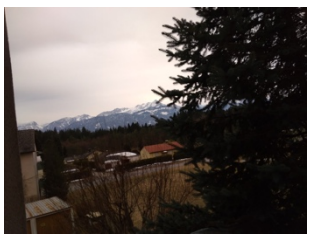
My heart is better! Hawthorne yey! This morning, too, I could walk upright. Took Jacqui out in the morning. Found an ***orange hat*** of sorts. *I reminded me of my "head" and it "said" that I must take care of my thoughts?*



My legs started to feel heavy and nearly immovable quickly, I had to take a lot of breaks walking anywhere … but the condition improved during the day. It's 3.30 p.m. now, and I'm no longer dizzy. The ***siphon under my sink broke,*** a flood on the floor, me on my knees, wiping, getting up … just a bit higher heart rate, the rest – fine.

Made myself a wonderful potato salat, drinking special base tea with it. Feeling okay-ish. Took rests. Kept my apartment dark and quiet. Kind of hung on to the view out of my south window for a while. *Thought that Bob was sitting on the chair that's always "empty".*





So I read up on my symptoms. Since I have discovered a swelling on my left upper eyelid this morning, lid edema, it's clear that my heart kind of gave in. But why? Something is not adding up. Read a lot about it. Pretty much – I was lucky I made it. Normally I would have been a case for the emergency room. Right now, I'm feeling some kind of burning pulling sensation in my heart region. Now, if I'd go to the doctors, then what? All the examinations, blood letting and shit would make me break down for sure with distress. And what medication could be better than the ones I've been using, Hawthorn et al?

It's strangely windy right now, with an eerie yellow sky. Really eerie.

A new era has begun. My mom has been caring about me. She will take a taxi to her hairdresser tomorrow morning, and I'll pick her up. She is a bit confused, but doing really well on the phone. This means, from now on she'll be able to get around by taxi. If she'd want to, she could buy you-know-what all the time now.

Can't make myself read the letter my father sent to me. I might ask my neighbor for the favor.

(Later)

Felt the urge to google people … and found the new born baby of Kylie Jenner, Wolf Webster … yes, "***Wolf***", I just edited his entries of 2021, along with the butterflies … am my almost-dying experience … so that's poignant.

My mom will take the taxi tomorrow morning to the hair dresser's. We talked on the phone several times today. She spoke entirely normally. No forgetfulness. Nothing. Wow.

I did open the letter my father sent me. He sent me back money for the food I bought. And he did not go into any of my very meaningful concerns about his caretaker that he has complained about so much. Well. The usual hatred and totally turning around of facts about me. I will have to make the submission to court for his safety. He is not in his right mind. I won't let Picej take advantage of him.

Absolutely yellow skies everywhere, the entire afternoon. It's Sahara dust in the atmosphere, the news reported.

My heart needs to be really taken care of.

My mom scared me a bit about telling me about a bruise in her eye again … but then she called back and said that it had disappeared already. I hope so.

I took a walk with J. in Rosegg briefly … very slowly. A ***strange cloud pointing*** somewhere hovered.

March 16, 2022 **– Car Breakdown, too**

I have massive panic attacks. I almost hope so. Otherwise it's something really bad. Hearing my way too fast pulse all the time, rushing in my brain, but not much vertigo anymore. Horrible night. Black poop this morning.

The interesting part:

I was lucky to have had the job about tips how to deal with extreme stress, and I've been doing the breathing exercise, the simple one, just breathing in deeply through the nose and exhaling through the mouth. My heart really slowed down a bit, I managed to fall asleep ever again. Can't put my head down flat, though, the pulse and the rushing get extreme then.

I tried to find images of slowness, like a snail, the baking of a cake and stuff … even thought of the big fat green caterpillars I found in Griffen last year. Couldn't sleep. So I switched on the light again and started to read in Dr. Lazar's book again – which is a wonderful book, actually, and the first thing I read on page 164 was about – caterpillars!

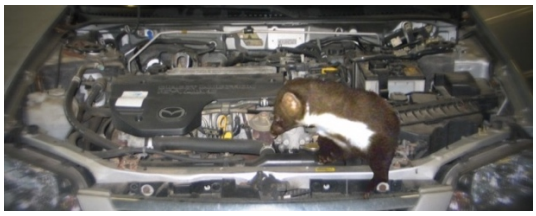
That felt good. Still, the night was one big fight against fear and heart freaking out and thoughts of brain tumor and stuff.

Got up, kind of fine, could take Jacqui out, but I'm dizzy, must take meds. Mom with taxi at hairdresser's, I think … by taxi, will pick her up later.

(Later***) The fucking marten …***

Drove to pick up my mother – ***my car stopped working!*** I had to call the hairdresser's to let her know to take a taxi! Then I called the car mechanic, and I was so lucky that they had time to tow my car to the shop withing half an hour.

The car mechanic had seen right away: A marten had bitten through cables! So I was slowed down pretty good!



Then I walked to my mother's, she had just come home. She was very strange. Not a word about how I was and how bad I had been the last two days … whenever I talked about my condition she immediately talked about herself.

She wouldn't allow me to take her car with my dog to go home! I had to call my new "little sister" Conny, who came to pick me up, got me to the pharmacy. We took a walk later with the dogs, chatted … oh wow, she is so similar like I was about helping Sigi, except that I never took drugs.

Later she dropped me off at my mother's again – and I took mom shopping with her own car … and when it was about me driving home with it, she was so pissed off about it! At the store, she was so strangely her helpless forgetful self again. But other than that – she was like in her forties! I am so worried that she'll use taxis to get alcohol now. Geez.

So …

This morning, I wasn't sure if I'd even make it to pick up my mom – and yet ended up with a day full of extremes! I got a homeopathic remedy for general help for the blood circulation and heart, and I do feel better. But my heartbeat is still very fast all the time, and I hear it in my ears, and I hear it rush like an ocean shore.

But I think what I had was simply a panic attack, that's still lingering. All the shit of the past months and years … And yet I am still alive as a mortal.

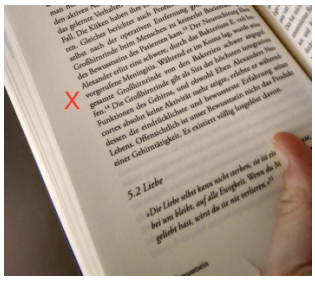
(Later)

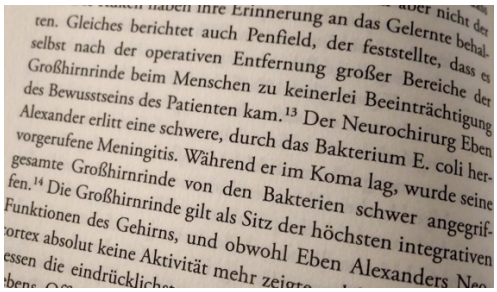
I think I found my rescue remedy … because my heart has been beating way too fast for two days now. So I remembered I bought Zirben (Stone pine) oil for my mother, the healing wood oil of the … wait for it, "stone pine". And I just put on some on my clothes and on a tissue that I put right in front of my nose … and for the first time I don't hear my pulse in my ears no more, and I don't feel my heart drum.

I have hope now.
I know my heart got a problem big time. This could be my rescue.

Still beating very fast, but it feels calmer after just a few minutes of stone pine scent. Not in my ears anymore.

March 17, 2022 – ***Relapse & New Theory: Meningitis?***
Horrible night. Fast pulse unchanged. Did breathing exercises, inhaled Zirbe (Stone pine), a little relief, then same. Realized that can't lie on right side, then the rushing in my head got worse, a bit dizzy. So kept lying upright.
I grabbed *Oliver Lazar's book* and opened it on a random page again – just to read the story of *Dr. Eben Alexander, who had suffered a bacterial meningitis* and went into a ***coma***. Oh geez – I thought, maybe that's what I have? The sounds and rushing in my head, the pounding, the headaches, the fever … I got up an took some *colloidal silver and Rosemary extract* (and repeated thereafter several times) in case it is something bacterial in me!




ten. Gleiches berichtet auch Penfield, der feststellte, dass es selbst nach der operativen Entfernung großer Bereiche der Großhirnrinde beim Menschen zu keinerlei Beeinträchtigung des Bewusstseins des Patienten kam.[13] Der Neurochirurg Eben Alexander erlitt eine schwere, durch das Bakterium E. coli hervorgerufene Meningitis. Während er im Koma lag, wurde seine gesamte Großhirnrinde von den Bakterien schwer angegriffen.[14] Die Großhirnrinde gilt als Sitz der höchsten integrativen Funktionen des Gehirns, und obwohl Eben Alexanders Neo

Found myself waking up with a seering horrible headache, felt like super high fever, too, but could get up normally, no weakness, no vertigo, got myself four times pain pill Ascorbisal and Aspro protect, plus water and Hawthorne. Towards the morning I could already sleep on my side, but the fast pulse was just the same. Geez, and I thought I was better.

This morning, fucking headache, but other than that – less pulse sound in my ears. Realized that I have the Ginseng and Lecithine meds that my mom didn't want, so started with those and Cystus tea and more #
Strangely, heart rate begins to improve, but I began to shiver, my hands are shaking, and I have a piercing pain in my upper right side back. Feels like a shock right now … started right after first ginseng lecithine pill, high dose. I'm clear, though. Can't go to doc, he'd only send me to the hospital. I feel I do all I can do, so, …
Uncle Hansi called, I told him about my condition.
Will call mom. It's 11.30 am, she hasn't called.
I notice that the slightest excitement makes my shaking and shivering worse.

(Later)
Took a walk with Jacqui … phew, fucking hard. Had to sit down all the time and stop to calm down my raging heart and pounding head. Felt so weak, wanted to lie down right on the ground.

(Later)

It's night now. My heartrate is normal. No more pulse in my ears. I feel fine. So … the meningitis? Something doesn't add up, though. And it better not be that.

Small problem: My new friend Conny told me that her alcoholic drug user boyfriend is jealous of me and thinks I'm putting stuff in my head. What the fuck … I thought I'd have a peaceful quiet life here. Must move. That's for sure.

I'm and have been drinking Ribwort Plantain and Cistrose tea and taking Melissa elixir against my soaring cortisol levels – it helps. I think I saved myself for now.

Inge was the sweetest … texting me all the time.

Conny is so sweet to. I fear for her, she is in such a shit dependency situation with that abusive guy … I won't repeat what she shared with me about him. I need to keep my distance. He read the emails I wrote to her! Jesus Christ! How could she let him read them. I'm very naïve concerning my idea what people are like.

Weirdly, I found another orange hat, close to where I found the previous one … *(**Note** April 3: Looking back it feels like this meant that I was supposed to "think again", because I hadn't figured out yet what was really wrong with me!)*

March 18, 2022 **– Burnout & HUI 1**

Wow, what a trip.

What a **dream**!

Of Rudi of all people! And I still recall it quite clearly now, late at night.

There was a big city, can be Vienna, but rather some American place. I was out and about the streets, looking into the gardens, and suddenly, I was at my old Rakounigstreet address, with Cocker Spaniel Marshall there, running around! (Note: Before writing this down I talked with Inge on the phone and she said she had seen Marshall running around on the property!) I watched him, he didn't see me, and then I had to hurry some place, feels like a gathering, and I had to walk downhill in the city, maybe there were also some stairs. And I found myself standing with my back against a wall outdoors, looking north into a sort of skater park setting, where athletes where flying in the air. Those were ice hockey athletes, though, of the famous Carinthian team KAC, and they were dressed in blue and white. And I thought in my dream that I had just read something about them in a newspaper, and here they were, and I saw their names written on their shirts, one like "Lokey" or something like it. And I thought of Rudi and what a big fan he was. And suddenly there was the element of me waiting for Rudi, and suddenly, he was there. That was the reason why I was there, I realized in my dream, because he had been about to come. And he showed up, and there were people around who knew him. We were not supposed to be seen together, because he was with a woman and had a little son by the name of Wolf. Strangely, I saw scenes of the small family together while still being on that date with Rudi. He embraced me, and I sort of enjoyed it, but it was clear that he wasn't supposed to embrace me. I realized, that he was crying and that his nose was running, and I was afraid he was going to try and kiss me with his nose running. In my dream I asked myself if I loved him enough to allow this and not be grossed out. I avoided his kiss, and I asked him why he was crying. For some reason some real life people I have known in Griffen were around suddenly, and I had to move on, and let go of Rudi, but we decided to meet again.

There was an element of me having to accomplish something, I was on a mission … but the next thing I remember clearly is that I suddenly was in that big big house where Rudi and his woman lived. And she was there! I thought in my dream that I knew that his woman was black, but she was barely Latina. And she walked around that house, not seeing me, as I kind of stood in the

downstairs hallway and watched her wander back and forth. And I realized that there was no relationship going on between Rudi and her, but there was the boy.

And suddenly Rudi came, and he was supposed to join me, and we were supposed to leave together, but the little boy Wolf was with him, all dressed for going out. So I was disappointed and went ahead, I think I even took the bus and returned to that spot where the ice hockey players had been flying around as if they were able to run straight up buildings and make flips and fly down, literally … and looking back I saw that Rudi was involved in a chat with some woman who had just walked by, and he wasn't even out of his big mansion yet. I turned away, thinking that our date wasn't going to happen, and suddenly the little boy Wolf came after me! And I turned to him and chatted him up like you'd do with a little stranger boy who seems lost, and I thought that Rudi hadn't even realized that Wolf was gone, probably … and I thought how odd that would be if he'd see us together. Maybe even his woman (not really wife) would come with and meet me …

And then I woke up.

That was intense.

So my condition …

It's maybe burnout combined with post-menopause ... what I have, not a tumor, not meningitis … After all things considered, I'm quite sure. *(**Note** April 3: Just that I had not considered everything, but I was about to keep researching …)* A circulatory disorder in the brain then caused the collapse ... of course the heart reacted to cortisol levels … but just the fact, that I can be entirely fine intermittently, proves, that it's a stress reaction, and I can learn to handle it. Not allowing headache, immediately taking Aspirin, then regularly Hawthorn and Melissa, Cystus tea and Ribwort plantain tea, not waiting for the need, then the homeopathic drops for the whole circulatory system, Ginseng-Lecithine for the brain and stone pine scent for relaxing in between. Heart tightness now and then, sudden pulse increases if I don't watch what I'm thinking ... Not much headache, no dizziness. Can't think of Bob and Maui … but the first thing I saw today driving to my mother, was the car license number "**HUI 1**", and "hui" means "meeting" in Hawaiian, in the sense of gathering. What it means? I don't know. But it was right in the face, after one minute of driving. Later, a parked car with "48 W", and of course that's code for frequency and communication.

I thought so intensely tonight, after reading Oliver Lazar's wonderful wonderful wonderful book "Jenseits von Materie" that it's just inacceptable for me that he does not know the work of the Whites and the Finleys. I almost got up to email it, but couldn't make myself do it. So I did it this afternoon, sent him all the pdf-files with the order of reading them, and that's that. My kuleana in part. His kuleana to research this. But from here – I can't force anything.

Such a negative experience yesterday when Conny told me that her boyfriend is hateful against me for "influencing" her. We only chatted a few times, she asked for help and wanted to share. And me idiot didn't think that she'd tell him all we talk about. He read my emails to her, for fuck's sake. Okay, lesson learned.

Today she told me that poor dog Pauli has vomited all night … I told her, don't let him eat paper tissues! She literally gives them to him as treats "because he is used to that". Okay, got it. This type of person is not for me.

I walked a shit long distance, maybe 3 kilometers in icecold frontal wind to pick up my car. I found myself striding like I was in a hurry, then I slowed down and picked my pace. And I felt good.

That dream of Rudi … so strange, I think I should tell him.

I was much more relaxed with my mother today ... I have to give up my father ... and those new acquaintances are not good for me ...

All together I shall take it easy in every way. My body spirit is working with me. I'm grateful.

I even managed to have some very long, intense conversations today, first with a **man in the forest,** a farmer, who has horses, who complained bitterly about exactly the people I have now problems with where I'm living, and then about generally the ways of the world … and I met him when I was really exhausted, but I managed to enjoy the conversation and felt good walking on. Later I chatted with an old friend of my mother's, the former owner of the car shop where I picked

up my car today, after paying more than 900 Euros. I even vacuumed my apartment and washed my hair...no dizziness, no nausea, my appetite is okay, no fever.

The sudden feverish conditions of the past few weeks are over, as is the restlessness at night ... that was all preparation. I hope I won't wake up with fever again tonight, but surely I'll take precautions.

I feel somehow relieved, although burdened.

Mutti was strangely "demented" again today, although clear, too, and sweet. As we chatted I realized how forgetful she is. I now am registered as the one allowed to assume power of attorney in case. I was a bit shocked as she has no intention of being on her balcony or in her garden in the summer, doesn't need chairs, she said!

I managed not to get excited! Proud of me!

(Later)
Chatted with Inge on the phone, felt good. Lovely girl, cares about me.

March 19, 2022 **– Dream of Bob and the Cats, the Orange Squares, the Letter to Self & The Breakdown-Conclusion & *The Violet Vison & Bob himself!***

Oh what a fucking **dream**.

Again, like in previous dreams, I was crying crying crying over the loss of Bob, and I was in Los Angeles! I think with Rudi. There were several scenarios, like me and Rudi and others, maybe even my mother, sitting in some kind of street café open air area looking out at the ocean and a beach, but we were sitting under a roof, and there was a gloomy rainy atmosphere. Then, the sun came and bathed the beach in light, and I was the only one to walk out there and stand in the sun, with the back to the others, spreading my arms, enjoying the warmth. I looked back over my shoulders, and the others watched me and admired me, but nobody followed my example.

Suddenly, I realized I was in some kind of tourist travel group, and the setting was between California and Greece. And suddenly I knew I had to go to Anza and visit Joyce and talk to her. And I thought in my dream, wow, how weird would that be after that long time. But suddenly I had to do everything to find out how to get there. I tried to get the address … for that I took a hike along some kind of gulch, together with Rudi, and there was the view over that gulch and across very steep slopes, and a lot of brush, like a jungle, and I knew I had to get through this to get to Anza. At the same time I knew that I had to catch my flight back "home", wherever that was, and I only had two days left. And I began to cry and cry and cry, because while dreaming I remembered the loss of Bob and that I would not get to see him in Anza, but only his ashes. So I thought in my dream that I was afraid that the box with his remains was still in his parents' bedroom, and I imagined myself grabbing that box and running away into the area of Anza that I know from real life visits, and I wanted to shed that content of the box into a bright and nice fast flowing creek, almost a little river. I said to myself in my dream that there is no such river in Anza … and suddenly I was back on that rim of the gulch in a little village, and I entered a small store, like a Greek bakery store to ask for the path. I walked by a kind of Christian street shrine, open, with a hole for candles, and in there were three new born kitten, and the mother cat was there still in the process of giving birth. She was starving. And in the store, I got some kind of yogurt while asking the older woman, who came out, for the way to Anza. She confirmed that I had to get all the way across the gulch, and that I had to figure out my path myself.

So I somehow got something like a cup of yogurt, and as I looked into that street shrine, the mother cat was so exhausted, and I poured some of the yogurt into that spot where she was lying. The yogurt turned into some mix of ***water and yellow-orange small square pieces***, that the cat also ate. I was afraid that she would squish her new born kittens … and it all happened at the same time, somehow. Rudi was walking ahead, and I told him that we couldn't walk down there to Anza and that I had to go alone. And suddenly, it was deep snow, and I said to myself in the dream that I had been there before, on the exactly same spot. And while dreaming still I thought that it had been in another dream and that I was dreaming, but, then, was I really dreaming? And I kept crying and crying for Bob, so that I exhausted myself. The cat was

struggling so hard to give birth to another kitten, and looking at her belly I thought that many more babies must be in there. I reached out for her and pressed on her body, and she was so relieved when the next kitten came out. I was horrified, though, because the night came, and the cat was lying in the liquid that I had tried to feed her. So amidst crying and being so desperate I thought that the most important thing, after all, was to get the mother cat and the kitten out of the wetness, dry up that spot, put something soft and warm in there to make them comfortable …

The feeling of loss was so strong, that when I woke up right after that, before having helped the cat, I felt so sore and exhausted. I realized that the need to be with Bob was so strong in me in real life … no wonder I almost died a few days ago.

I really am not sure what to focus on right now. Conny put a book under my car's wipers this morning and rang my door bell, causing me to jump out of bed and nearly collapsed. She meant well, the book is by Kurt Tepperwein "You are making me sick". Which is a poignant statement, and I immediately knew it means my father. I know I have to do the right thing in that respect, and texted that and my thanks to Conny.

I must email to Joyce Stone, too, I know that.

I have the intense false feeling of being able to be with Bob on Maui again soon in my spirit today. Very odd. It feels like looking forward to being with him in real life. But …

Will take a walk now.

(Later) ***FIGURED OUT MY BREAKDOWN!***

Wow, I figured out what I had – what my breakdown was! **Blood sugar hypo!** Total low level ***Hypoglycaemia breakdown!*** Wow, I was really lucky. But that's why I could actually keep myself conscious during that situation! And whatever I took then, to rescue myself – it was the sugar in it that really helped, plus the other stuff to support my brain and my heart! That's why I have been waking up still in the middle of the night, because my blood sugar is still dropping nightly. But last night was less … but the Aspirin didn't really work much. That's why! But I had a glass of water with lemon and something sweet in it from which I sipped, and I kept taking cell salts – and they are based on sugar! But not enough, that's why I have been having a shit head ache this morning. And that's why I'm feeling fine during the day, no dizziness, no nausea, because I'm used to eating little bits of stuff whenever I want to.

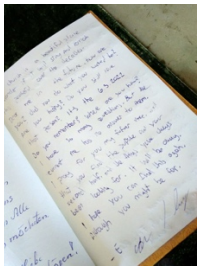
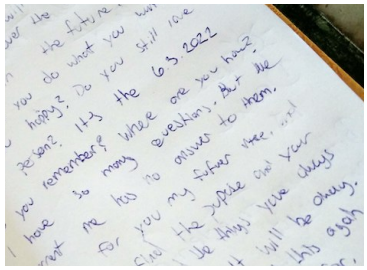
That's why I had those shaky ice cold hands after the break down and the rushing of the blood in my head kind of rhythmically. I think that there has been and is some damage because of the fucked up insulin household. The reason is not diabetes in my case but simply the constant stress and distress over so many years. Hypoglykämie … wow.

That all makes sense now.

And something else happened today:

I took a **walk with Jacqui in Rosegg**, before picking up my mother for shopping, and I felt so drawn to that little **chapel**, as it reminded me of the small shrine in my dream. First, I noticed that I kept ***finding little orange things, two of them square*** just like in my dream (in the yoghurt)! That was strange … but I did notice something so "insignificant" like little square orange parts in a dream-yogurt … and there they were! *Literally: a square orange plastic part! On my path!* Look!

Then … I walked to the ***chapel***. And by "walked" I mean focused on every step, trying to catch my breath and calm my pounding head and heart and get some strenghth in my buttersoft weak knees and heavy legs.

And I went in there and turned a page in that visitors' book … and there was the loveliest entry of someone ***writing to their own "self of the future". In English!*** It actually brought tears to my eyes.

And because there was Rudi in my dream, I sat down in the quiet and the sun and texted him that I had dreamed of him. He wrote back later that he'd like to chat with me again … and so we shall.

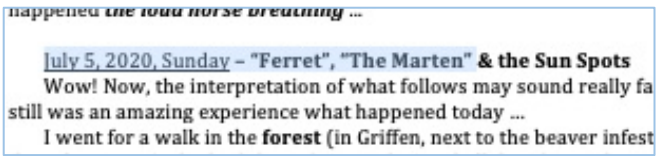
I'm so relieved. I almost thought maybe the connectedness with the beyond was somehow draining me … it can still be, but my heart says no. I must, generally, live more "down to earth" and much calmer now. I must recover from that damage … oh geez, all those horrible episodes of heat and pain and sleeplessness … and I did know it was not alright.

So … well, I could have easily died. But I did not. Now it's recovery time.

Plus … I found the **number 6** next to my bed on the floor and found it odd … on the day of my breakdown. Now it's the sixth day after it. The ***chapel entry also mentions "6.3.",*** *when it was written!* Hm.

(Later)

Oh and what a fun **time synchronicity!** I picked up my car from the shop yesterday – where it had to be towed because ***a marten had bitten through the cables!*** And just now, as I picked up editing part 4 of this c. d. for image size, I'm at the entry when **Jacqui and I had met a marten** that ran back and forth in the Griffen forest behind us, on July 5, 2020! How interesting is that!

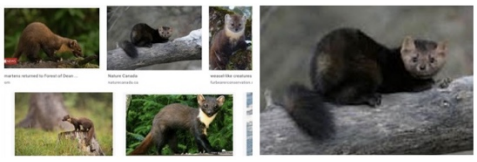

happened ***the loud horse breathing*** …

July 5, 2020, Sunday – "Ferret", "The Marten" & the Sun Spots

Wow! Now, the interpretation of what follows may sound really fa

still was an amazing experience what happened today …

I went for a walk in the **forest** (in Griffen, next to the beaver infest

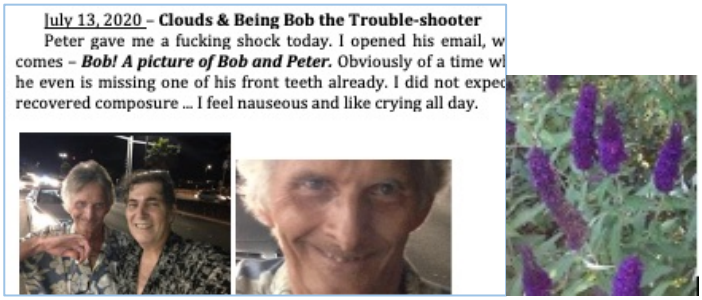


(Later) ***The Violet Vison & Bob himself!***

And one more thing … Today, walking away from *the* ***chapel*** *in Rosegg*, I asked Bob to *put something into my hand* to let me know that he was with me … And immediately **something pointed violet** showed up … something so strange I couldn't really tell what it was, ***between tree tops and the tips of a crown*** … but I acknowledged it without judging it. "Purple" is I think the official American English word for this color, but it's usually to my mind more reddish, so I want to call it violet. And just now, almost ready to call it a day I went through the last pages for today of this c. d. part 4 picture size editing, and there it was … the violet flowers I had photographed on July 13 – the day when Peter had shocked me with a picture of Bob and him! (Well, Peter has been messaging me through LinkedIn all the time in the past days, too …)

Also ... I realized that the "**S**" that I keep seeing in the clouds, actually also where I walk but very often, a company right below where I live, "**Sinnex**" (works – including my neighbor, Marshall's owner).

Also, the same **purple flower** that I discovered on Danube Island last year sharing with Bob, appeared in the neighborhood.


July 13, 2020 – **Clouds & Being Bob the Trouble-shooter**

Peter gave me a fucking shock today. I opened his email, w comes – ***Bob! A picture of Bob and Peter.*** Obviously of a time wl he even is missing one of his front teeth already. I did not expec recovered composure ... I feel nauseous and like crying all day.

So there. And that after that intense dream of him tonight … and me crying and crying. I miss being with Bob so much, I can't express it … not even to myself.

It's interesting …

Bob answered. He did. He is here. Right here. I bet he is mighty proud of me for surviving and for figuring out the material trouble I had brought my body machine in! So now I'm asking him again to put something into my hand to confirm this. And it is …

… a yellow spongy cheesy like thing, kind of square and flat. Oh well.

Also, the ***date on the chapel visitors' diary entry is the 6th of March. "Dear me of the future" … wow. What a message.***

March 20, 2022 **– What a learning!**

Wow.

It worked. I didn't take any pain meds today. As soon as I noticed some drop in blood sugar I took some sip of sweet juice in the evening, and when I woke up at night with a little pulsing feeling in my head or heat, did the same. No headache. Slept okay, although was awake a lot too, because of the sugar, I guess. So yes, ***I had a Hypoglycaemic shock***, and that's great to know.

Something else: I suddenly noticed the tumor smell in my urine tonight. So I might have an Insulinome, that's a tumor in the area of the pancreas that messes up the blood sugar situation, and it grew and got big and is now dissolving. Started with Boswellia Serrata right away in the night. Feeling really good this morning.

But more than this: I only wanted to take a short walk with Jacqui this morning, but met Conny.

And then a "conversation" developed where I had to realize that I cannot trust anything she said. She told me various things she had told me before in the reverse way, totally wrong. She had told me only recently that she is on anti-drug substitute medication, and today she talked and behaved really like a person who is not in her right mind.

I can only thank the "circumstances" this morning to get me into this situation to realize what I'm facing here. That she can never be a friend to me, but that she is another "case", a very problematic person I have to stay away from. I did what I had promised myself to do – spoke normally being entirely "me" this morning, and she didn't "get" anything, reversed what she had just said, didn't let me finish my sentences, talked about stuff that wasn't even the subject of what I had said, didn't listen, finished my sentences for me … and it was just so clear that there is no way to talk with her normally. So thank everyone to let me find out today. It's the time of clarification for me. I'm grateful for all the learning. I shall be me and just me.

This morning I also will send the little letter I have prepared to Rudi, but because of the learning about Conny this morning I have realized that there are aspects in the letter the way it is now that I can't just send off to him, he won't get it. But I need to express myself and finalize this chapter of my life, too.

It was upsetting and disheartening at the same time "talking" with Conny and realizing that nothing I said was reaching her, and I miss Bob even more. That said … how much of what I said to him ever did reach him? And how much of what he said to me did I misinterpret? Oh wow.

Full blast techno right now, Sunday, 11.50 a.m. Oh well. I'll take Jacqui around lake Saissersee today. And I shall write a short letter to my father. One more time. Just expressing that I'm sad that there is no communication between us.

I read some of Dr. Lazar's book last night. It's just great.

I shall my contact diary to him, just in case.

March 23, 2022 – **Lucky Pig Charm & Wrist-Watch-Clock**

I'm all better. So much work to do from the agency, barely get to go for walks. Several Corona ills at the company, that's why I get their texts too, like translations into English …

Shopping with my mother in Wernberg, walking into the Eurospar store, I found a tiny ***pink piglet*** today, a good luck charm, and right after that, on nearly the same spot (getting out of the store), a small ***golden-colored watch*** with the hands saying *fourteen minutes to 2 o'clock.*

Later, I simply took my mother to the river Drau shore, even though she complained, and we walked a bit. She seems so clear. She swears she eats her meals on wheels, I don't trust her. We looked at the "butt" again, that we have seen before … she said she can remember.

My mom seems better, but I know, if she could or would be free to do what she wants, she'd consume alcohol. She is odd … seems to get old suddenly, fast. But she looks cheerful. I must find out if she really eats her food. (*Note: Found out soon after, of course she did not, except for the occasional dessert.)*

I was told I'm getting more jobs, even.

Sometimes I look around … and my head and my heart are better, and for the probable tumor in my belly I take Boswellia Serrata and Cat's Claw … and I wonder where I am. Not literally. Just my life. No Bob. What about the films now? I don't even dare to check my emails. All seems surreal.

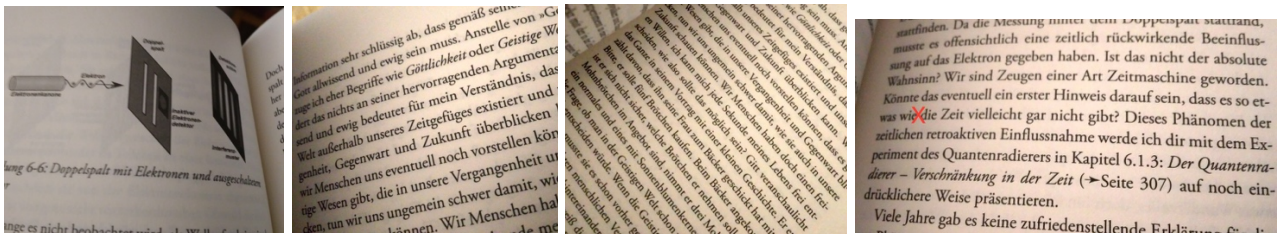
Jacqui is my hold. Found a strange "fluff chick" yesterday, somewhere, during a walk. Reminds me of my mother, somehow.

My father again sent stuff back to me and gave me shit in a letter … he truly is not in his right mind. I wrote to him again … will see what he will do, and then I'll go from there. Have already prepared the application for help from court because of my father's vulnerable position and the strange relationship with that Picej asshole.

And where am I there? Wasn't my breakdown sign enough? It was. I'm aware. I'm very interested in truth and openness.

Feeling dizzy at time, but very few heat bouts or other shit, pretty much I feel okay and sleep ok, often peeing and lots of wild dreams.

March 24, 2022 **– The Clock & the Time Text**
Wow, what an amazing synchronicity!
Last night, after a lot (way too much) job editing, I lay down and couldn't fall asleep. So I pondered a bit about the day and thought about the golden watch that I had found with the hands stuck on the time of about "a quarter to 2 o'clock". I grabbed the Lazar-book and said out loud "I'll open it on one random page and we'll see" … with the clock in mind I did that.
And I opened it on the page – a random page, without looking – that deals with – "time" and how it does not exist in the beyond the way we think.



Wow. I was very stunned.

My **dream** was horrible:
There was a **young man** who I was infatuated with, I think I was traveling or at least in a place that was not Velden. Somehow we ended up **embracing**, and I was so happy. Then I went about my stuff, and suddenly I was i**n my father's garden.** I think I wanted to just snoop around and see if everything is alright. Suddenly I saw **another young man** – who reminded me of someone I know I real life but not sure who it was – hiding behind the southern front corner of the house, where the garage is, and he spit out orange colored **vomit** as he was **squatting** on the ground over something. The story had more elements before that but I can't remember right now. I looked over – and I was horrified to find that he was **kneeling** over the dead body of that young man who I loved! And he was moving his dead and strangely rubberlike arms and kneading his chest, desperate that he was dead. It was clear to me that he had been sexually involved with the dead guy, somehow …
So I rushed over there and went to the head side of the dead young man, devastated. I said "Is he gone? But what are you doing!?" And the other one kept saying "Yes, it's over … but I can pretend it still make sense to do this …" And he kept pushing against the dead man's chest and moving and pressing his arms …
I reached under the head and neck of the dead young man unable to accept that he was dead and began to knead and massage those spots … in my dream I was determined to reverse his death, and somehow I knew that it was possible … and sure enough, he began to open his eyes … but those were more cat's eyes. And I saw it and kept working on the body … but the other man seemed not to accept that it was possible for that young man to come back to life. And I felt so lost and lonely, but ever the "dead" man opened his right eye and tried to look at me, and he began to move on his own.
And then the dream is so garbled, because I seem to have been on the deck of a ship … or traveling somewhere, and there was something gross about that "dead" young man who seems to have been with me, too … but he wasn't really alive ….

And then I woke up … and I had to switch the light on to get myself out of that dream. I barely could. Already after the time-clock-event before going to sleep I had found myself in some strange state where I had the feeling that my surroundings were not my bedroom anymore … and I switched the light on several times. I felt touched ones, literally on my upper lip, too …
So this morning I woke up several times, and every time I thought how strange it was that I could remember that dream still, so clearly. And even now that I'm writing it down … it feels so imminent and direct and clear and "real", it's uncanny.

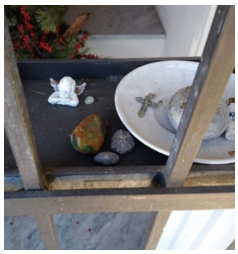
I have a scorching headache today again. My eyesight seems to be going for the worse, too, I think I must see an eye doctor.

But I've been staring at the computer screen a lot in the past days because of the many jobs. Got to do something more outside, today. It's 20 degrees Celsius and more, and it's not even April.

Also, this morning, waking up early … I "found" myself in housie on Maui. So distinctly there, in my beloved Futon-bed, "knowing" what was around me, the video production gear, the walls, the blinds, and I was listening into housie like I had done so often, either for the quiet, or for Bob and if he was up already.
It's a very strange day.

March 25, 2022 – **My Name, the Stone & Strawberry!**
Morning walk with Jacqui up to "little bench hill" … and suddenly I got aware that there is my second name "***Johanna***" is on a bench close to where the ***erect stone*** is looking down into the valley that looks just like on Maui, down towards Ma'alaea harbor, *the beloved view from our housie lanai* … It was very strange:

I took my mom to Gottestal for a walk right after shopping. She complained and had a hard time walking, even though we didn't walk far. I did have the feeling she enjoyed being out, just complained about back ache. Well, no wonder, she spends most of her time watching TV. It was some kind of a stressful experience there walking with her, and I see it as a service, but it's not really good for me.
So in between, sometime, I asked Bob if he was there and to prove it by putting something into my hand. And immediately a "strawberry" shape thing appeared. It thought it was a strawberry … until we reached that little pathway shrine again, where I had found the "little round chocolate cake" a few weeks ago. And there was a new ***stone*** in it – ***in the shape of a strawberry***, and really kind of looking like one! Consider: My subconscious – being stressed, too – wouldn't have "gotten" "painted stone resembling a strawberry", so I saw an actual strawberry.
*(**Note** April 3: No entry of March 22, but that's when I found the sweetest "fevery" "mo'o" in a hedge … I just had to take a picture, I think my mother was with me then …)*



March 27, 2022, Sunday again, daylight saving period & **The Four Rabbits! & The Disca Receiving the New Dead!**

Too much to tell. Conny broke up with abusive drinking boyfriend, threw him out … thanks me saying that she couldn't have done it without me. What bullshit is that? Barely know her. We walked the dogs a few times and chatted, that is all. She is on meds all the time. I am so tired of this.

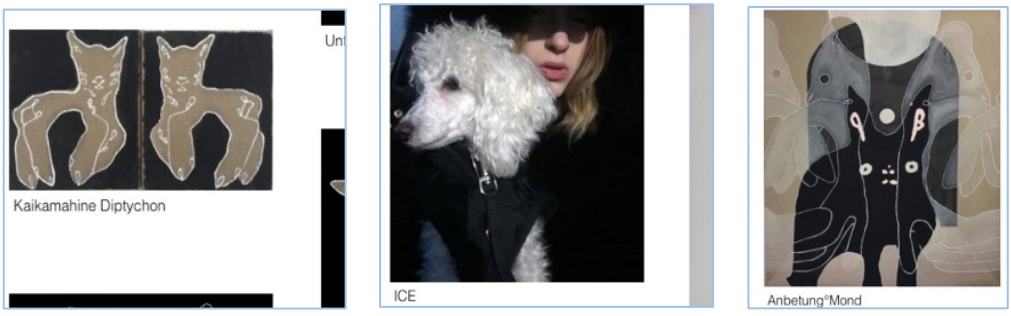
Spending time with mom in the evenings, because she won't eat her food when I'm not with her. Okay, do be it. I don't mind.

Is the ***rabbit challenge*** on? Three wild rabbits (actually Feldhase, so hares) came running towards Jacqui and me as we walked up the forest path the the bench! Only managed to tape a bit of the escape of one of them … just a few screenshots …

Went to the ***bridge*** that leads into "nowhere" … it is a special place indeed. There are orange fish in it … I found a lot of *glass* shards from a bottle that was smashed against one of the stones there and picked them all up … and older man came, stopped at the fence, and we chatted nicely about the fucked up ways of the younger thoughtless people … The **man** said that because someone had put those orange aquarium carps into the pond, that was the end of its eco-system as they will eat all the frog and toad and amphibia eggs … shucks.

We talked nicely until two women came with a golden retriever by the name of "Luna", which means "above" in Hawaiian … it was special. The man said that it had been a pleasure meeting me. Aw.

I felt attracted an artist's work today, Anouk Lamm Anouk, only to find a **Hawaiian word** in the middle of it all and her photos of her **poodle dog named "Ava"** … J and I just had met a strange woman with her white poodle "Filou" in the neighborhood. Yes, and the **moon**.



I feel strangely stressed by Conny and her situation, and her violent drunk guy who is now … where? Today he was on the yard sitting in her car, and she texted me that he may be very drunk. Jesus … can't I catch a break and finally find a place where there is peace?

Managed to take mom for a walk several times, also in Villach, yesterday, along the river Drau, that was nice.

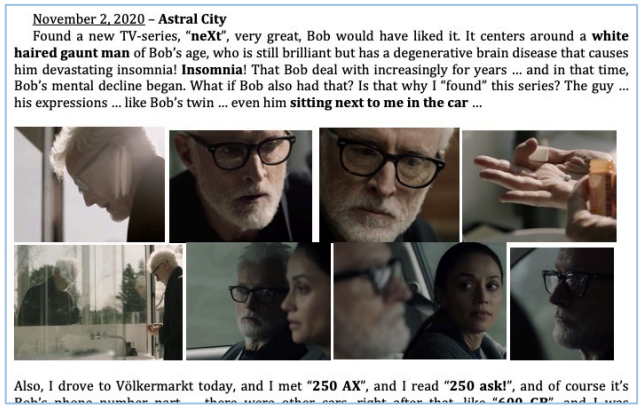
Still … I feel so upset about the whole Conny situation. I don't really want the contact as long as I don't know who she really is – without any meds. But besides … I must say I like her but I don't really care. She must get her shit together. I don't get anything out of this relationship. She does not really care about me, I'm just some kind of helper … I just don't have the capacity to deal with her story.

I barely have the capacity for mine.

And such fucking wild dreams! Wow!
Barely time to work on this contact diary on putting images in.
I saw that Poldi emailed me after all. I can't muter up the energy to read it.
Peter Rosen called and texted me. I can't make myself pick up the phone with a Hawaii number.
Managed to finalize a summary of all my screenplays that aren't finished and the concepts.

It has been really warm with about 21 degrees Celsius. No rain before Thursday.

(Later)
Amazing time-synchronicity! **The Disca Receiving the New Dead!**
I struggled to work a bit on the part 5 of this contact diary on the image sizing … and I got so impatient because really I want to go to bed … but I thought I just have to get going a bit.
And there it was:
Just yesterday I had asked Bob is he is now also busy or is witnessing how it is when all the new souls arrive when in a war, like now in the Ukraine, so many people die suddenly … and I had totally forgotten that I had once even seen imagery like that … but I have forgotten much of what happened and what I have seen in 2020, I only recall by seeing my own contact diary … and there I ended up editing "Astral City" today, right now …. And that's where the disca receive the new souls, the mortal "victims" of a war! Oh this is a miracle … that I did find a movie trailer with that kind of imagery, and that I put it into this contact diary and that I get to see it kind of as an answer by Bob now, in 2022, when a most unexpected war is happening so close to where I live …


November 2, 2020 – **Astral City**
Found a new TV-series, "**neXt**", very great, Bob would have liked it. It centers around a **white haired gaunt man** of Bob's age, who is still brilliant but has a degenerative brain disease that causes him devastating insomnia! **Insomnia**! That Bob deal with increasingly for years … and in that time, Bob's mental decline began. What if Bob also had that? Is that why I "found" this series? The guy … his expressions … like Bob's twin … even him **sitting next to me in the car** …

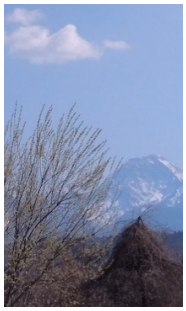
Also, I drove to Völkermarkt today, and I met "**250 AX**", and I read "**250 ask!**", and of course it's

Oh geez, just in the trailer there are things I've been imagining! Also a scene where **the dead receive the new souls of people who have just lost their bodies in a war** … and someone mentions that "**there are hearts who pray for you**", meaning mortals are strengthening the dead by their energetic output, because a dead person was worried about having messed up during mortal life … and someone said that because a person had been such a good person in mortal life, they wouldn't have to go through some gruesome phase in the beyond!

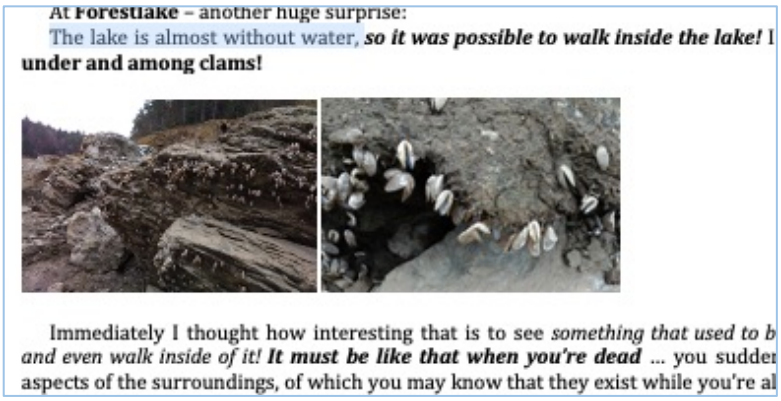
Wow! That's like seeing the books of Betty and Stewart!

Note how on that day, *November 2, 2020*, I also ***noted how similar that guy looks like Bob***, and the situation like he and I in the car … and then the **"250" together with the note "ask"?** Back then I had only begun to notice that I receive actual answers when I ask Bob! *And I had just asked him* about receiving the many new souls of the war dead …
This is amazing.

March 26, 2022 **– Cloud, mimicking**
It was just a trip to Villach with my mother, and I got her to go for a short walk along river Drau … but like usual, she is reluctant, and I have to persuade her. I found an ibex sticker and a toy firetruck … and the clouds seemed to perfectly mimic an interestingly shaped bush … it was very apparent.



March 28, 2022 **– Forest Lake & Thread Spool**
Today I told Conny that I had just read that Forest lake has water again and that I'm looking forward to swimming. And just now, wanting to do some more picture editing, I'm on *November 14, 2020,* when I found the **Forest lake** nearly empty. It was so shortly after Edith's death …

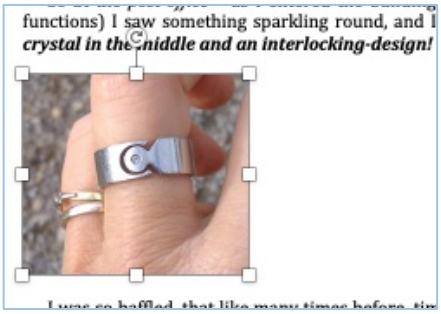

At **Forestlake** – another huge surprise:
The lake is almost without water, ***so it was possible to walk inside the lake!*** I
under and among clams!

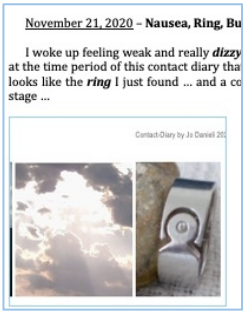
Immediately I thought how interesting that is to see *something that used to b*
and even walk inside of it! ***It must be like that when you're dead*** … you sudde
aspects of the surroundings, of which you may know that they exist while you're al

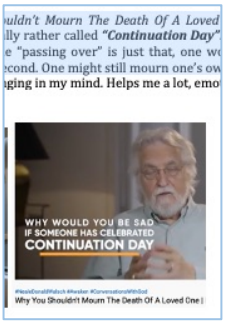
… reading about it, I felt really sad. I put my hand out for ***Edith*** to put something in it … it was some kind of ***sewing thread spool***. I kept my hand out – and the center of the palm to *very hot and my hand very heavy like never before.* So energetic. So strange. *(**Note** April 3: It would manifest! The sewing thread! Yes!)*
I'm thinking of my father. I'm worried a lot. Just came from my mom. Won't eat if I don't eat with her. Eats sweets all the time even when we talk about that she should not before having dinner, doesn't matter, she still does it. Went shopping with her car today, she put gas into it and went to pay like in the old days. She is so clear mostly, that she could easily drive. Then she goes home and sinks into TV-watching and seems to kind of degenerate while watching.
I have to get her to play more with me …
Sometimes everything seems so heavy.
Took a walk with Conny and Pauli today, and seems like she and her alcoholic boyfriend can make peace. She seems nice enough, but I'm very aware that I only know her meds-self. I'll have to tell her that.
I shared with her that I'm communicating with Bob, and she was very interested. I gave her an example of "put something into my hand", and it was the same *golden two-handle kettle-can or lamp with a spout* that I saw before when I thought about her dead former boyfriend Mike. Like Aladdin's miracle lamp. It was right there again. I'll be curious what will come out of this.

(Later)

Storm outside, almost midnight. I thought of giving a **ring** that I had once found to Conny as a gift, and just now I reached the entry of the day when I found that ring, on November 20, 2020. I tried that ring on just yesterday … doesn't fit me at all.



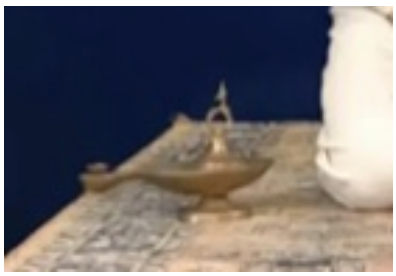




Time synchronicity. Wow.
And … weeks ago I had broken off a twig from a branch that was lying right across the path … it's making leaves! What a miracle. Just standing in water, no soil. ***Where does the material for the leaves come from?***

March 29, 2022 – **THE LAMP APPEARED!**
Oh Jesus Christ, it is working every time!
Went for a late walk with Jacqui, knowing that I'd have several jobs to do. Back home I thought okay, I check the news online first. There was some headline about **Kim Kardashian** and her new **boyfriend**, of who I hadn't heard anything yet … I thought I'd read that because I can't stand the bad news anymore.
So I googled them – and there it was! The **lamp** that I had received in my hand by I had thought "Mike", Conny's dead friend, but I think now it was for me, and it was Bob. Because how else could that work so perfectly? What are the odds? I felt compelled to google a random celebrity and ended up seeing – the lamp!

They played Princess Jasmine and Aladdin Credit: NBC



Okay. We're on folks.
I had a fight with my mom again today … couldn't stand her constant refusal and not wanting to be out and walk and brushing me off all the time when I try to inspire her. I know she can't help it and isn't entirely aware … but sometimes I'm just so tired of it. Also … I thought of my father and how he didn't bother to ask me how I was after I had shared my breakdown with Picej via

text message, and he surely told my father … not a word. I had all the disappointment in me, today … hard.
And then … like a wondrous revelation … the lamp.
Mahalo Stoneman, and fuck you for being dead.

March 30, 2022 – **The Sewing-Thread, the Black Thing, the Pointed Thing & the Sailing Boat & the Green Spot**

What a morning!

Took Jacqui on an unusual long reverse round through the forest this morning. I enjoyed the cool air and was totally in the here and now … thought about the Aladdin-lamp manifestation … and suddenly, the **sewing-thread-spool** came to my mind – and the easy and sudden realization. Edith had told me something about my mother: My **mother** had proudly told me the day before yesterday, that she had **mended! Sewed!** Her **old coat!** Herself! After decades she had grabbed needle and **sewing thread** and had sewed her coat! And she had told me about it, and before that, Edith had given me the spool in my hand! Wow!

This was so magical!

So I walked on along the creek and put my hand out and asked Bob to put something onto it if they are right here and also happy about my realization. I high-fived them … and as I put my hand out, I received something so odd, I didn't think I saw it right … something **blackish-dark like square or round box with something equally blackish-dark curly on top of it,** like a brownie with Streusel or some curly garnish … but at the same time I thought, no that's not edible, and it's more like a wire or something dry on top.

So I dismissed it and walked on and asked for a confirmation. I received something like a small **black ball with a pointed top,** like an oriental vase or water pipe … so strange.

And I doubted.

I walked on … and I looked up the balcony of a house I came by … and there it was: **A blackish-dark thing with a curly top: A basket with dried plants on it!** Instant manifestation! And as I looked around, there was the **pointed small ball thingie: The fence consisted of this!**

WOW!

I walked on along the path, in awe and kind of numb inside and thought how I really can't share this with anyone. I thought of Conny and how much I wish she was clear and not on drugs.

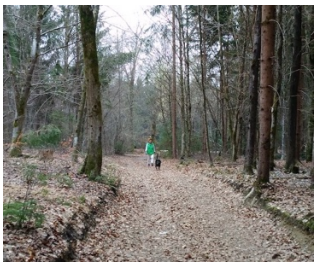
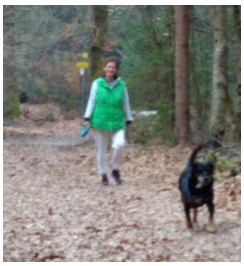
So I walked through the forest and had intense thoughts of Bob … feeling him so close. I even stopped and imagined he'd give me a kiss.

I asked him to put something on my hand … and I said out loud ***"sailing boat".*** Yes, a boat was on my hand … and right away I realized: This morning, lying half awake in bed I thought of Bob and how we had been on that **catamaran** after we had just met … and how he had given me water after I had been so sea sick … and so he told me in the forest that he knows what I was thinking in the morning!

I felt a connection to a ***fir tree*** *top* … saw an "S" shaped wood … then, suddenly, *as I looked up*, I noticed that I was looking at dangling "***chime" kind of thingies right before a "lanai deck"*** – just like we had on Maui! It was so strange to be facing this suddenly. It was so intensely like "being at housie" with Bob, I was nearly breathless because of this intense flood of impressions.

Then I walked on and asked him to tell me what he was thinking just now or what he was dealing with … and right then, **three teal-green dots** kind of swished in front of my open (!) eyes … and that was strange.

So I thought, well, I'm almost out of the forest and I stopped and looked up at the trees … thinking of Bob … but then I thought it's late, I must move on … and after a few steps, I saw a big **teal-green spot** approach far away along the path! A person with a teal-green half-jacket was coming … with a black dog. It was **Conny**! **Wearing something teal-green!**

We had the most spirited conversation! It was so magical. She is making peace with her friend Manfred, it's so wonderful … (I also saw that other black thing with a solid base and something "curly" on top, before I met Conny.)

Back home, writing this down now … I suddenly flashed back to the fact that the teal-green spot and then right after that teal-green Conny showed up after I had asked Bob what he was dealing with today … so I thought, "shit, will Conny die"? What a fucked up thought. But I sent Conny a warning text-message to be extra alert today. Maybe that was stupid. But I felt a very strong urge to do that.

So, wow, what a day …

And it's only 10.33 am. Gonna play in the lottery today.

There is something else … a few days ago, I had a flash of *Manfred, Conny's boyfriend, pointing a gun at me,* not sure what kind. And today Conny told me in the forest that Manfred, as a youngster, had tried to kill himself, shooting himself in the heart with a gun, but hit the lungs – and survived.

Wow, that's odd.

Dream of a wormhole through an ice mountain

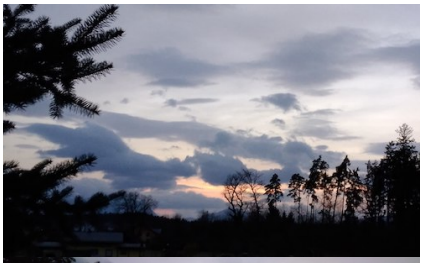
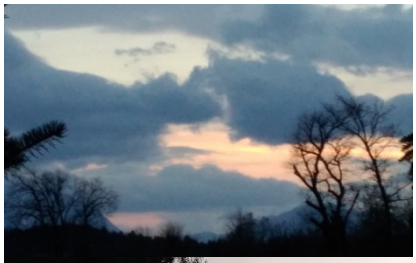
OH I have to note my dream of last night: I found a way like a **wormhole** or **tunnel** through a mountain that was like made of rock and ice and snow … and there was another **woman** with me, and together we had to get that ***passage*** done from way up on the summit – that strangely was in a very busy area though, like a city, but it wasn't a normal city, like it was on that mountain or even in the air, and there was a lot of danger and threat, and finding that wormhole – like a kids' sliding tunnel – was some sort of way out, but it couldn't be used yet, we needed to do something about it first. But we – the woman and I – couldn't do it. We were either persecuted by somebody evil or hindered in other ways, but it was just always a sense of life danger and imminent destruction.

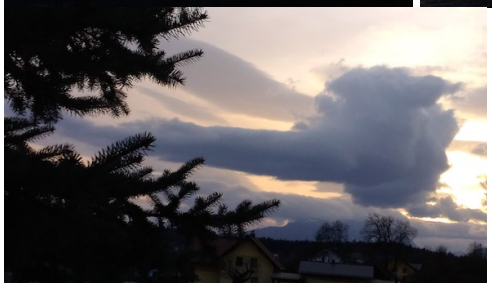
That tunnel through that mountain! I saw myself ending up at the ***bottom*** end of that tunnel … but somehow I was in danger there … and there was an element of flying … I want to say a helicopter, but that is only an impression, I can't recall me flying … I was more pursued by it?

Wow, that tunnel … it was like a big secret, but it wasn't hard to find it for me, though. The strange thing was that it was so important and yet nobody even thought of using it.
It was a hole, with color reflections like that ***teal and ice-blue-white glacier color impressions*** that one sees at big ice sites … but that teal or ice blue shining was inside that tunnel.

(Later)
Drove to mom and back for shopping …
"**910 DW**" came *twice* toward me … also "**222 BX**" … and yesterday, I remember distinctly, "**808 EZ**", so "*BOB IS*" …? Had some more of the *fermented garlic* that Conny gifted me with. It's delicious.

Oliver Lazar answered me via email … can't open the email. Not enough guts. *Connecting clouds* in the evening sky. Plus … later, the most amazing penis cloud. *I know Bob pointed me to it. (Pun!)*



March 31, 2022 **– The Knife!**

The crying dream … Bob was there and alive and at the same time he was dead, but I was with him and still so so so sad … I woke up several times and kept dreaming the same thing. He was just standing there, to my right, "being there", and I cried and cried about the loss of him. He didn't say anything, just stood there … but now that I think about it, he did stuff, sometimes being in his editing office in housie … he used his small tech screw-driver to fix something on his computer … it was like it was, back then, when my life was there with him and on Maui and I was really really me.

Maybe it was because it started raining this morning while I was still asleep, and the sound and feel of rainy weather will forever remind me of the day when I left Bob, it was a rainy day, all day, and I left in the dark with pouring rain.

Sometimes I feel devastated on such a deep level …

I took a morning walk with Jacqui in the rain and pulled out (tore off) some young dandelion herb for salad later. I thought that I really should take a knife with me, I had often complained to myself that I didn't bring my small Swiss army knife … and then, suddenly, I flashed back two days:

I had found a **sharp long knife** on the lawn in front of my mother's apartment! Wow! And I had wanted a knife in those days, and there it was. I remember now that I even thought "Great, now I have the knife I wanted", but it didn't sink it what kind of manifestation or message this was.

So there … today it "opened" for me.

I'm in a weird state.

Last night, after finishing a complicated text edit job, I couldn't make myself work on this contact diary, I read recaps of "The Good Doctor" of season 5 instead, then went to bed. No more problems with heart or brain in the night. Good. I guess.

My father returned a letter I had sent him. I believe he still did read it, can't imagine that he'd be able to not even read it. So I feel my patience with him diminishing seriously.

(Later) **Talking with Bob – received images**

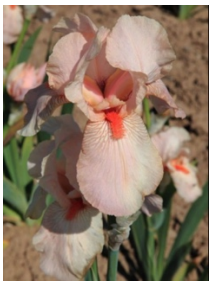
Evening walk (still light at nearly 8 p.m. due to daylight savings time) in the forest, listened to the dripping rain, flashed back again to being on Maui the last day, ***rain dripping***, then for a moment I even found myself walking up the hill Iolani Street to Foodland bus station … and I felt so compelled to talk to Bob, and I did, *out loud*. *I asked him what he was doing* … and immediately I received an image … something like a **cloud or some fog with a golden tint in motion, like moved and turned by Bob who was moving his arms with his lower arms parallel, like in silly disco dancing motions** … thus kind of swirling that golden cloud kind of substance or vlies as if he was wrapping it around his arms … also like winding up wool. But it was some cloud like thing he was spooling up over his lower arms …

I said out loud that at receiving imagery it's important to be in the here and now so that the mind is not busy with mind-stuff so that impressions can enter. Of course one must be aware and trained to notice them when they appear, but most importantly is to not think about something and just be there. That's why, I felt, I "heard" Bob, because the rain and the forest and my dog kept me focused on the present surroundings. So I described to Bob out lout what I had seen, that turning motion with that cloudlike vlies or substance being wrapped up or simply moved by Bob around Bob's lower arms by circular motions.

Then, I said, what else? And right away I saw a **cube**, **pretty big**, like some kind of **garage size container**, but no door or windows, just a gray metallic smooth surface cube, **standing on what looked like a small winding white-silver river** … (my point of view was from upstream that little river up to that large cube on top of the small stream) So I asked Bob if that cube was blocking that river? Did that have something to do with the weather?

What else I asked, and Bob lifted his **hands** (no more cloud there) and ***looked at them and held them up and turned them,*** maybe even put them together and seemed to put them into something, maybe a bucket or a bowl. Everytime I said out loud what I was seeing – and what I was thinking. Did he do some energetic work? The motioning and the golden cloud like substance would suggest that. Those inner images were so quick and naturally there. Finally, I got to see a **big flower in pink and white with a trace of yellow inside,** barely a stem, just the flower, and I said *"Is this an orchid? No, it's a name … Iris?"* As I walked on I said *"Lilly, it is in fact a lilly. So what does that mean? Or are you simply giving me a flower? Or am I supposed to work on my screenplay The Case Lilly?"*

(I googled it … it must have been an Iris, not a lilly. I couldn't find the exact plant, but it's a mix of these:)



I then found myself thinking too much and back on the street walking home. I walked by the stable with the poor cows in there, day in and day out in the dark.

I thought that I had met the farmer during my previous walk with Jacqui at noon, and he held a long piece of pig's meat, bacon, not yet done, looking raw. And I suddenly had the impression of the pig looking at the farmer like every day expecting food, only to realize that the farmer was about to kill it. I thought shit I shouldn't eat meat. What a horrible imagery.

<u>So now I'm curious about that imagery and if that was a real conversation with Bob</u>. If so, wow, that would be freaking advanced. But it's not like I got to be able to do that over night. It was a big process to even be in the mood to ask for a conversation with a dead person and expecting it to function. I know better by now than to doubt anything.

Thought of the spool and the Aladdin lamp and the knife … and the black thing with the curly top and the pointed black thing … so many direct manifestations, I should be so excited.

I am, sort of.

Just I really really need people to read my contact diary. I know Lazar wrote to me and I should read his response to my emails, but I'm so afraid that it's a rejective dumb response, but such a smart and advanced man.

I'm afraid of what I could read.

But I know that I will have to read it.

(Later) **The arm motion!**

Oh! Just now as I was looking up *images* to illustrate the above, I realizes that just ***the day before yesterday I had seen that "disco arm move"*** that Bob was doing while picture editing – ***Bruce Willis did it in an episode of "Friends"!*** The weirdest part of it, though, is, that *last night*, before going to bed, I read that Bruce Willis had been diagnosed with "*Aphasia*", the inability to speak

properly … so he likely had a stroke. And I had said to Bob that *I remember him suddenly losing his ability to speak.*
Could that "arm moves" story that Bob showed me in the forest have anything to do with Bruce Willis? Did he tell me that he knows about that … so that he is with me?

Contact-Diary by Jo D

In the end he said to himself ***"You've still got it … hey baby!"*** That was what Bob said.

October 20, 2020 – **I Got a Cat! "We 2" & the Egg**

It's simply breathtaking what happened today. I drove to Völkermarkt again, because

livescience.com

Apple iCloud Yahoo Bing Google Wikipedia Facebook Twitter

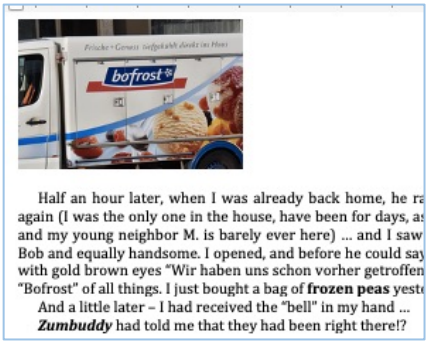
Bruce Willis diagnosed with aphasia: The science behind the disorder

By Jeanna Bryner published about 19 hours ago

Here's why Willis may be having speech and comprehension difficulties.

April 1, 2022 **– Bofrost!**

Oh geez, the *time synchronicity!* I just discovered, that I forgot to put the "N" part into the "M, N" chapter of this contact diary, which I had already finalized. For some reason I had re-checked the dates on the chapter intros, and I found that several docs didn't even have dates "from … to", so that's how I ended up copying "N" into part 5 … and just now, before going with Jacqui an evening round, I thought okay, I will put in the images into part "R", the current one later and do some image size editing on "N" … and I opened it on a *random page* … and it was November 17 when a *"Bofrost" rep had rung my doorbell!* Jesus Christ, the day before yesterday ***a Bofrost rep had rung my doorbell,*** and she gave me a catalogue had said that she'd call me today, on Friday … and I had kind of been waiting for it, but she didn't call.



Half an hour later, when I was already back home, he ra
again (I was the only one in the house, have been for days, a
and my young neighbor M. is barely ever here) … and I saw
Bob and equally handsome. I opened, and before he could say
with gold brown eyes "Wir haben uns schon vorher getroffen
"Bofrost" of all things. I just bought a bag of **frozen peas** yest
And a little later – I had received the "bell" in my hand …
Zumbuddy had told me that they had been right there!?

Wow! What are the odds?

Also, had warned Conny, due to some bad gut feeling the other day, and today she told me this morning that she had dreamed of a dangerous ***wolf*** and had to seek shelter from him. Wow.

She is so attentive and interested, I'm finding that I can share stories about communicating with Bob with her. This morning, I was so upset because my father returned my last letter, too, and I took a walk with her and Pauli and Jacqui and told her things. She was so interested and gave such clear input, it was so unusual for me.

The I took mom shopping, of course she hadn't eaten her food, and we ate together and then played three rounds of memory.

Then … Bofrost. It's an interesting time.

(Later)

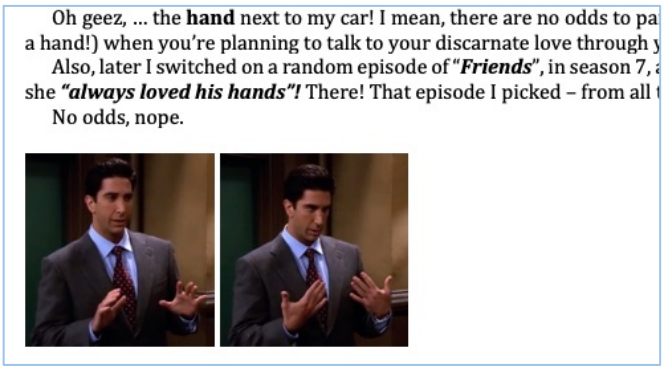
Took Jacqui on a early evening walk to new paths in the forest, on a whim, so to speak … and suddenly we were facing something like a torch – with **a light blue candle** it it. I had been singing

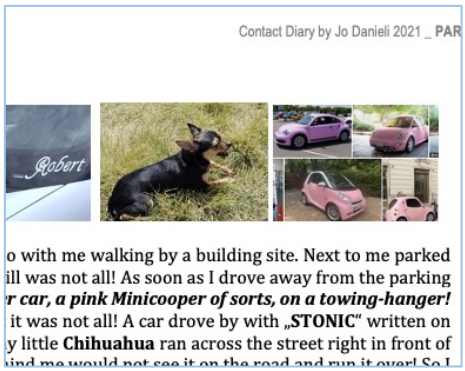
Hawaiian songs all the time. It felt so strange. The last time I had found a candle out there in nature was on the day that Edith had died.

April 2, 2022 – **Time Synchronicities: The Hands & The Chihuahuas, the Wolf, and something entirely new: *The Native American Indian out of the blue***

This morning, I took J for a short forest walk in the drizzle. I feel a bit stronger today, inside, don't know why. *Last night*, instead of working on my contact diary, I spent about an hour looking at ***images and portraits of dogs at animal shelters*** who are waiting for adoptions, and I read a lot of their fates. I don't know why I do that … but it calms me and I have the feeling that when I see those animals, it does something good to them. There was a ***Chihuahua lady named "Dalmi"*** that I felt so attracted to. But it's not possible to adopt another dog for me … if I would live somewhere with a garden, yes. And there were another ***two chihuahuas*** that I liked (went back just now to find the images to show you) …

And with breakfast I continued editing the chapter "O, P" for image size. The first thing I saw was ***"Ross" from "Friends" showing his hands,*** on May 14, 2021! And that was the image Bob had shown me just the day before yesterday, when he had shown me Bruce Willis doing the "Roll it" disco move dance – his hands! Quoting my own entry: *"Bob lifted his **hands** (no more cloud there) and looked at them and held them up and turned them .." T*hat day I had literally found hands on the ground, two white plastic hands.


Oh geez, … the **hand** next to my car! I mean, there are no odds to pa
a hand!) when you're planning to talk to your discarnate love through y
Also, later I switched on a random episode of "***Friends***", in season 7, a
she ***"always loved his hands"!*** There! That episode I picked – from all t
No odds, nope.



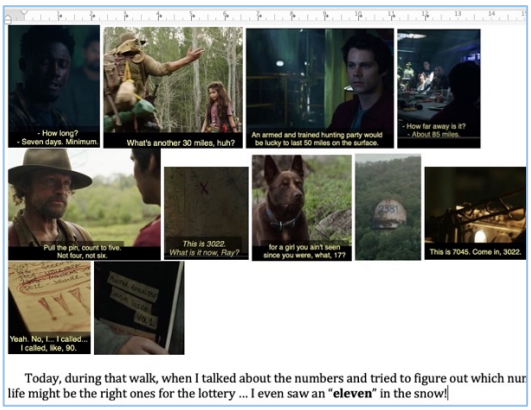
o with me walking by a building site. Next to me parked
ill was not all! As soon as I drove away from the parking
r car, a pink Minicooper of sorts, on a towing-hanger!
it was not all! A car drove by with „**STONIC**" written on
y little **Chihuahua** ran across the street right in front of

There it was! And then: That day, a ***Chihuahua*** had run across the street right in front of my car! I remember it distinctly! Maybe that's why I felt so drawn to these dogs last night, so it would match up with today's image editing, as a proof, how close the connection is?

Something else happened: ***Conny had told me about the scary wolf in her dream***, and I had texted her last night to ask herself what the wolf stands for. And "for no reason" I went to a newspaper's website last night – only to see a wolf ad! I have NEVER seen a wolf ad before! There it was. The ***wolf***. And the moon.

(Later)
My mom just called, totally clear, even reminded me what I had said yesterday about cleaning floors with left-over wet dried out toilet paper, and she let me know that she does not want me to come today. Saying good-bye, she said my name. It felt kind of weird. But I have been giving her the new Bachflower drops into her water, and we played Memory last night, so she clearly is experiencing something in her mind … and I have to accept that she wants to be alone today. It's a rainy Saturday and she said she feels so cozy, already got her food, Apple strudel with vanilla sauce, and wants to just relax at home with her routines. That's how she expressed it. It's nothing short of miraculous that she can talk like that … compared to one year ago. I just must be very grateful. I am. If only there was peace with my father.

I also ended up at an old entry last night with lots of *numbers*. Will play in the lottery today and use them.



Today, during that walk, when I talked about the numbers and tried to figure out which nur life might be the right ones for the lottery … I even saw an "**eleven**" in the snow!

(Later)
Okay. Became a food sponsor for Dalmi now with 60 Euro. First time I did that. Yes, there are so many dogs … but one has to start with one. Also filled out one lottery ticket. Felt overwhelmed which from the many numbers to choose. Just took the ones that are actually existent on the ticket.

My ***uncle*** called to ask how I was. Me! How I was! That's a first. He sounded horribly weak, though. He has Parkinson's and heart problems and a lot more and is in his mid 80s. *I had to think of the blue candle.* Trying to not give into the gloominess too much. I have horribly painful bouts of longing for Bob. Keep flashing back to a ***sequence of imagery*** of the SciFi-series ***"The O. A."*** that kept baffling me shitless, on January 23, 2021, that I saw last night going through chapters of this c. d., where *a dead person asks a near-dead child whether she wants to stay in the beyond or go back*

into the mortal world. The child wants to go back. And the ***disca tells her that she will know great love, but that it will be hard and that she will suffer.***

No fucking shit. But I did know great love. The love for and with Bob, there is nothing greater … even though it only lasted for a brief time, and then our story kicked in with Bob starting to reject me and me hanging on … it was bliss for how long it lasted. And in the beyond, where there is no time and where we have access to all our memories and all we ever were, we can experience that bliss as much as we want.

(Later) **Native American Indian showed up**

Took a walk in the snow rain in the forest … interesting conversation with Bob after I found a **teal colored stone** that I held in my hand imagining holding hands with Bob. First I came by the large stone that I see all the time and talked to Bob as if he was on it. I asked him to put something into my hand if he was …

I received something like a ***soft purse***, kind of bent on top, like it was heavy and the fabric or leather was soft, so it was hanging down a bit, with soft *shoulder straps* without any clasps or any metal thing, that's what I noticed particularly, and with some kind of colorful outer edge or colorful pattern on top while the bag itself was kind f gray or black. *(**Note**: I checked, it is called "hobo bag" or "slouchy bag".)* A mix of what I found as of pictures … just with a dark bottom that hung through too, not just the top, and something red and brown and yellow colorful about it all.

Later I received some **white plastic electronic part** (like depicted, but I saw just one) in my hand, something like a multiple connection bus … then I saw several about **cherry size golden balls** in my hand … then some **light blue veil**, swaying in a strange pattern like it had blown in one direction and then then wind changed and the first part blew right back creating a tight curve in the fabric.

(The motion of the scarf-veil was like that, but the material was see-through light-blue, and there were about 5 golden balls …)

I had some fun with playing on words, like Bob would have loved to … and at some point I got so deeply into the feeling of him walking next to me with his dark blue cardigan, that I had to look to my right … and I broke out in tears. Such an emotional flash, I think, has to do with him being really near, probably playing along and really holding hands with me.

I also saw an interesting **wood wedge** that fascinated me because it was so perfect … and a shiny **beer bottle cap** amidst the dirt … It was so sweet to watch Jacqui how he was being typically himself and watching out while I was photographing. He always does that. Even when we are with Conny and Pauli, it's Jacqui who walks a bit to the side and settles down to keep an eye on the surroundings.

The Native American Indian – entirely new experience!

Back home, I shared ***onion soup*** with Edith and then with Bob – when suddenly, the image of a **native American Indian** appeared in front of my inner eye, making. Step from right to left, kind of looking at me, but not close to me, but about at the distance of about 20 meters, with me sort of looking down … ***instead of my image of Bob*** that I had actually been holding on pretty well. The man had a big feather "crown" … I was really startled. That has never happened before. It was a man with a beige, kind of stereotypical Native American Indian outfit, with colorful stitching, and it was a man about I his early 50s.

I stopped eating to write this down.

I kept looking at images of the Chihuahua dogs … I also talked with Bob about the numbers I had chosen for the lottery ticket, and two other numbers appeared, in reality in the film they are one number, 2033, and then I saw 1, 5, 11, 17, 20, 33. Gonna do those.

A phone number on my phone, someone had called I don't know … I hope just Bofrost.

(Later)
Just browsed news and saw a note that ***Jim Carrey*** won't act anymore unless somebody offers him a *golden script* … weird, after the *golden balls* in my hand … also, the artwork on the floor reminds me of the "***cube standing on a small winding river***" that Bob gave me in the forest yesterday.

April 3, 2022 **– Snow … The Purse, the Golden Balls & the Light-Blue Veil! And a Treehouse!**
Woke up with the thought, that the "cube on the streamlet" really is very similar to that Jim-Carrey-image …
I took J on a Sunday morning walk through the dripping forest. It snowed heavily last night, some snow still out there, on the fields … I did not feel like chatting with Bob or anyone at all. Which is strange in itself. I was aware of it. I did talk to myself about stuff regarding my mother and my father … but no urge to communicate with any disca. I did share the "hot black" with Bob again and the nice scent of a blooming bush – that I shared yesterday already – with Bob and Edith. I broke it off and took it home.

(Later) ***Manifestation Galore and a Treehouse!***
Oh wow.
I took an unusual walking route, because my mother made it very clear that she wants to be alone this Sunday. And even though I doubt she will eat her food and I know that she doesn't to into the fresh air, I decided to really respect her wish, do my stuff instead (put nearly all images into this c. d. already!!!) … and I wrote pre-Easter cards including to my father and to Silvia, Elisabeth and Inge and Seppi, and walked to take them to the mail box.
On the way … I suddenly found myself in front of a fence and looked into the garden, and I immediately saw "**the purse**" that Bob had shown me: a **hammock** in exactly that shape that the *"soft purse" had had, hanging on the bottom, with its colorful upper part and the soft "shoulder straps"!* It was the hammock! The "slouchy bag"!

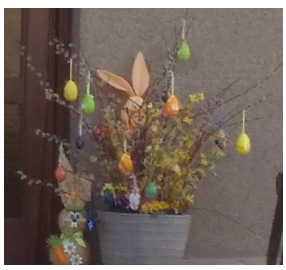
Geez! My heart pounded! It works everytime!

So I put the cards into the mailbox and walked on , up an unusual path along the street … and just as I was thinking "*I wonder what those golden balls that Bob put in my hand were all about*" – there was **a golden ball** on the road! It's a ***flask*** for a certain type of liqueur, like chocolate and marcipain.

And then, I saw the **moon** in a window, as if Bob was smiling at me!

A few minutes later I crossed the street – and there was the "**light blue" flowing veil!** It was all in a Christian street shrine painting! I had seen some kind of bent long kind of band right at the beginning of the walk, but it was purple … yet, I was alert!

So I walked on, in bliss, looking at the "**golden balls**" everywhere … a very sweet little Beagle dog statue holding a lantern … oh I had to think of Sandy so much … and then: I stood facing: a **treehouse!**



I just couldn't really take pictures, because people are at home and might be wondering …

Jesus Christ! Bob's an my story and treehouses! And there it was! A baffling treehouse! Oh my … it was just so magical. And all because I had respected my mother's wish to be alone and inside her apartment and just watching TV. She did tell me that she will need me to bring her shopping tomorrow, and that was a great statement to make.

I am grateful, I am. (Later, I took a short walk with Conny, and I found an "R." and a cross-sign cut into a tree trunk. Yes, "Robert" is "dead". Very odd.

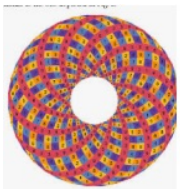
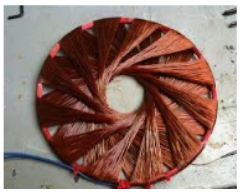
(Later) Midnight exactly, April 4, 2022 **– Ambushed by Bob?**

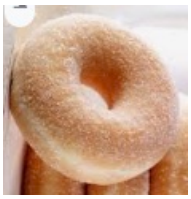
Oh Jesus Christ, something just happened.

I was in the process of making safety copies of this contact diary to various harddrives and USB-sticks, and I grabbed ***one USB-stick, a very old one***, that I basically never used and looking into it … and I was ***flooded with images of Bob*** … many many Maui images of me also … of my life on Maui. What the fuck? Why today?

And I have images of Bob and of housie that I didn't even know I had. And I was looking at some of them, and I was so baffled and almost numb that I just … well stared and gawked and gazed … Bob, so close … so direct … my memories were not like memories. It was like everything was right here now. But Bob is dead.

And yet I had the feeling he was watching with me. I asked him to put something into my hand … and it was something like a "***donut***", but more of the kind that Marko Rodin thinks of … what's the word for it? Torus? No, it's called ***Rodin Coil.*** That's what I saw. One of those "donuts" made from wire.



Well I sure as shit am now curious if this comes up … because I do the fuck want to know if Bob is with me right now and whether or not he just looked at his own images as a mortal and of housie and all.

And me …

Right here … in Velden. So many years later, actually, ten years later … and Bob dead.

I don't even know what to think right now. Here are a few of the images I found … and there are so many. I might look at them with Conny. Right now, as I was writing this, first, my nose itched in an unusual spot, underneath … and then the spot in my pancreas area where I know some kind of tumor sits, suddenly kind of contracted with a big seering pain. Great. What the fuck …?

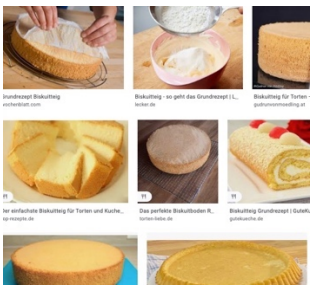
The worst part: ***I found video of Bob. Yes. I filmed him.*** He would speak if I let him. But hearing his **voice** … I don't think I can bear it. Yet – I'm fucking serious: I just found AVI-files of Bob, talking

to me. On Maui. In housie. I can't make myself hitting "play". I filmed it with the same photocamera that I took pictures with today. Oh Stoneman. All this is just so so … I don't even have the words for it.

Oh shit … it took me a few minutes, but:
I GOT VIDEO OF BOB SPEAKING TO ME! ***I JUST DISCOVERED IT!***
I had no I idea it existed.

What does he say to me?

Will I ever be able to hit "play"? ***Is this the ultimate form of "Play me"?*** Fucking funny, Stoneman. I just asked him to put something else into my hand to let me know how this is for him. And I "received" some yellow kind of sweet baked dough. A square piece of it. Like fresh from the oven. We call it "biscuit dough".



Oh really. A piece of cake, huh?
Is this a joke?
No. In some of the images of Bob that I managed to look at, his expression is so sad. As if he knew what was coming for him, in some very deep part of his soul.
Can it be, that we really choose our fates … so that as a soul we can gather the ultimate experience range? Looking at images of Bob I also realize how badly I failed in supporting him. I see the rejection towards me in his face in many images. He had to reject me … it all had to be the way it was, I want to believe … and isn't it proven to me every day when I experience those amazing events of synchronicity, that prove that I'm in the right place at the right time … and I wouldn't be if it wouldn't all have happened the way it has?
But why all of this?
What is going on with me? I am not feeling strong or in any way … I don't know … certain of doing the right thing. I want so much … I could focus on "Regents of Clouds" and the two final storylines about the beyond and the disca and "the bridge" … but how … could I?
I'm old. I look at images of Bob and can't believe he is gone.
Of course not "gone" gone, but gone, still.

I look at housie … all the details … Just today I told Conny how I've been flashing back in such detail and so intensely recently, I can see and feel and smell and hear everything there, as if I was still there.
And today – BANG! Right in my face – **all of it! In images! In details .And – a video of Bob. Speaking to me.**

I really need this contact diary to be read.
I must read Dr. Lazar's email tomorrow. Couldn't make myself today. I don't know why.

April 4, 2022 … ***BEING BOB WITH BOB's MEMORIES***

Oh Bob.

How often have I said – distinctly in the past weeks – that I "must" see you and hear you! I have asked you if it's your voice that I'm hearing when that very high pitched ringing in my ears occurs. Everytime I saw some license plate number with "48" I remembered you telling me about frequency for video audio. And last night … when I least expected it, I found a video of **you looking at me and speaking to me.**

That counts as a message. That is the ultimate message in this mortal obstructed realm, Stoneman. If I only could make myself listen to you. ***It will catapult me right back to Maui and to you the mortal.*** And I'm not able to do that to me right now.

I lay down last night right after discovering the video, on the sofa, and I drifted off in such a weird way***. I asked Bob to tell me something.*** It was like I was Bob lying there, like I had his body … because I had said out loud how "Play me!" has this entirely new implication after finding the video, actually, they are two recordings. And I **was** Bob in his bed, ***remembering himself***, as a young man, kind of squatting with his big broadcast camera at a low white brick wall, in the sunshine, having fun, laughing, like hiding or wanting to film something out of hiding. And there was another man with him, a dark haired younger man, and I had the feeling that Bob was very fond of him and the stranger of Bob. The were enjoying each other's company.

I had asked Bob to let me see what he sees and learn something important about him. And then came that image … in the sun, next to **a white brick wall**, Bob and that young man having fun, like playing hide and seek, but with video cameras. *Could it have been an actual memory of Bob's?* This is what that young man looked like, kind of … at least, that's the impression I got … The young man had a little longer hair, I think, but the "feel" of him was what this young man in the image expresses. Sweet, playful, innocent, smart. Plus a young Bob, maybe in his early 20s.

Whatever that meant … I will find out, I'm sure.

Because after a little while of intensely "being Bob" I kind of woke up, and I felt so strange, stranger than before. It was like I had a different memory of me, myself lying on my own sofa. I think I was able to connect to Bob so deeply like never before because of looking at his images. I "knew" his fear and pain when he discovered that he was dead sick. Looking at his images, I saw so much in him … and I it touched me to the core. I guess I could write more about that experience of diving into Bob's memories … but right now, over breakfast, I feel I must stop. It exhausts me right now. I have a kind of garbled feeling in me.

I knew that a new era has begun.

Just not sure how I will be, what I will be like in it and what I'm supposed to be like.

I keep thinking of Conny telling me last night during our late walk that she was going to take – as a precaution! – anti-epileptica, as when she was a teenager she had had an epileptic stroke and it was horrible. She has been having a headache. I was very much taken aback that she even considered taking such meds instead of observing herself and figuring things out first. She is already on substitute meds and psychopharmaceuticals. I really like her. But this is unacceptable to me. I don't even know who she is. I guess that is the learning. I must surround myself with people who are very strong now. I know that.

This morning … more snow. Monday again.

My dog did not come to my bed to greet me when he heard me wake up. He remained lying motionless on the carpet in the living room. For a moment I was worried. But he is fine. I must have been "alien" to him in a way. There is a small panicky kind of feeling in the pit of my stomach today.

"You must keep your own thoughts right."

That is what I wrote many years ago as a line for one of the speakers in my Hawaii documentary "Native of Owhyhee", based on ancient knowledge.

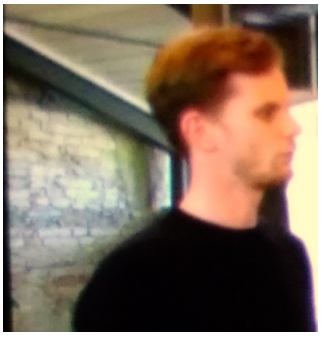
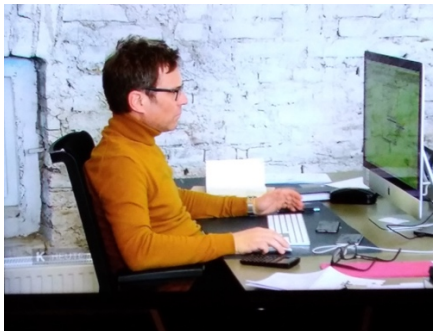
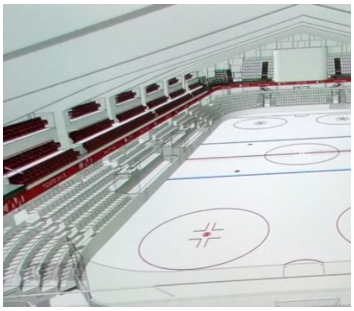
That is true. I will keep my thoughts right from now on. Be strong and efficient and fulfil my "kuleana". Maybe thinking of Bob more to have his support when I'm so feeble-minded like now, not daring to check emails … afraid of what I might read. Rejection again? Ignorance? Oh I'm afraid of it! But then …

Imua!

(Later) **The Editor In Front of the White Brick Wall**

Well, I thought I'd end this part with "Imua", but Bob gave me the ultimate surprise this evening. I went to my mom's to eat dinner with her. So we did. Afterwards, she put on the news, which I normally don't like to watch, but she does, so I patiently sat thought the news.

And there it was: A new stadium is being built for the icehockey team KAC (about which I had dreamed on March 18), and the talk is about the unique concept, and they showed an editor – yes, like Bob was most of his life, and you have seen many pictures of Bob in his edit room, and only yesterday I discovered other ones, but I cannot make myself get them out to put here – in front of a white brick wall. I ran to grab my cell phone but could only photograph two glimpses of a whole long section of that *young editor in front of the white brick wall*. I repeat: Bob, the cameraman and **editor**, gave me an image of him and **a young man in front of a white brick wall** last night. And had I not gone to my mom tonight, I wouldn't have seen the image of **a young editor facing his computer, in front of a white brick wall. I don't own a TV.** So this means, I'm in the right place.

Note that there are ***two*** *different men in front of the white brick wall! And I "saw"* ***two*** *men last night in front of the brick wall,* one of them Bob …

I should tell you that in the images that I discovered of Bob last night, him sitting in his editing room facing his computer screen, he is wearing a yellowbrown T-shirt and glasses. *(Later: Alright, shit hell, I did it fast, I narrowed my eyes and put the image view on small icons … here you go, I know you need fucking proof:)*

The best part of it: As if Bob knew that I wouldn't be able to pull out the pictures of him in his edit room that I just recovered last night, he "let" another picture of him just appear today, somewhere in the files, and I looked at you and said "Yeah, there you grin, go fuck yourself, all happy disca."

And yes, more golden balls showed up, too.

END PART 7 CONTACT DIARY "Naupaka Bunny"

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